PROFIT AND LOSS IN MAN

ALPHONSO A. HOPKINS

Hannan

1.58

D. Watson Hannan
June '09.

PROFIT AND LOSS IN MAN

By

ALPHONSO A. HOPKINS, Ph.D.

Author of "Wealth and Waste"

"The world is nothing, the man is all"

—*Emerson*

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

New York and London

1909

Copyright, 1908, by
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
Printed in the United States of America
Published December, 1908

DLU

178.1
H793p

SJUN 334

TO THE MEMORY
OF
THOSE NOBLE MEN AND WOMEN
WHOSE LABORS
WERE GIVEN TOWARD RIGHTLY SOLVING
THE PROBLEM OF PROFIT AND LOSS IN MAN
AND
WHO HAVE ENTERED INTO REST

FOR THE HELP AND CHEER
OF
ALL THOSE TRUE AND FAITHFUL ONES
WHO STILL LIVE AND LABOR
TO UPLIFT
MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD
AND THUS
TO EXALT THE NATION

165043

CONTENTS

I. The Cost of a Boy 11

II. Boy and Bar 41

III. Manhood and Gold 73

IV. Labor, Liquor, and Law 103

V. Christian Loyalty 131

VI. Barabbas 151

VII. Moral and Political Forces 181

VIII. Moral Facts and Political Factors 207

IX. Dictionary Politics 229

X. A Curse, a Crime, and the Cure 251

XI. Publicans and Republicans 285

XII. Democrats and Drink 315

XIII. Methods of Settlement 343

PREFACE

IN the following pages, Author and Lecturer have cooperated, with the Lecturer, it may as well be confessed, rather predominating. Yet even the Lecturer drew upon the Author with some freedom; for while several Chapters of this book have done service as Lectures, on the platform, many of their salient points, as there given, were appropriated from the Author's own "Wealth and Waste," to which volume these pages are supplementary, while some facts and principles therein, and a few incidents, here find reiteration.

In the Chapters, to be sure, certain matter appears which the Lectures did not contain, and verbal changes have been made to meet the demands of print where the spoken word would not serve so well. But in large part this book is a printed echo of the Lecturer's platform work during these last few years; and he has not deemed it necessary, or wise, largely to recast the language into which his thoughts of the platform came naturally to shape themselves.

It gratifies him to know that many of the truths which follow have been heard with approval by many thousands of people, and have thus been his modest contribution to a Righteous Cause, in that fashion. If these thousands of hearers could be multiplied, or at least increased, by as many thousands of readers, approving and accepting, the Author ventures to hope that his contribution would count in the final result for which now a full generation he has labored and prayed.

No apology is offered for placing at each Chapter's end the bit of verse appended thereto. The Lecturer found that rhythm and rime could gather up the pith of a lecture, at the close, and emphasize it, while perhaps mollifying as with ointment some wounded feelings, or soothing inflamed prejudices; and so he came to adding these verses, almost as a habit. The Author retains them, to please the Lecturer, and to meet a certain expectation of his friends. Several of the poems, though written thus for platform purpose, have appeared hitherto between covers, in a collection by the Author entitled "Ballads of Brotherhood," now out of print; but others are quite new to the types.

PROFIT AND LOSS IN MAN is a great Problem, which this book is only a small endeavor to solve. The effort could have been made to appear more formidable, by pages of statistics; but these would not have proven generally inviting or persuasive. There are facts and argument enough to compensate for any lack otherwise, or so the Author hopes. And both he and the Lecturer—born twins, if so it may be said—would here return grateful thanks to all who have testified of benefits derived from the speech of the Lecturer and the Author's pen.

A. A. H.

THE COST OF A BOY

And they have cast lots for my people; and have given a boy for an harlot, and sold a girl for wine, that they might drink.—*Joel* 3, 3.

PROFIT AND LOSS IN MAN

Chapter I

THE COST OF A BOY

LISTEN to a voice from the near past:

"Now, gentlemen, how much am I offered for this bright, likely boy? Only seventeen years old, and only half black. Comes of good stock; is healthy; has been well raised; warranted sound as a nut; got fifty years of work in him and lots of real value. How much?"

Don't shudder as you hear the slave auctioneer. He is gone. The slave auction has disappeared. The auction block is but a memory. Yet over the space of barely five decades you may catch once more the echo of those words from the Southern market-place:

"Come, now, gentlemen, how much am I offered? Who bids? Never sold a better boy in my life, let me say. Tall, well-formed, built for strength. Good bargain for whoever gets him, I tell you. Couldn't make a safer investment of your cash. Bound to grow on your hands and fetch a profit. No mistake in buying the stuff that's in *him,* at a fair price.

"Who says Five Hundred? Thanks! Any more offered? Five-fifty! Worth double, gentlemen, any day in the week and all your life. Six Hundred! Dirt cheap still, and no discount.

"Six-fifty, and now you're talking! Make it Seven? Seven it is, and shall I have Eight? Eight, now, and who says Nine? Nine it is, and no wonder! You know what likely boys are worth. Nine it is, and will you make it Ten?

"Cost something to raise a boy like him, and think of what he'll earn. Ten, is it?

"Nine-twenty-five! Say fifty? Nine-fifty and going—going—

"Nine-seventy-five! and going—going—

"Are you all done, gentlemen? Going at Nine-seventy-five once, Nine-seventy-five twice, Nine-seventy-five three times—and

"Sold! at Nine Hundred and seventy-five dollars!"

I do not ask you to consider the moral side of such a sale; all that was considered in earlier days, when discussion was of some account. The commercial features of it, only, appeal to us now. What did the man buy who bought? What did the man sell who sold?

Human potentiality—*productive power in the human form.*

In the slave-boy's body were bargained what he had cost, what he might cost, his future capacity for service, his endowment of health and muscle, his prospective profits over the outlay which he involved.

Upon the lowest plane of consideration what is your white boy today? Precisely what the slave-boy was less than fifty years ago—**a cash investment in manhood** *for dividend-paying returns.*

Will he pay?

That depends on what he costs, how long he lives, what his productive power may be, and how carefully it is conserved.

Productive power in the slave was mainly a thing of brawn and muscle, rather than brain and skill. Moderate intelligence, with good physique, chiefly carried value and established purchase cost. At the auction block education was not quoted, genius had no price. The attributes of manhood for which we pay most were not usually inventoried by the auctioneer. Brute-like faithfulness in the colored boy rated higher than any uncommon mental caliber, or the promise of special gifts.

Born in the slave's cabin, cheaply reared apart from school-house and academy, and early made to earn his rude "keep," the slave-boy represented little cash investment compared with his average market figure; but he was, as a rule, fairly defended from all which might make him a commercial loss.

I was once addressing a colored audience in Richmond, Va., when we were trying to carry that city Dry in a Local Option contest. Upon the front seat, at my right, leaning his head against the wall on his left, sat an old man, whose cheeks were wrinkled and whose wool was white. Something in his face attracted my special attention after a little, and I stopt and addrest myself directly to him.

"Uncle," I said, "you look like a very old man."

"'Deed, boss, I 'spect I is," he answered.

"You must have been a slave before the war?" I continued; and promptly he made answer—

"Yes, suh, I was."

"Well, now, Uncle," I asked, "when you were a slave how much were you worth?"

The question puzzled him, as I saw at once.

"I don't mean," was my explanation, "how much property or money did you have, but how much did you sell for?"

He understood this, and he was glad to remember.

"I sold as high as two thousand dollars," he said quickly, and with some pride.

"Indeed!" said I; "then you must have been what they called 'a pretty likely nigger' in those days."

He took no offense at this designation; he knew what once it meant.

"Yes, boss," he responded, "I was."

"Well, now, Uncle," I went on, "when you were a slave, and sold for two thousand dollars, they didn't have any saloons for you, did they? They had Prohibition of the saloon business for you then, sure, did they not?"

"'Deed, boss, that's a fact suah enough!" he answered earnestly.

How many good Northern people know that, under the old Slave regime, it was a penal offense for any man to sell or give liquor to the colored servant of another man? *He* knew it—this old Uncle to whom I was addressing myself.

"Why?" I asked him. "Why did they prohibit the saloons for you then? Was it not because you were worth more to another man sober than drunk?"

His face lighted up, and grew suddenly younger; his old eyes gleamed.

"Suah's you lib, suh, dat's a fact!" he said strongly.

"Well, now, Uncle," said I, "one more question. If there ever was a time when you were worth more to another man sober than drunk, wouldn't you always be worth more to yourself sober than drunk?"

I shall never forget the look on that old man's face as he heard this question. An absolutely new idea had entered his old brain. It was like a page of Revelations. And I shall never forget the answer he shot back at me,

as he straightened his arm out toward where I stood, and pointed at me his bony index finger.

"'Deed, boss," he declared, and his voice rang out clear and sharp through the silence, *"dat's a line shot,* boss, suah's you lib!"

I fell to thinking of this old slave, a few years later, when preparing some lectures on political economy for my class in the American Temperance University down in Tennessee. There came to me then, for the first time, seriously suggestive thought about the cost and value of a Boy, as a factor in the great economic problem of our age. As my final question had been like a revelation to the old colored man, so my remembrance of him, and the train of thinking which that remembrance evoked, came like a revelation to me.

I had a level-headed friend, in whose home was growing up a lively lad of eight or nine years. To him I went, with this inquiry:

"How much does a boy cost, Doctor; the average boy, in hard cash or its equivalent, every year, the first five years of his life?"

He was of thoughtful mind and he reflected a little.

"Fifty dollars a year," was his answer.

Fifty dollars a year, for five years—$250.

"And how much a year for the next ten years?" I inquired farther.

He reflected longer at this; and then he said:

"One hundred dollars a year is not too high an estimate, on an average, in my opinion."

Ten years at one hundred dollars a year—$1,000; add this to the $250, and you have a total of $1,250, and the boy is but fifteen years old.

The colored boy sold on the auction block, you will

remember, for $975.00, at little more than the same age; and that was not a large price. But that was a colored boy, from a slave cabin, whose cost was little, and in whom that price represented a profit to the man who raised him. The Southern pickaninny ran wild and grew like a weed in the sun. We don't grow Northern ragamuffins in that cheap way. Why, I read of one epitaph over a mere infant, which had more truth in it than poetry:

"Beneath this stone our baby lays—
He neither cries nor hollers;
He lived with us just thirteen days,
And cost just Ninety Dollars."

No, we don't grow babies, or ragamuffins, in any cheap fashion; and the children in our average home are a costly extravagance compared with the old-time slave-boy, as to rearing; some of them would not sell as high, if sale were permitted; they have cost more to raise than they are worth to keep!

Thinking further on this line, I remembered a chapter heading in a book on economics which I had read—"Cash Value of a Man"*—and finding the chapter thus entitled, I found that the author exactly duplicated my friend's estimate of the boy's average cost at fifteen years of age, and also went on, as my friend did in my further talk with him, to estimate the yearly cost for six years more at $200, thus adding $1,200 to the former $1,250, and making the full cost of a boy, up to legal age, the snug sum of $2,450.

Rather a large investment, isn't he, at that figure? Very large indeed, sometimes, considering the size of the

**The Economics of Prohibition* by J. C. Fernald.

boy when he is grown—both physically and mentally! And the figure increases out of all proportion to his size, when you add a $2,550 college course, plus football, and billiards, and boat-racing—making $5,000 outlay, with little or no allowance for these expensive extras—$5,000 outlay on possibly $500 worth of raw material in body and brain.

And the outlay will be larger, the body and brain smaller, if to the extras mentioned you add cigarets, a sure device for dwarfing the boy's physique and checking his intellectual development. The enemy of clean boyhood, strong manhood, and good scholarship, never invented or discovered a more successful agency against all these than this form of tobacco allurement, which increases the boy's cost, decreases his bodily and mental value, and swells without one iota of equivalent the large investment made in him.

But you say that a boy—the average boy—will earn something before he is twenty-one. Some economists declare he does not return one dollar of the cash invested in him before he is twenty-seven years old. Suppose you are right, and the economists are wrong. How much will the boy earn, to apply on his cost?

Not over $450. Deduct that from the $2,450 and you have left how much?

Two thousand dollars!—precisely what the old slave cost his master years ago, when black manhood was bought and sold.

And then the slave owner thought enough of *his* investment in the human form, of *his cash capital in Man,* to make it a crime for anybody to sell or give liquor to his slave, both before and after the age of twenty-one. Now the white father, with like investment in flesh and blood,

with equal money at stake and more humanity, plus all the love a father ought to feel for his offspring, will uphold a policy of License which means peril to the boy before he can reach majority and ruin for him farther on, with final utter loss of the capital invested and involved, not to speak of that other and greater value at stake—an immortal soul.

We thought the Southern slave-holder inhuman, and we stigmatized him accordingly. What shall we say now of the Northern father, who does what the slave-holder would not do? When the slave-holder invested money in manhood, he did it for **dividend-paying returns.** If upon that low plane, for such reason, he felt it wise and essential to guard the black man from saloons, and the curse of Drink, how much more should the Northern father, the father everywhere, defend therefrom the boy of his own begetting, the child of his own loins, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and blood of his blood?

Can we praise the cold business wisdom of the slave-holder, in his course, and not condemn the business folly of the father who rears a boy at far greater than the slave's cost, and then deliberately sustains a policy that shall ruin the investment?

In answering this question as to the father's folly, with regard to the Liquor Traffic, in view of its relation to his investment in the son, we must consider

1. **The Boy's Cost and Conditions before attaining majority**; and

2. **The Man whom the Boy becomes, and his dividend-paying capacity.**

We have spoken sufficiently of the Boy's Cost. What of his Conditions? How does the Saloon affect these?—and how will they affect the man he is to be?

These interrogatories demand sober answer from all. Man or boy, you can ignore them, or sneer at them, only to your sore peril. Mother, sister, or sweetheart, you have in them a vital interest. Some home which you know, in the near future if not already, must be influenced by the effect of certain conditions today upon some youth into whose face every day you look.

"To reform a man you must begin with his grandmother," once declared Oliver Wendell Holmes. He spoke, then, as a physician, having in mind the laws of heredity. The same laws have seat in, as well as power over, the other sex. Surely, to reform a man, you must begin with his grand*father* too.

Young man! *Whose grandfather are you?* Somebody's, beyond question. You expect to be. You intend to be. That you shall be, is in the scheme for perpetuation of the human race. What will you carry forward to your grandson, as a direct result of the conditions around you today? These conditions are in part of your own choice, and partly the choice of your father. Whoever he is, he knows this, and he must not altogether blame you. Neither should you blame everything on "the old man"! If he will be a fool at the ballot-box, as to the Liquor Business, you need not be a fool at the bar.

He banks too much on your wisdom and self-restraint, I know; he builds too securely on your inheritance of his weak appetite and his strong will; he forgets the habits of your grandfather or his, the taint of an earlier generation given to moderate indulgence, which he never feels in his blood and does not suspect may lurk in yours —*but it may be there.* It may be your downfall here and your damnation hereafter. Your conditions may reveal it, and give it opportunity. Under other conditions you

might go soberly through life, with your taint of inheritance dying finally in you, and without any fatal transmission to your grandson of what may be his curse.

You owe it to yourself that you defy conditions and master them. You owe it to all who may come after you, and bear your name, that you live so as by and by to make better conditions for all who are to be. Against your father's License folly set firmly and irrevocably the law of Prohibition under your own hat. Make certain that reform in your family began with *your* grandfather, by insuring to your grandson the fact that such reform continued with *his* grandfather. It will be a *grandfatherly thing* for you to do. It will help wonderfully to solve the tremendous problem of **PROFIT AND LOSS IN MAN**—the greatest problem now before the scholars, and statesmen, and workers, of the world.

What are these conditions, as to which I have been thus addressing myself to this young man?

Merely what beset every boy wherever the Liquor Traffic exists because or in spite of law.

They mean his education in the School of Drink, if the unprincipled Saloon Principals can lure him to be their pupil.

They mean his enticement as *particeps criminis* with the saloon-keeper who sells liquor to him before he is of lawful age, in violation of law.

They mean a bribe to the liquor-seller, under the License System, to violate the law, and to make the boy his co-criminal in such violation; and the larger the license fee the greater the bribe.

They mean indorsement of such bribery, and consent to its results, on the part of all men who uphold the License System with full knowledge of its effects.

They make an accessory before the crime of every man who votes to maintain License out of which the crime comes.

Some years ago in a meeting of certain Ohio liquor men, to which the general public were not admitted, one of the liquor-sellers made a bold statement that should send shivers of fear through every father's heart. The fact of the utterance has been denied, but there is good authority for saying it was made in Wirthwein's Hall, at Columbus, by one of those officially present, who supposed himself speaking confidentially and exclusively to "the Trade," and later, was correctly reported by one gentleman present who took notes and preserved them. It is in line with the Liquor Traffic's logic; we need not wonder or deny that one dealer should have been honest enough *to say* what multitudes are bad enough *to do,* what the High License Policy leads them to do.

Thus he spoke:

"It will appear from these facts, gentlemen, that the success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created, our counters will be empty, as well as our coffers. Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to that of some other, more remunerative.

"The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men have grown, and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys; and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys, now, will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed. Above all things, create Appetite!"

Do you brand such utterance as an outrage? You have a right to, you mothers of boys, who know what they

cost in deep agony of the body and the soul—you sisters and sweethearts, who must one day be their wives, and the mothers of men like them. You have a divine and holy right to declare that such utterance is unholy, as all which it implies is ungodly and hellish.

But men who vote License have no right of complaint. That liquor-dealing official, who so frankly declared himself, was no worse in what he said than such men in what they have done. If these know enough to vote at all, they must know that the Saloon bids for and feeds upon young men—boys—their sons; or the sons of other fathers. Ban the young men, under legal age, from the liquor bars of this country—if you could and keep the bars open at all—and these bars would be bankrupt institutions, four-fifths of them, in six months, on any license fee anywhere charged.

And this is why in some cities the liquor-men encourage the formation of boys' clubs, organized for the express purpose of drinking and gambling.

In the latter part of November, 1897, Albert Cook, a boy fifteen years old, died from a drunken debauch in the city of Cincinnati. Investigation followed, a coroner's jury sat upon the case, and the finding was that Albert Cook came to his death by reason of *acute alcoholism,* resulting from liquor purchased by himself "and several other minor boys," and sold by parties whose names were given.

These "minor boys" made up the membership of the "Queen City Club," the age of whose members ranged from fourteen to sixteen years only. To these boys certain men sold liquor with impunity; and a trial of these men, with ample evidence against them, only resulted in a verdict of "Not Guilty," after seven minutes of discussion over the testimony!

The machinery of the law was in control of the liquor men. To secure a jury in Cincinnati then, and probably yet, the Board of Legislation must deposit fifty names in the jury wheel from which the venire must be drawn. This Board consisted of twenty-eight members, of whom fifteen were saloon-keepers, bartenders, or in some other direct way connected with the liquor business. So the jury system of that city is a farce only, even when it comes to protection of boys but fifteen years old.

And so, often unmolested, the gin-mill feeds on boys, as a grist-mill feeds on grain. The man who doesn't know this, doesn't know so much as a miller (a gin-miller) or a mule. The man who does know it, and votes for License, is no better than the gin-miller who said those words at Columbus, so far as this liquor business goes. And it goes far enough to trail him, as a citizen, to the election booth, where he should turn and face it like a stag at bay; it goes far enough to follow him, as a Christian, into his church pew, where it ought to haunt him like the ghost of a dead sin or dog him like a live devil.

"It will be needful that missionary work be done among the boys," said that liquor-dealer at Columbus; and every License Voter responds to that suggestion in the home-missionary spirit which best pleases the saloon-keeper. "And I make the suggestion, gentlemen," further said the liquor-dealer, "that nickels expended in treats to the boys, now, will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed." From which it might be inferred that *St. Nickel-us* had been made the patron saint of the saloon business, for the behoof of distillers, brewers, and barkeepers, in token of their present liberality and for the multiplication of paying

bummers by and by. All through the kindness and helpful cooperation of those men who believe in and uphold the License System, and who, by their acts at the ballot-box, make possible both liquor-dealers and Liquor Leagues, and the purpose and policy of liquor-men concerning boys—boys who must become bummers if the License System lives and the Liquor Traffic does not die.

Listen to some city facts, collated expressly to show the Saloon's relation to and power over young men, in the centers of population to which young men are flocking today, and where, under the License System the Saloon's power is greatest:

In a city of 32,000 inhabitants, 600 young men entered five of the prominent saloons in one hour. There are 135 saloons in the city. In a city of 30,000 population, 452 young men entered four saloons in one hour. In a large western city, 478 young men were seen to enter a single saloon in one night. In another large city, 236 young men went into a prominent saloon in one hour.

In a town of 11,000 population, 725 young men visited 34 of the 50 saloons of the city in one night. In an eastern city, the Y. M. C. A. secretary visited 19 saloons in one evening and found 275 young men. In another eastern city, with a population of 130,000, during one Saturday evening 355 young men entered five saloons in two hours.

In a city of 30,000 population there are 150 saloons, and 1,045 young men entered seven of them one Saturday night, and only 75 attended all the churches in the city the next day. In a city of 17,000 population, more than one-third of all the young men in the city went into the drinking saloons in one hour.

All these figures were obtained and furnished by Young Men's Christian Associations; and the conservatism of these organizations, with regard to the Liquor Question, is generally recognized.

What say the city fathers where the saloons have thus laid their grip on the city sons?

Officially, when you spell City Fathers with a capital *C* and a capital *F*, they say the saloon yields revenue with which to run the city government; and if they wax confidential, and if you belong to their party, they will tell you that the saloon helps elect their party ticket, and is a necessity to political success.

If the city fathers are not men of such capital letters—I do not say if they are not such capital men—if they are only plain men of capital, whose money helps public enterprise, and builds the fine blocks, and supports the town—they say that saloons make business, and bring trade to the merchants, and keep the town going and growing. You see even money-making business men can be ignorant of the Science of Wealth, and can believe the gray old fiction that the way for a community to grow rich is to burn up, or drink down, what they earn or produce.

If the city fathers, without capital letters, and with more conscience than capital of any kind, say that the saloons are a curse and a shame, and assert that saloons ought to be put away, they are apt also to add with a hopeless air of resignation—*"But you can't do it!"* And unless the unofficial city fathers happen to be official members of the church—even sometimes when they are—their worldly passions will rise if you urge otherwise, and they will call you a fool and a fanatic for opposing the Liquor Business. It is said by some who should know, that even deacons, and stewards, and elders, in the church, have been heard to affirm (not profanely to swear, of course, but just piously to affirm) that temperance agitators and leaders were of the fool-and-fanatic

breed, over-much given to lying, and a nuisance in the church and society that should somehow be suppressed.

But this breed of reformers has one quality possest by General Ingalls' dog in front of Petersburg, when General Grant was patiently and slowly investing Richmond. In a facetious mood one day, as the siege went wearily on, General Grant bantered Ingalls about the dog—an ordinary looking, spotted specimen—and finally asked if Ingalls really intended taking *that* dog into Richmond with him.

"I guess so, General," responded Ingalls, reflectively; "he's of a long-lived breed."

And so we reformers, besieging the powers of Drink in this land, are of a long-lived breed. We shall live, some of us, until the Richmond of Drink surrenders.

In one little town of my acquaintance, some years ago, five fathers, leading and wealthy citizens, had opportunity to say and do what they would about the saloons. A bright young lawyer was elected President of the village, in which were 7,000 people. He had fallen, through Drink—lost the respect and confidence of his fellow men—gone down into the gutter, as such brilliant men often go. The Reform Club Movement swept him in, lifted him up, restored him to himself. Good men and noble women stayed his hands. He regained public respect, and his professional standing. He was by and by elected President of the village, as has been said. He knew that law was being violated. He sought the facts, and the proof. One day in mid-week he met on the street a deacon of his own church.

"Deacon," he said, "don't you think we ought to close the saloons in this place on Sunday nights?"

"Oh, yes," said the deacon, "they ought to be closed, but they've always been open; they always will be."

"Deacon," he said again, "do you know that your boy was drunk last Sunday night, down at Blank's saloon?"

"No, sir, I don't," answered the deacon angrily; "my boy does not drink, and I know that!"

"But your boy does drink, and I know that," said my friend; and that deacon went off in wrath.

Not many minutes later my friend met another deacon, and to him he said:

"Deacon, don't you think the saloons of this village ought to be closed on Sunday nights?"

And this good man made answer like unto the other:

"Oh, yes! they ought to be closed; it's a shame that they're open, *but we can't help it!*"

Then to him also came the question:

"Deacon, do you know that your boy was drunk last Sunday night, down at Blank's saloon?"

Again came the response: "No, sir, I don't! And you don't know it either. My boy doesn't drink."

"But your boy does drink, and I do know it!" insisted my friend.

"I know better, sir!" was this deacon's angry reply. "There he is now, across the street. I'll call him over here, and he'll tell you he doesn't drink."

"And your boy will lie!" answered my friend.

"Charlie!" said the Deacon, in a mood not comely for deacons, "Come here!"

It was the imperative mood, now. Charlie came. The boy understands the imperative mood, in his father, if he knows not another blessed thing about grammar.

"Charlie," said his parent—and you will note the form of his question—"you don't drink, do you?"

"No, sir!" was the answer, prompt enough.

"You were not drunk last Sunday night down at Blank's, were you?" in tones more persuasive.

"No, sir! I never was drunk in my life. I tell you I don't drink."

"There!" said the Deacon in triumph, "I told you my boy would say he doesn't drink!"

"And I told you," answered my friend, "that your boy would lie!"

And away went another angry deacon—now in the Indicative Mood—the mood indicating what he might say if he were *not* a deacon!

Under the village ordinances, the village President had power to subpena witnesses and take their testimony under oath. He subpenaed the five leading young men of the village, including the two sons of the fathers referred to; and he invited the father of each boy to be present at the hearing. The five fathers were the wealthiest, most influential, citizens the village had. They came —in part because their sons were compelled to be present.

There the boys were sworn upon the Book; and there each testified that he was down at Blank's on the Sunday night referred to, and was drunk there, and that it was not his first experience in that place of that sort.

"Now, gentlemen," said my friend, "these are your boys. I have none, thank God, to be led away as they have been. They are your boys. The saloon taught them to drink; it taught them to lie. They did not dare perjure themselves, but the time will come soon enough when they will, if you let the saloons remain open. With your help I can close them, on Sunday; without your help I should fail if I tried, and I'll not try. If you want your boys to go to the devil they may go to the devil, for I can't stop them alone!"

The saloons were not closed. What became of these

five boys I never knew. But the last time I saw my friend he stood in front of a hotel in the city of Albany, and I knew what was becoming of him. His bleary eyes, his bloated face, his unsteady figure, his general appearance of degradation, told the story of another downfall. The saloons of his village, which those wealthy, Christian fathers would not try to put away, had won him back to their besotting.

And I thought, as I saw him there, and stood with him, of another young man, and of what *he* said one day, walking down the same street. He had been my friend when we both served the State, in that old brown stone Capitol, a little farther up the hill—my friend, handsome, clean-lipped, fine-grained, strong-fibered—a young man to make you proud of young manhood because it can be so glad, and gracious, and grand!

But even he had fallen, through an old taint of alcohol in the blood of which we never dreamed—"the worst case of inherited alcoholism I ever knew," said the leading physician of Albany, telling me about it afterward—even he had fallen, and into deeper depths than coarser mortals find. And one who knew him, even as did I, saw him reeling down the broad sidewalk one day, drest, yet, like the gentleman he had been, but unmistakably the drunkard he had become.

"Colonel!" said his old office associate, stopping squarely in front of him, "where are you going?"

And backing up against a tree at the edge of the sidewalk, for support, the Colonel glared at him from his once handsome eyes, and said with a sneering laugh—

"I am going to hell! And I've got twenty thousand dollars yet to take me there!" he continued, as if proud of means wherewith the awful journey could be made.

An awful journey, with a saloon for every mile-stone, and the miles so short!

What now, of the Man whom the Boy becomes, either because or in spite of the conditions which surround him? What of his dividend-paying capacity?

Of one thing you may be sure:

I. THE LONGER HE LIVES THE MORE HE WILL PAY, IF HE PAYS AT ALL.

Every man's life is a ledger, with Debit and Credit accounts. Assuming that he begins business at twenty-one years of age, these accounts must then be opened by him, and against his life he must then charge the net cost of it up to that time.

And there it will stand, the first entry on what may be the Loss side—

My Life **Dr.**

To cost at Man's Estate.....$2,000.00

Kill him the next day and there are no credits; the entry must remain unbalanced forever; somebody invested in him without returns, but with unredeemable loss, sure enough. Suppose he lives ten, twenty, forty years, after this, and suppose, further, that the additional cost each year is barely covered by his earnings—in other words, that every new year's credit is matched by a new cost charge—still forever unbalanced stands the charge made at first; his life has not paid back the original investment in it; that investment is yet and always a total loss. He can not be dividend-paying until that is paid—except as dividends may apply thereon, to cancel that debt.

If he earn or produce each year of manhood a little

more than each year he costs, he may in time pay out, and not die, at last, a debtor, as a man, for what he cost, as a boy.

Whatever discounts his natural term of life will discount the profit of Society's cash investment in him. Whatever discounts his normal capacity for labor will further discount that profit.

The natural "expectation of life" (to use an insurance term) in a young man of twenty-five, is thirty-five years. Make him a drinker at twenty-five, and you curtail this average "expectation" term by ten years. Make him a drinker earlier, and this curtailment is increased. Make him a *hard* drinker, and you still further hasten his end. And every time you lop off the term of his life, you decrease his dividend-paying possibilities.

Dr. Willard Parker, one of America's most eminent physicians, and high authority on statistics of this kind, still more strongly emphasizes the effects of Drink upon the duration of life. He affirms that the average age of temperance people is sixty-four years and two months, while the average age of the intemperate is but thirty-five years and six months; thus making a difference between them of twenty-eight years and eight months.

Of another thing you may be certain, concerning this Man whom the Boy becomes:

II. THE LONGER HE LIVES AND FAILS TO PAY DIVIDENDS, THE GREATER LOSS HE IS.

It would be a saving to the Nation if we could kill off all its hard drinkers tomorrow. There are two and one-half millions of these, and their first cost, at twenty-one years of age, was at least **FIVE BILLIONS OF DOLLARS**—as much as the estimated value of all the slaves in this country before the war.

One-half of these two and one-half millions have never returned in dividends one dollar of their first cost, and to kill them now would forever lose the whole original investment in them—two and a half billions—one-half as much as the total cost of that war which freed the slaves; but their further cost would be saved.

Shall we vote to kill them? You shudder at the question. It sounds harsh, heartless, cruel. But every man votes precisely that way when he votes License. The saloon *feeds* on the Boy; *it kills the Man* whom the Boy becomes. On the scaffold, sometimes—yes; oftener away from it, inside the saloon itself, or in the home which has been curst thereby, or in the asylum provided by the State. Often, too, it kills the mother at whose breast the Boy drew life—the wife of the Man he has grown to be, and the children begotten in his beastliness. Slow killing of the man, in most cases; a little slower killing of the wife and children, perhaps; but sure though slow, and as horribly swift, sometimes, as the gleam of a dagger or the flash of a pistol in the dark.

If men vote to kill the saloon's victims, by license of the thing that kills, why should they shrink from thought of killing them, or some of them, in a way more direct, but not more wicked?

Normal capacity for labor, whatever its kind, on the part of the Man, will protect Society from loss on account of its investment in the Boy. This normal capacity for labor demands normal conditions. The saloon is abnormal. Its effects are against nature.

Natural law in the human world requires that every man born into this world, under that law, shall pay his way. Because this law is violated, we have want everywhere.

"If one of my subjects does not labor," said once an Emperor of China, "there is some one in my country who suffers from hunger and cold."

Thus runs the natural—yea, the Divine—law of the human world. It can be nullified only to the world's bitter loss. Labor *for self,* **returns to Society for the cost of self,** can alone meet that law. Wherever these fail the law, there is misery. Wherever the law is abrogated, there is wretchedness and wo. Whatever abrogates the law, is unnatural, unwholesome, unchristian, unpatriotic, and opposed to the very constitutionality of things.

John Burns is the most noted labor leader in England, and the best authority on all matters relating to the workingmen of that country. Visiting the United States, he was asked the greatest cause of poverty in England, and with laconic emphasis he answered—

"Drink!"

Being further asked what is the greatest obstacle to the advancement of the working classes there, he said again, sententiously—

"Drink!"

To a further question why the working classes of Great Britain are less tidy and less ambitious than those of the United States, once more he answered—

"DRINK!"

And to a fourth inquiry—"What is the greatest incentive to crime and vice among the working people?" he replied as before, simply and tersely—

"DRINK!"

"Is there any hope for the elevation of the working classes of your country to the same standard of those in

the United States?" he was finally asked; and his reply was:

"Not so long as there is a public house at every cross-roads in Great Britain."

The "public," there, is the saloon, here. The saloon, here, determines the dividend or non-dividend paying capacity of our American laborer, skilled or unskilled. The American artizan's home may be far superior to the English artizan's, while the American saloon may forever make the American artizan a losing investment.

In Massachusetts, where he is probably at his average best, mentally, morally, and mechanically, his annual earnings are but $434.17, while the average annual cost of maintaining his family is $488.96. Here, then, is a difference on *the Loss side of life,* each year, of $54.79—a direct charge against the laborer, by the State, of that sum—a yearly item, to be multiplied by millions the country over, in that vast problem of **PROFIT AND LOSS IN MAN.**

It is true that the family of the Massachusetts laborer increase his earnings an average of $100.82, so that the average yearly earnings of a laboring man's entire household in that State are $534.99; but this is only $46.03 more than the family's yearly cost, a narrow margin, indeed, between Profit and Loss. Three drinks a day, six days in the week, at five cents a drink, will more than wipe this margin out. Put one saloon between the laborer's home and his place of work, and the margin is likely to go. When the margin goes, with the Man, the burden begins with the State. When the burden begins with the State, the Man's dividend-paying powers are ended. There is no hope in him forever after as a financial investment of the State's cash.

"The world owes me a living!"

I beg your pardon, young man, the world owes you nothing. You are debtor to the world. Bad habits, if you form them, or if being formed they be not broken, will make you a delinquent debtor till your creditor buries you. And then upon your tombstone a proper epitaph would be:

"Death Found Him in Debt to Life. He Never Paid His Cost as a Boy, Barely his Keeping as a Man. He Died Insolvent, and Sleeps in Shame."

To this might be added what Artemus Ward said of Jeff Davis—"It would have been ten dollars in his pocket if he'd never been born."

In the disgrace of such an epitaph every man should share who aids in any manner to make it possible. To make it impossible should be the effort of every citizen.

The **well-being** of all depends upon the **well-doing** of each. He does ill for his fellow man who makes him a debtor to life till he dies. Saloons breed this kind of a debtor class. License breeds the saloon. Christianity should breed a citizenship by whose hand the saloon shall die. Self-interest should strike the blow to kill, if Christian righteousness lack nerve and grit for the Christian deed. Commercial common-sense ought to put out of legal existence every means whereby the cost of a man is forever made a charge upon the community into which he was born or wherein he lives.

All this, upon the lowest plane of material consideration and financial returns. The full and final profit on investments in Man must come from the largest possible development of his mental and moral powers. To this end the Home, the School, and the Church, cooperate. To their work the Saloon is openly hostile. Its friend is

their foe. It can be maintained only at their peril. To maintain it means the constant, and growing, and awful, loss of Society's investment in Man, and of Man's mental and moral opportunities.

It is a solemn thing to assist in sending a man through and out of life in debt forever to his fellow men for much of his keeping and all his cost. It is a far more solemn thing to assist in sending him thus through and out of life forever hopelessly a debtor to his God.

For all he might have been and is not, a man stands debtor when his life is done. For all they might have helped him to become, when their help was not given, his fellow men are responsible. With him they bear the burden of his eternal debt. With him they share the solidarity of the human race. Its laws of equalization are binding upon all. Where the individual sinks, the nation can not rise. A world of paupers can not be a world of wealth. Loss of Manhood can not be gain for the State. Prosperity for a great people can be sure and permanent only where every man pays dividends upon himself.

Born in a splendid palace,
With luxuries all at hand,
Or born to the poor man's frugal board,
With luxuries always banned,
The Boy is a costly blessing,
A luxury in himself,
Where Plenty waits by the palace gates,
Or Want on the poor man's shelf.

Home is a palace noble,
When Love is the keeper there;
And Life is a royal, holy gift,
That comes to its ward and care;

Though bells may ring at its coming,
By Royalty's glad commands,
Or want may wait at the poor man's gate
With hunger and empty hands.

Life is a gift all gracious,
From Source that is all Divine,
Yet ever a tax on life and love,—
Your life and your love, and mine.
We pay for the princely token,
As other lives paid before
When thus *we* came for a place and name
To cottage or palace door.

Wealth pays, for the gift so precious;
Want pays, from its meager hoard;
Love gives its all, in the palace hall
And there by the humble board;
And life unto life is debtor,
For life and its costly care,
To all who pay, till the Judgment Day,
Unless it shall earn its share.

O Man with your debt uncanceled—
O Men who have paid for such—
One life went out on the crimson Cross
That Love might redeem for much;
But wo to your peace eternal
If all that you ought to pay
Stand yet unpaid when the scales have weighed
Your life, at the Judgment Day!

And wo to your soul, O Christian,
If any can point and cry—
"He did not help me to pay my debt,
But helped me in debt to die!"
For he who to life is debtor,
When comes the accounting time,
Through the deed you did, or the help you hid,
Shows life in yourself a crime!

BOY AND BAR

He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages.—*Psalms* 10, 8.

Chapter II

BOY AND BAR

THE Boy is a necessity to civilization; he always has been. He was a necessity, in this country, before civilization came. Don't you remember the old nursery song?—

> "One little, two little, three little Indian,
> Four little, five little, six little Indian,
> Seven little, eight little, nine little Indian,
> Ten little Indian Boys."

You see there must have been a nursery in this our native land before the Cradle of Liberty was brought here by our forefathers and rocked by our foremothers. This idea may not be strictly original, but it is aboriginal.

The Boy is a necessity to civilization; he was a necessity before it. Without the Boy, there could have been nothing to be civilized.

Who ever told you how old Adam was when he was created? How do you know? He might have been made with a mustache, to be sure; but I suspect that was an afterthought. If Adam wasn't a boy, to begin with, what a lot o' fun he must have missed in this world! He had boys of his own soon enough, anyhow; and this fact establishes the truth of what I said—the Boy was a necessity before civilization began.

The Bar never was a necessity. Noah got drunk without it, and made a beast of himself before barkeepers were heard of. The Bar of today is a modern institution,

devised by the devil to make sure that Noah's beastliness has modern perpetuation. But you don't read much about the drunkenness of Man, in his earliest records. When he began to be civilized he began to drink, it is true, but not at the Bar.

The Bar seems to have been born of the License Idea, before that idea was dignified by a name. And among English-speaking people the Bar's early beginnings appear to have borne out the beast idea as to Drink. A common sign in London, about 1735, when gin had come to be sold in public places, was:

"Drunk for a penny, dead-drunk for twopence, clean straw for nothing."

Straw suggests the brute which liquor made then and makes yet. It was **a herd of swine**, please remember, into which entered certain devils that were cast out by Christ; and it was *the swine* as to which their owners were first concerned when Christ was caring thus for *men*. And there are Men of Gadara now, in even this Christian land, who deny the right of any man to cast out the Devils of Drink from demon-possest society, because *their swine* may suffer. What a fellow-feeling some men have!

The Drink Habit was originally a home habit, intensified by hospitality. It came of the vineyard—a home affair—in the days when "his own *vine* and figtree" were part of each man's estate. Even when the brewing of ale followed the making of wine, or began where the vineyard had not flourished, the brewery was first the home, with the housewife the brewer; and the first persons licensed to brew were good Scotch matrons at their own firesides.

And when distilling began in this country, the distil-

lery was but a modest home adjunct, without any Bar appendage, with a deacon, perhaps, for the distiller—a neighborhood convenience, considered as respectable as the church, and relied upon often to furnish what was thought needful stimulus for church functions.

The Bar of today is the saloon of today; and the saloon of today was a thing unknown sixty years ago—or at farthest seventy-five. The country store sold liquor in the country town, two generations back, as a part of its general trade; or the tavern sold it, at the bar which formed only part of a public house required as a necessity by the traveling public. Liquor-selling then was an incident, not an avocation. Avarice and Appetite had not then begotten the American saloon, in unholy wedlock; politics and parties had not then pampered this bastard of our time, for their unholy purposes; the Bar had not grown to be Boss in government.

The evolution of Liquor, in commerce and in politics, when you stop to contemplate it soberly, is a thing as amazing as it is dangerous. In its bold assumption, in its cumulative audacity, in its autocratic usurpation, in its appalling results, the Liquor Power's growth is absolutely without a parallel. As the New York Tribune has said:

"From the caucus to the convention, from the State Legislature to Congress, the power and presence of drink are manifest. The Reform measures which wisdom and patriotism demand must be submitted to the allies and stipendiaries of those whose whole existence is pledged against every civilizing agency, and for whom National purification means extinction and death."

The Boy has rights upon which the Bar constantly infringes, of which the Bar is robbing him all the time.

The First of These is,

THE RIGHT TO BE BORN WITH PURE BLOOD.

The Boy has this right. His father owes it to him. The State owes it to him. Father and Bar become robbers of the Boy, where the father stands often at the Bar. The State robs the Boy when it provides the Bar at which the father stands.

There is no need that the father shall be a gutter drunkard to debauch with liquor the blood in his boy's veins. Frequent moderate indulgence on the father's part may do this as dangerously.

The law of inheritance runs thus: **A moderate drinker in this generation, a drunkard in the next.**

This law holds, except a strain in the mother's blood shall neutralize it. And says Dr. Willard Parker in an article on "The Hereditary Influence of Alcohol":

"The drunkard by inheritance is a more hopeless slave than his progenitor, and the children that he begets are more helpless still, unless on the mother's side there is engrafted upon them untainted stock."

We have no authority in the United States that outranks Willard Parker along this line.

The law of inheritance *may* be all-dominating, and *is* of tremendous power. Each, as a rule, will beget after its own kind. Pointer dogs will breed pointer dogs. A drunkard must breed the drunkard, as even the moderate drinker will. There may be exceptions, among men and dogs. Special characteristics of breed may not be equally strong in all cases; in some cases they may be abnormally developed.

The owner of one dog boasted of its remarkable instinct for pointing. "Would you believe it," said this owner, "when I was walking into the city he suddenly

stopt and pointed at a man in a bookstall; and nothing I could do would induce the dog to move. So I went up to the man and said: 'Would you oblige me with your name?' 'Certainly,' said the stranger, 'my name is Partridge.'"

Inherited instinct in the dog, you see, came near making game of a man. Perhaps the boy was a little after this order who, when reading about the patriarchs, pronounced them "partridges," and was rebuked by the teacher, who said: "You must not *make game of the patriarchs* in this way."

Writing years ago upon a book that has had rather wide reading since*, and putting into one woman's mouth the story of her husband's unholy life, I made that woman to say:

> "One day, Mr. Trent,
> When my baby came to me," a far-away look
> In her eyes, as she spoke, "in brief gladness I took
> It up into my arms, and I said to the Lord
> 'Thou hast given me here what must be my reward
> For the misery mine. May it minister so
> To my need I may better and worthier grow!'
> But it sickened. The dear little thing slipt away
> From my clinging embrace. It was cruel to pray
> It might live; for the blood in its innocent veins
> Knew the sins of its father, and carried the stains
> Of his lecherous life in each drop. So he killed it
> By fatal transmission. They said the Lord willed it.
> I hated Him then: I have doubted Him since."

I will take you into my confidence enough to say that what thus found expression in my own verse was almost the literal transcript of what one woman had told me, in cold, pitiless prose, of the cruel tragedy in her life. It

**Geraldine—a Poem*—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

could be matched, I have no doubt, by many a wife like her. And the lecherous taint of blood, which has cursed and killed so many babes that were ill-begotten, had birth in the paternal drinking habit, nurtured and fostered in the legal and illegal saloon.

And what do you think the babe must be, as to blood and breeding, when the drink habit is maternal as well as paternal?—when alcohol is a part of its daily nourishment, afforded by the mother both **before and after birth?**

In the city of Rochester, at one time, a young man and his young wife, who had taken board in a respectable family, and both of whom had respectable family connection, lay dead drunk in their room, day after day, for a week, while their month-old baby slept in a drunken stupor like their own, or wakened only to rouse the household with its feeble cries beside the breast which would not yield it food. A dear friend of mine, stopping under the same roof, by good fortune heard the child, and was one of those who found the drunken parents and assisted in saving their babe from starvation, until the mother grew sober enough to nurse it.

Said one of the most conservative physicians in Rochester to me, some years ago:

"It would appall you to know how many children there are in this city, not two years old, who have never drawn a sober breath."

Another physician told me how he was called to a home of wealth, in his parish, to minister to a babe in arms. When he had looked it over carefully he said:

"I can do nothing for your child, madam; it is not sick."

"Not sick, Doctor! my baby not sick? But what is the matter with it then?"

"Drunk, madam!" was the blunt reply; "drunk at your breast."

And what can the boy be, what can the man become, whose being springs from poisoned source like that? Almost we might say it were better for the babe to die, in babyhood, than that the boy should grow to manhood from such beginnings. And who knows how many babes do die because thus besotted from their birth?

After this chapter had been planned, and largely prepared, Mr. John G. Woolley made an address in Chicago, at the great University there, in which he said:

"I wish I could show you a picture that I saw a while ago, in a city not very far from here, where I was waiting for my train at a railway station. In order to stretch myself, and pass the time away, I went out and took a turn around a block or two, and without knowing where I was going, fell into the wake of an idly moving crowd, that led me presently to the morgue, where I saw what you women would call a clothes-hamper—a large wicker basket—filled with the bodies of little dead babies which the keeper of the place told me had been gathered up in the drunken hovels of that one town that one day. A clothes-basket of babies, as sweet and as innocent and as deserving as ever were born, lying there with their little shut fists upraised where death had frozen them, clutching at love in the darkness —poor little things—and calling to the Christian nation 'Life—Life—Life!'"

Born with pure blood, this life might have been theirs, for which, as Mr. Woolley said, these babies mutely cried. Theirs, unless drunken parents murdered them, while mutely still they slept. For it is estimated—and so Mr. Woolley told us—by conservative statisticians, that 2,500 babies are annually killed by drunken fathers and mothers overlaying them in bed. And two-thirds of this slaughter of the innocents, so statistics show, occurs

on Saturday night—the awful Pay-Day fruit of the legal or illegal saloon.

And next Saturday night, after the saloon has robbed the laborer and sent him staggering home—to quote Mr. Woolley again—"thirty to fifty baby men and women—baby fellow-citizens of yours and mine—will stretch their little hands toward this Christian government and cry Life! Life! Life! and will hear nothing but a drunken snore and strangle back into the unknown."

An English physician, Dr. W. C. Sullivan, made the most exhaustive study of mortality among the offspring of inebriate mothers, and reported the same in the Quarterly Journal of Inebriety for October, 1899. He selected from the inmates of Liverpool prison a series of 100 women who had borne children, taking only those cases in which alcoholism occurred uncomplicated by other degenerative factors; from the outside he added twenty more of the same class, relatives and friends of the prisoners.

To these 120 drunken mothers were born 600 children, of whom 355, or more than 55 per cent., were born dead, or died within two years of birth.

Of these 120 drunken mothers, twenty-one were able to tell of sober sisters, daughters and friends, to the number of twenty-eight, who had married sober husbands—all of the same class in life, but differing as to habits. The twenty-eight sober mothers, thus reported by these drunken ones, had borne 128 children, of whom but 33, or less than 24 per cent., died within two years; while of the 125 children born to the 21 inebriates, 69, or over 55 per cent., were dead at birth, or died within two years afterward; showing that the death-rate for the first two years, among children begotten and born of inebriate

motherhood, was nearly two-and-a-half times that of sober mothers of the same general class and even of the same stock.

Another fearful fact was demonstrated by Dr. Sullivan, viz.: the progressive degeneration of successive children born during the mother's continued inebriety. This was shown by the figures in a series of cases, and also in several particular instances. In one of these instances the three children earliest born seemed fairly healthy; the fourth was defective, mentally; the fifth was an epileptic idiot; the sixth was born dead; and the number ended with a premature still-birth. According to a writer in Medical Record (Forbes Winslow), one leading American physician has given figures to show that out of 300 idiots, whose history could be traced, 145 were the children of drunken parents. Other authorities declare that liquor causes a far higher percentage of idiocy.

The Second Right of the Boy is

THE RIGHT TO BE BORN INTO A SOBER HOME.

Only sober parentage can insure this right. Prohibition of the Bar is a necessity to sober parentage.

I am speaking, now, of the American Boy; and I am thinking, when I declare this right, of all that my words imply in an American Home—of all that the Home implies in our American Republic.

Bear in mind that we are building this Republic on four foundation pillars—

The Home, the School,
The Church, and the Ballot-Box.

If the Home-Pillar fails, the other pillars will not hold

up the temple which we rear: it will totter and fall. Build the Home upon empty bottles, or empty beer kegs, and it will crumble into fragments.

Time was when the Home and the Bar could exist and thrive under the same roof; but they can't now. The saloon has taken what the Home abandoned. The deacon is no longer the distiller. The brewer is rarely a church member. The Bar does not live to meet a domestic necessity, but to create a private appetite, a public thirst, to serve a political end. By it the Drink Habit—say, if you please, the Drink Disease—is fostered in public places, amid conditions destructive of private morals, individual health, family comfort, and public welfare.

If the Bar thrives, the Home suffers; where the brewery shadows are cast, the Home is blighted. Remove the Bar and the brewery, and you shall see how homes grow glad, and laugh with plenty; how childhood sings in sunshine and motherhood smiles in song.

"What is it that makes the rich man richer and the poor man poorer?" shouted a Socialist orator, as reported by the New York Tribune. The proper answer should have been "Monopoly!" in the orator's way of thinking; and for this he waited. But the answer, when it came, was from a new member of the organization, not yet properly instructed, who disgusted the orator by shouting "Beer!" As unexpectedly as tersely, he told the truth. Pages of testimony could be given to prove this. Let one witness suffice.

When Atlanta, Ga., had closed one year of Prohibition (in 1887), the Atlanta Constitution, not edited by a Prohibitionist, gave column after column to reporting Prohibition's beneficent effect upon the homes of Atlanta. A few of the salient sentences ran thus:

"Fifteen new stores containing house-furnishing goods have been started. More furniture has been sold to mechanics and laboring men in the last twelve months than in any twelve months during the history of the city. Rents are more promptly paid than formerly. More houses are rented by the same number of families than heretofore. Before Prohibition, sometimes as many as three families would live in one house. The heads of those families, not now spending their money for drink, are each able to rent a house, thus using three instead of one. Working men who formerly spent a great part of their money for liquor, now spend it in food and clothes for their families. According to the coal-dealers, many people bought coal and stored it away last winter, who had never been known to do so before."

And so on—and so on—to the end of the Home Chapter. Coal in the cellar, potatoes in the bin, flour in the barrel, a piano in the parlor, beefsteak for breakfast, a roast for dinner, hats for the head, coats for the back, shoes for the feet—comfort, clothing, content—all these are possible in the Home, when the Bar is forbidden; and these make Home salubrious, and safe, into which the Boy is born; these make safe the Republic which rests upon the Home. Where these are, anarchy will not come.

Did you read how one anarchist described himself, in Pittsburg, after the great riots there, and when he had found a better way?

Said he:

"I was an anarchist because I loved beer. I loved beer because I was an anarchist. My wife loved me and ours, but I loved my anarchy and my beer. She went to work. She washed clothes to support me and my anarchy. I abused the capitalist for making me poor, and making my wife work. I drank beer and abused men of money. Finally, when I was unable to make an impression upon the capitalist, I transferred my abuse to my

wife. The impression made upon her was worth considering. One day I did consider it. I became a Salvationist, and stopped abusing my wife. I also stopped abusing capitalists, who didn't care for my abuse, and stopped drinking beer."

If every beer-drinker would become a Salvationist, in that way, there would be no anarchists, and a million squalid homes in America would grow sweet and safe for baby feet to enter, for the Boy to thrive in who must be the Man.

The City has come to govern the Country; and the great city of Greater New York is clamoring lustily for Home Rule. Let the fact be made emphatic to our consciousness, that **Home Rule in the City** must be the **rule of the City Home,** if city and country are to survive, *not of the city Bar.*

But let the fact be also clearly understood, that the City Bar threatens to outmaster and overrule the City Home. Not many years ago what is now the Borough of Brooklyn was known as the "City of Churches." It was, even more markedly, the City of Homes. On the 27th of May, 1899, Rev. Dr. Horace Porter, Assistant Pastor of Plymouth Church, speaking in the pulpit so long Henry Ward Beecher's, boldly declared of the Raines Law:

"It has committed three great crimes:

"1st. Sunday selling [of liquor] is almost universal.

"In Brooklyn there were thirteen hotels before the law was enacted—now there are *2,000.* They can not live as hotels. They can not live by the extra day's business they have obtained. How are they supported? They are mostly disorderly and immoral houses.

"2d. *Brooklyn is no longer a City of Homes.*

"A prominent brewer told me that one-third of all his customers let the rooms of their hotels for disorderly purposes.

"3d. The third crime is the producing in this city *such a generation of drunken women as no city has ever seen.*"

From the City of Churches, and the City of Homes, in four short years of a boasted law to regulate the Liquor Traffic, to utter lawlessness by that Traffic on the Lord's Day, and to the establishment of 2,000 places of iniquity (or half that number if Dr. Porter's figures were too high) where Home is poisoned and the Home Life corrupted—where the Boy must learn vice and forsake virtue—from the City of Churches to the City of Sunday Sales, from Homes to Harlots and the broad highway to Hell—tell us, ye who shout for the Raines Law and Revenue, for Millions of Money rather than Mothers and Manhood, ye who would propagate the Bar though it kill the Boy, are ye proud of the swift and awful descent?

Breed your generation of drunken women in your City of Churches if ye will, O men who uphold the policy which brings this direful brood, and who cheer for the party that maintains it; multiply, if you will, in that city and in other cities, the house where the blood of the babe is tainted, and the boy's heart is corrupted, and the man's life is cursed and made cancerous even unto death; but remember as the City is the State must become, as the Home is the Boy and the City will be; that a Home in a City of Churches is more Christian than a brothel in a city of bars; and that a party which perpetuates bar and brothel, for sake of the price they pay, does not deserve the support of Christian Patriots and should be buried by Christian ballots without benefit of clergy at the polls.

The Third Right of the Boy is

THE RIGHT TO GO IN SAFETY OUTSIDE THE SOBER HOME.

How can this right be his, when at every street corner there waits for the Boy a Bar-trap?—perhaps we should

say, at every Bar a Boy-trap?—a **trap legally set**, it may be, to catch men, but given every advantage of law and opportunity to catch boys; a trap which pays high for such advantage of opportunity and law, and can afford to pay only as it succeeds in the purpose for which it is set; a trap into the jaws of which go, night and day, day and night, the hopes that were dear to mother's heart, the ambitions which were part of the father's pride, the love which might have made some woman glad, the possibilities on which a nation must build, for the years that are to be.

How can the Boy's right be assured, to go in safety outside the sober home, when in **a city of churches** there are 2,000 licensed webs of sin to lure him from the love of saints?

Now, my brave and patriotic Raines Law partizan, my worthy defender of any License Law, do not be in haste to tell me that the law you approve and support was intended to restrain evil, to regulate vice, and protect your Boy. It was *intended* to fool good temperance fathers like you; to hold your votes inside your party; to bribe you to betray your flesh and blood. Listen!

"Every request of those engaged in the liquor business should be heard and complied with if not inconsistent with the revenue-raising features of the law."

So declared the Lieutenant-Governor of New York, Hon. Timothy L. Woodruff, speaking at Ogdensburg in that State, on the 18th of October, 1898.

The liquor-men "request" your Boy; they invite him to their Bar; without him their Bar would close for lack of business, in thousands of saloons. His presence there is not "inconsistent" with the revenue-raising features

of the law; *he swells the revenue.* Why, then, should the law protect him, when he goes outside the Home? It was not constructed for his protection; no license law ever was.

The boy himself might define License as one boy did define "a lie," when catechized by the Superintendent of the Sunday School. "What is a lie?" was the question put to him; and his answer somehow got a little mixed. It ran—

"A lie is an abomination unto the Lord, and a very present help in time of trouble."

Ask a boy—your boy—any intelligent boy, "What is a license?" even the Raines Law or any other productive Tax license, and he might answer—

"A license is an abomination unto the Lord and a very present help (for the party) in time of political trouble —at the polls." You see the Boy can be a good definer. There was the one who was inquired of about a bat. "A bat," he said, "is a nasty little mouse with India-rubber wings and a shoe-string tail and bites like the devil."

I am afraid *he* hadn't often studied the catechism. But if he had studied the saloon, with such familiarity as many boys do, and if somebody had asked him, "What is a bar?" he might have answered:

"A bar is a devil-fish, with a lot of slimy, winding arms like snakes, that feel out after and fold in the boys; and at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

And how does your law defend your Boy today, from this octopus, this devil-fish, that you license? Try it, you good Christian, Raines law, or any other tax-law supporting father; try it, tomorrow, and see. Take your

clean, bright boy, of a dozen years only; take him in the morning, after breakfast and after family prayer, and walk with him down the street. *He is* a Sunday School boy, you know; he knelt with you at the family altar; you heard his voice praying with yours, "Lead us not into temptation"; his lips were never soiled with touch of liquor; he is as free from taint of sin as his baby sister upon his mother's lap, or as when he sat, a babe himself, upon his mother's knee. You know it, and as you walk along the way, his hand in yours, to know it makes you proud and glad.

But stop with him at the first saloon, even at the first Raines Law Hotel, to which you come. It must be a good and proper place—you voted to license it; or you voted with and for the party under whose policy it was licensed, and which brags of the revenue derived from it. It must be a righteous place to have so near your home, or you would have condemned it, and the policy which perpetuates it, at the ballot-box. A good place for the boys of other men, of course, or you and they would not allow it to be; a good place for your own boy—why not?

Then pass him in, at the door you open for him now, with your own hand, as you helped open it, for him and others, with your own ballot. Pass him in, but stand outside, yourself—you are a deacon, or a steward, or an elder, in the church, and while that Tax Law Bar is a proper thing for you to maintain by your vote, it might not be seemly for you to stand before it in your own person.

Pass the Boy in, and wait, without, yourself—wait, as patiently as you can, as hopefully as you will, if you have been honest with yourself, your neighbors and the Bar; wait, and be not once ashamed. If any, passing, wonder

why you stand there, beside the door of such a place, say, with a voter's pride and a father's faith, "My boy has gone inside. I sent him in, to the place which I think necessary in this town, which I and my party stand for; it won't hurt boys; it's only bad for men, but they must have it; I sent him in, to prove how safe the Boy is, even before the Bar." Yes, pass him in, and wait—one, two, three hours, it may be; and when at last he comes out to you *blind, staggering drunk, you've got no case against your Tax Law Saloon-keeper or Hotel-keeper which will hold one hour in court.* Unless you go in yourself, and drink from the same glass, or the same bottle, from which your boy drank, you have no evidence that will convict your friend the barkeeper of a crime against your boy.

Even on Sunday, when Law says the Bar shall close, it makes perilous the Boy's path, outside the sober Home. One Sunday night I was giving one of my Economy Course Lectures in the village of Camden, N. Y. The large Methodist church was crowded, and even the aisles were packed. I noticed, just after beginning to speak, that one of the ushers was called out. At the close he came to me and said:

"Mr. Hopkins, I wanted to get a note to you, before you finished speaking, but I could not, the aisles were crowded so." And then he went on to explain. "I am a deputy sheriff," said he, "and I was called out to arrest a young man who had staggered into the vestibule of the church, down stairs, and fallen down upon the stone flagging, and lay there dead drunk, in danger of freezing to death. And his father sat up here in one of these pews, an official member of the church, with no suspicion that his boy ever drinks at all."

In Malone, the same month, I sat at supper with my host, on a Saturday evening, and heard him tell, with red-hot indignation, how that afternoon, at the caucus of his party, whisky bottles had been freely circulated, emptied, and thrown one side, and how he saw a group of boys picking them up and sucking them dry of the few drops left; and I hardly need say it was not a Prohibition party caucus. You might suspect it was a Democratic caucus—but it wasn't.

In one village of New York where I gave my Course, they told me of one boy, under seventeen, who had been missing over a year, whose people could get no trace of him whatever, but who was last seen alive, by anyone willing to testify, in a Raines Law Hotel, and much intoxicated, at eleven o'clock on Sunday night. And not long after that the hotel-keeper sold out, and left for the Far West. It was common belief that the boy was killed in a drunken brawl, and his body put away by stealth, so that punishment could not follow.

If the Boy were held in as high esteem, by the courts, as is the Dog, he would be safer, everywhere. This is not mere sarcasm: it is plain, serious truth. For the poorest, meanest, cheapest, dirtiest, mangiest mongrel cur in the State of New York is better guarded by the Law than is the cleanest, brightest, handsomets boy the State contains. This is conspicuously, abominably true, when the Boy has passed seventeen years of age; for *then* he is the *legal* prey of the Bar, whereas before he was illegally preyed upon, but not legally and fairly defended.

The great New York State Court of Appeals has declared unconstitutional a law which licensed the killing of dogs. The dogs were to be killed because they were

not licensed, and the Hudson River Humane Society held license to kill them. Where the dog's owner would not, or did not, pay a license fee of one dollar, to the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Hudson River Humane people humanely killed him—I mean the dog, not the owner—to prevent the cruelty of the dog's going about any longer unlicensed.

Then two dog owners in Albany brought suit to restrain the Humane Society from such killing, on the ground that the law licensing the killing was unconstitutional; but the Supreme Court sustained the law. With dogged determination the dog men carried their case to the highest court, and secured a decision against license and in favor of dogs.

"The grant of a license," said the Court of Appeals, "is the exercise of sovereign power"; and the power to kill dogs, the Court held, cannot be delegated by the State even to a Humane Society—the State, it follows, must kill its own dogs.

This opinion is based on the ground that dogs are property; and that a dog owner cannot be justly deprived of his property without due process of law. It is an important opinion, you must admit—**for dogs.** It means life, liberty, and the pursuit of—cats—**for dogs.** It grows out of a question vital, indeed—**for dogs.** It shows that our supreme judicial body, in this greatest of all the United States, cares eminently and judicially —**for dogs.** Yet this is the same body—this august Court of Appeals—this tribunal beyond which no appeal can go—the same body that, away back yonder in the '50s, declared unconstitutional the law of Prohibition as to the beverage liquor business, or certain provisions of it. Now, by its later edict, "the grant of a license is the

exercise of sovereign power"; and by this dictum is forever nullified every claim against the State's right to *prohibit* the liquor traffic—every claim that the State has any right to license that traffic.

Has the sovereign power any right to permit, to legalize, any wrong? If the sovereign power has right *to prohibit* any certain thing must it not be because there is wrong in that certain thing? If the sovereign power has right *to prohibit* that certain thing, because of the wrong in it, has the sovereign power any right *to license* that certain thing?—to legalize and perpetuate the wrong? **Does not this very right to prohibit forbid the right to license?**

"The more I see of men," said a wit once, "the more I think of dogs."

If your Boy were *property,* as your dog is, the High Court would think more of him. Then that Court might declare it unconstitutional to license any man to kill him, at the Bar—even to kill the Manhood in him, and to make him lower than the brute. If you had bought your boy, as you might buy a dog, or as once, down South, you could have bought a slave, then the law might declare it a crime for any man to sell or give him liquor, as in the slave's case the law declared. Seems a pity, doesn't it, that *your boy,* your own flesh and blood, was not born a dog, or born black and in bonds, that so he might come into greater safety, under the law and before the courts.

I trust you realize, as never before, the high plane of dignified being to which dogs have attained, through the Court's consideration of their rights and standing in society. They have attained thereunto because of the real quality, or nature, of license—*for dogs.* Let us hope that some near day—and if every dog has his day should

not every boy and man have his?—a large class of men, and all boys, may become beneficiaries of the same quality of the same thing—that the millions of saloon victims, old and young, may profit by the sovereign power of the State, in its utter refusal to license the liquor business because of the essential nature or character of license, coupled with the inherent wrong of the thing licensed and the absolute unconstitutionality of the law which assumes to license the thing.

Finally and Fourthly, as a preacher would say—

The Fourth Right of the Boy is

THE RIGHT TO DEVELOP SOBER CITIZENSHIP AMID SAFE POLITICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

And this final right of the Boy lines exactly with the need of the State—yea, more, with the State's imperative duty. The four foundation pillars of this Republic—

The Home, the School,
The Church, and the Ballot-Box,

must themselves rest on the **Bed-Rock of Sober Citizenship.** Disintegrate this, and the Republic will go down. Is there danger of such disintegration? Does this danger lurk in the relation to politics of the Bar?

My own unsupported answer to these questions would not carry sufficient weight. Listen to the New York Tribune again:

"When we have done our best for our boys, and they set out to take a part in the government of their country," said The Tribune a few years ago, "they find that the entrance to politics is through the door of the saloon, and that the men who in our great cities wield the largest political influence are those whose connection with the bottle is the closest."

What was true as The Tribune saw and said then, is

not less but even more painfully true now. Send your boys out into a great National or State campaign, when they will find politics at white heat, let them carry the banners, and bear the torches, and shout for the candidates likely to be elected, and tell me, you who best know, is it a good school for growing citizenship? Look at the men who hold local office, in the large cities and the smaller towns, carefully consider the methods by which they have won as political leaders, and tell me—*did The Tribune lie?*

The last caucus that I attended, of the party into which I was politically born, and whose banner I began to fly when but thirteen years old—the party which as a boy I loved and as a young man I defended—the last caucus of it at which I was present met in a bar-room, and wound up in a row. Not long since, I heard a good man, a preacher, urging other good men, from the pulpit, to attend their party caucuses (he did not say which party) wherever held, and then he proceeded to tell how *he* had attended a caucus when *he* had to crowd his way past the Bar to reach it; so you see the last one of that sort, of my experience, was not the last one of its kind.

And a worthy deacon whom I knew well, a man high in religious and business and educational circles—trustee of a college, and all that—told me once how the City Committee of *his* party (and he was a member of it) took their candidate for Mayor out of his church pew, on a Sunday night (the last before election), while the sermon was in progress, put him into a carriage, and drove him from saloon to saloon until three o'clock on Monday morning, leaving from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars in the till of every bar they visited; and when I spoke my indignant protest against that sort of thing,

what do you think, in cool complacency, this good man said?

"We have to do it, or we can't win."

Bear in mind that I am not naming parties, or assailing any party, or posing as a partizan, just now, at all. I am simply illustrating—proving, if you please—what one famous party newspaper has declared as to political conditions. If you begin to feel a little warm under the collar, blame your great and good New York Tribune for the statement which it made, don't blame me for trying to prove that statement true.

When one of the great National political conventions was on, in 1900, I read without surprise that the favorite melody of the delegates, as played oftenest by the bands, in the immense auditorium and outside, was "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." But I did feel surprise when Senator Chauncey M. Depew, the same week, testified that a month before, in a city of Europe, an American (presumably himself), present at a concert given by a band there, called for the American National air, and the band promptly began to play "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." You see I had not supposed that our chief political song had made such an impression of nationality so far abroad.

There is a story told, though I have never heard it on the platform, of two old hens, that were one day scratching for their progeny, when one of them said to the other, in some concern, "Have you seen my son?" And the other answered, "I've not seen him since yesterday, and I don't certain know where he is, but I saw a preacher round here last night, hunting for supper, and I suspect that before this time your son has entered the ministry."

Let two mothers of boys meet, almost anywhere dur-

ing a political campaign, and let either ask the other "Have you seen my son?" and the answer might well enough be—"I saw a politician around here last night, hunting votes, and the chances are that your son has entered a saloon."

No politics dominated by the Bar can be safe for the Boy. What is unsafe for the Boy is dangerous for the State. And even the so-called best politics, now, with any show of success, must bow to the Bar to win. What did The Tribune say? Let the quotation be repeated which was made at the beginning of this chapter, let it be recited slowly, solemnly, until the sore meaning of it shall penetrate your inmost patriotic heart:

"From the caucus to the convention, from the State Legislature to Congress, the power and presence of drink are manifest. The Reform measures which wisdom and patriotism demand must be submitted to the allies and stipendiaries of those whose whole existence is pledged against every civilizing agency, and for whom National purification means extinction and death."

Nomination, election, legislation, administration—of all these, today, the Bar is boss. Do you want any further proof?

Over and over again, in the last few years, in different parts of my own great and good New York State, I have found liquor-sellers Supervisors of their towns, or holding other high town office. In one village, of 3,000 people, the Overseer of the Poor was a saloon-keeper, and transacted all his town official business, *for the poor,* over the bar, where his private business helped *make* the poor. In that same county the sheriff, chief executive officer of the law, was a notorious liquor-seller and gambler, whose liquor establishment was also notoriously a gambling place, and who was running both kinds of

the devil's business—had been for years—when his Bar and other bars dominated the convention that nominated him.

I was in that county just before he was nominated, and in the town where he lived and moved and had his political being. Christian men were hot with indignation over the prospect of his nomination, and one Doctor of Divinity asserted with gratifying vigor that if such nomination were made he would bolt it, and stump the county against it; but he didn't. He smothered his wrath, and held on his even political way, as the saloon-men expected he would; and the gambler and barkeeper was elected overwhelmingly—became Law's premier before the people—an object lesson, for the Boy, of current Politics and the kind of party leadership that succeeds.

Is it any wonder that such politics can win, that such men rule in caucus and convention, and "get there" at the polls, when a Y. M. C. A. President, an active church worker, teacher of a Bible Class numbering two hundred young men, and leader of a Good Government Reform, can ally himself with liquor forces and speak to a crowd of that sort, in a hall directly over a saloon, with beer kegs on tap at the door, and every man treated to their contents at the bar improvised for the occasion, in plain sight of the speaker as he proceeded with his Good Government speech?

When the Bar can thus plant itself, without rebuke, at Reform doors, and make itself the accepted ally of such a man and such a movement, his efforts in behalf of Good Government become a farce, and safe political association for the Boy must be sought for with other men and in some other neighborhood.

Horace Greeley once declared, in that same Tribune from which we have quoted with some freedom, that political parties ought to be reorganized every twelve years. I declare, as I believe, that political parties ought to be reorganized whenever they cannot or do not furnish safe political association for boys and young men.

There can be no issue great enough in politics to justify the maintenance of a political machine the life of which means the death of morality in Young Manhood. When to bear the party banner compels a Boy to touch elbows with the Barkeeper, and to halt in the party procession at the saloon door, and treat and be treated at the party bar; when his feet must keep step, if still sober enough, to the "Hot Time" song, or that other which I have heard young men's campaign clubs singing at midnight as they staggered down the street—"And we'll all drink stone-blind when Johnnie Comes Marching Home"—then the reorganization of parties, which Horace Greeley advocated, has become a necessity which every sober man should see and upon which every patriot should insist.

The greatest moral and political issue in this country, today, is that which involves the Boy and the Bar. In his Letter of Acceptance when a candidate for the Vice-presidency (1900), Theodore Roosevelt said:

> "The paramountcy of an issue is to be determined, not by the dictum of any man or body of men, but by the fact that it vitally affects the well-being of every home in the land."

He was thinking, to be sure, of Silver and Gold, but his words could not have rung truer had he been thinking, as we are now, of Morals and Manhood. The well-being of every home in this land is affected by whatever affects the Boy. Far better, for him and the home of his birth,

that he keep silver in his pocket than that he spend gold at the Bar. Far better, for him and the home that is his, that his father shall die and leave him only gold in his character and silver in the savings-bank, than the taint of alcohol in his blood and the curse of Drink upon his life.

The dictum of a party may assert that Gold, or Silver, or Tariff, or Imperialism, is the Issue paramount, but the imperial, imperious, vitally imperative Issue before the American people—and to be so until it is settled, according to Mr. Roosevelt's own definition—is that of the Liquor Traffic—the licensed Bar—because it vitally affects the Boy, on whom this Republic must build, in the Home, which is the Republic's first foundation pillar.

"There is not a home or hamlet in the State that is beyond its influence," said Mr. McKinley, speaking of this traffic in 1874; and since then, *as he learned well,* its influence has reached from the home of the hamlet to the White House of the Nation.

"By legalizing this traffic," said Mr. McKinley then, "we agree to share with the liquor-seller the responsibilities and evils of his business. EVERY MAN WHO VOTES FOR LICENSE BECOMES OF NECESSITY **A PARTNER TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC** AND ALL ITS CONSEQUENCES."

Is not the man who sustains the License Policy, in a License Party, equally a partner? Are you pleased with the partnership? DOES IT PAY?

Look at the Bar, and its fruits; think of your Boy, and his future; consider the Home into which he was born and the Republic that is to be. Then make a new partnership, with Boy and Wife, in whose profits the

Bar shall have no share, but on which the Home and the State shall thrive; form new political associations, in which the Boy shall be safe, and in which he shall grow to Sober Citizenship; bare your head with a new sense of self-respect, and of reverence for the Suffrage, when you go to the ballot-box; and refuse forevermore to stand there as the friend and ally, the partner and perpetuator, of the Bar!

Many years ago, during certain excavations at Pompeii, in the compact mass of cinders and lava covering that city buried so long before, two cavities were found. They bore the outline of human figures, which once they had held, but flesh, and sinew, and bone, were vanished with the ages into nothingness. Filling them with plaster, as if they were molds, the workmen reproduced in likeness what disaster and time had so conspired to remove—a mother and her boy. With outstretched arms the woman bent forward, fear, beseeching, and love in her attitude, appeal and agony, as one could imagine, on her face; while just beyond her yearning reach the child remained, unconscious of his danger from the fiery flood, or unheeding her possible help.

And I think this mute, pathetic memory of that Pompeiian mother's love but typifies, today, the attitude of every thoughtful American woman, and of every young American son. The fiery Vesuvius of Drink is in terrible eruption. Its lurid flow sweeps on unhindered through our thronging streets; the deadly fumes of it fill all the air. Law does not stay it, for Law has no heart, it can not feel, and the Bar is Boss where this eruption legally begins; Love would, but Love is weak, and out of Love's fond reach the Boy has gone—outside the home, it may be, into the near saloon, or into a law-created, law-defended, ante-chamber of hell.

And here the woman waits, but here she is not mute. Her voice of beseeching has been heard all over the land. It echoes in the ears of law-makers. It haunts the solitude of judges. It troubles the peace of barkeepers. It disturbs the dreams of the church. It is eloquent not only of present suffering; it has in it all the sad, sore pathos of all these eighteen centuries since Pompeii's burial—cycles full of heart-break and misery because of the cup.

It will not cease, this pleading voice, though Vesuvius overwhelm it. Out of the ashes of every smitten home it will cry to God and Man, till even the deaf shall hear and even the dumb shall heed; and presently, beside this outreaching and beseeching Motherhood, the Fatherhood shall stand, with love grown loyal and alert as hers, with vision become as keen to see the awful peril which impends, with courage born of Duty's call to meet and master it; and then the Church will answer in its dear Lord's name, and with a Shalt-Not from His own Decalog; then Shalt-Nots by the State will echo from its all-sovereign statute-books; then Law and Religion, Manhood and Morality, hand in hand and heart and soul together, in mighty power for the common good and in a patriotism diviner than our land has ever known, shall boldly face the flood and bid its fires be quenched.

Wanted!—a Boy for a licensed Bar!
  Give him, at once, as the bar demands!
Home, where the Mother and Sisters are,
  Cease to withhold him with tender hands!
Church, that would guide him in days of youth,
  Yield him where curses and crime begin;
School, that would teach him in ways of truth,
  Give him to teachers of shame and sin!

What is the Home, when the Bar must be?
  What is the Boy, when the Bar must live?
Who should the Mother defend, when she
  Hears the Home-robber command her—"Give"?
Give—of the blood of her inmost heart;
  Give—of the life of her throbbing breast;
Give—of her body and soul a part;
  Give—at the Home-robber's bold behest.

What are the School and the Church, to men
  Greedy for gain at their cruel cost?
What do the barkeepers count it, when
  Purity, learning, and love, are lost?
License them, Fathers, for price they pay!
  Sell them your sons for their paltry gold!
Millions of revenue far outweigh
  Morals and life, when your sons are sold!

Nay! by the pain that the Mother knew,
  Giving the Boy to enrich the State!
Nay! by the hope in her heart that grew,
  Holy and strong, for his Manhood great!
Nay! by the crown that the Father wears—
  King in a nation of Kings indeed—
Silence forever the man who dares
  Bid for the Boy, in his grasping greed!

Close the saloon, with its ravening cry!
  Silence the men for the Bar who stand!
Lift the white banner of Manhood high,
  Ever, for Home, with a Christian hand!
Banish the foe of the soul and brain;
  Stand for the Right as you bravely can;
Go not with robbers, for greed of gain!
  Cast a clean ballot, for Boy and Man!

MANHOOD AND GOLD

I will make a man more precious than fine gold.—*Isaiah* 13, 12.

Chapter III

MANHOOD AND GOLD

"I WILL make a man more precious than fine gold." So spake the voice of God through the lips of His prophet. In this utterance we get a divine estimate of human values. Studying Profit and Loss in Man upon the highest level, and in the clearest perspective, this utterance illumines it as by the very X-rays of Truth.

Two distinct sides of the problem are presented; you may see them as plainly as the traveler in Egypt can see two sides of the Great Pyramid from any corner of it, and only two sides—the Divine side and the Human side —the God side and the Man side.

"And *I* will make a *man*."

Three things are suggested as you look at each of these two sides:

On the Divine Side	On the Human Side
1. **God's Word.**	1. **Man's Word.**
2. **God's Work.**	2. **Man's Work.**
3. **God's Way.**	3. **Man's Way.**

But these three suggestions, or facts, upon these two sides, are not like the two sides of the Pyramid, which the traveler sees at the same time—uniform, alike, in majestic harmony of spirit and effect, with a solemn and sacred correspondence of purpose and result. On the God side we have beauty, and grandeur, the perfection of Divine achievement, a sublime expression of immortality.

On the Man side we have ugliness, and failure, debasement and ruin and death.

The contrast is painful—yea, appalling—but a study of it may be worth while. It must profit us, if we come a little more clearly to understand the Divine thought, and a little more plainly to realize the human deed and need.

"I will make a man more precious than fine gold."

Here is

First—**God's Word.**

And will you note the Divine emphasis in it? Say it over to yourself, as you are sure God must have said it in the visions of that prophet whose record it is—"I will make **a Man.**" Not a temple, not a people, not a country, not a State; but A MAN. There you have the Divine emphasis upon the human fact.

"I will make *a man* **more precious**"—there you have the Divine emphasis and the Divine comparison. "More precious" than what? "Than fine gold, *even a man,* than the golden wedge of Ophir;" and there the Word repeats the emphasis, and makes it stronger yet.

And it is divinely indefinite, or divinely inclusive, as you will observe. "I will make *a man* more precious"—not a prince, of some Ophir palace royal in splendor; not some sovereign potentate whose power could marshall Ophir's gold; but *a man, any* man, *every* man; the man in rags, not less than the man of royalty; the plebeian, as much as the prince; the humblest, even as the highest.

So runs the Divine emphasis of the prophet's record; so would run the Divine fact if Isaiah had not seen a single vision or made record of a single word. For "in the beginning was *God,*" and "God created *man* in His own image," and could the image of God, in the sight of God, be less precious even than Ophir's gold?

God was, and Man became, and to make man more precious than any other created thing was in the Divine logic, or man's creation in the Divine image was a libel on divinity by God's own Divine hand.

Second—**God's Work.**

It was not completed in the creation of Man. He was to make man more precious than fine gold—more precious than even at creation. There was to be Divine development in man. And God created man in His own *image;* not altogether—perhaps not even largely, at the very first—in His own *nature;* surely not in His own sovereign *perfection;* and that man should become more and more precious, by the force of Divine evolution within him, must surely have been in the Divine thought, must have been the impelling motive of Divine work.

God did not make man, in His own image, to be simply and forever the victim of a downward trend. The first question put to the first man—"Adam, where art thou?" gave to the first man his first logical inference in life—that he ought to be somewhere in God's sight, and not ashamed. And if the first man was precious enough to be inquired after by His Maker in this personal way, what about those Adams from then till now whom God has been making more precious by all the gifts of His love and grace through all the ages?

God's work is to develop man's worth. To this end He inspires all the work of man which helps humanity and uplifts the world. Every Divine tendency in the heart of man is evidence of the divine purpose which moved at his creation in the heart and the work of God.

In God's Word we find the key, the revelation, to God's Work in making still more precious the work of God's hand, and in His Word we can surely learn, if we but honestly seek it—

Third—**God's Way.**

The record is clear. "In the beginning was the Word," says John's Gospel, "and the Word was God." And God, it may be added reverently, was a Prohibitionist. The record proves it. God's first command to the first man was a Prohibitory law. Adam disobeyed it, because he believed in Personal Liberty. In this respect he has many descendants. That first command of God had reference to what man should eat; and yet the Adams of Personal Liberty now insist that no command, of God or man, shall concern what man may drink!

Touching those things which were and are for the hurt of man, God's way was and is the way of Prohibition. It was a plain enough way in Paradise; it was blazoned before the Children of Israel in the Commandments given to Moses. In the Ten of these "Thou shalt not!" can be counted eleven times, and nine of the Ten are prohibitory. You shall search the Divine Word from Genesis to Revelation and find no record of a license to do that which is harmful unto man—no grant of a license for the doing of any wicked deed unto man—either with or without a price, save in the decree of King Ahasuerus to Haman; and Haman was hung for asking that!

God's way, having made man in His own image, was and is to protect His image in the man, by "Shalt Nots" to the man himself, and limitations upon him in behalf of other men, and prohibitions upon each for the good of all. In so far as Man's Way and Man's Work do not harmonize with God's Work and God's Way, Man's Word is the opposite of God's Word and results in discounting the perfection of God's Work. To the extent that this lack of harmony exists, certain things are true concerning

MAN'S WORD

I. It Discounts the Divine Estimate of Human Values.

Man's estimate of man's preciousness, as proven by the law and the facts, is wickedly below God's. The State enacts a law compelling the railroad that kills a man to pay five thousand dollars for the man's life; and this would seem to show that the State considers a man more precious than *any less* sum in fine gold; but the State also enacts a law providing that for a price one man may sell to another the stuff which will make him murder the third, or which will make him and his family paupers, his offspring idiotic, insane or criminal, despite their preciousness and his. So the law of the State—Man's Word incarnate with the power of organic will—is proof that man's preciousness is not consistently safeguarded by the State.

It has been well said "that political education, in its last analysis, is the proper adjustment of human relations," and that "this adjustment, *depending upon the perfection of the person,* multiplied many times by himself, constitutes the State." "Upon the perfection of the person" depends the preciousness of man; and no word of man, no law of the State, has moral or commercial right, by direct purpose or indirect result, to imperil such perfection. The beginnings of this perfection may be prior to the person's birth; and they must be safeguarded then, they must be shielded later on. A recognized medical authority (Dr. T. Alexander MacNicholl, in the Philadelphia Medical Journal, June 8, 1901) has said:

"The child's first claim upon the State is not education, not liberty, not even happiness; but it is life, it is health. No human

agent should have any right to the indiscriminate dispensing of that which contaminates the fountain head of citizenship, implants disease in the offspring, and casts upon the community an unnecessary burden of defective and degenerate youth."

As showing how the Drink Habit of the parent affects life and health in the child, Dr. MacNicholl presented statistics which were startling, and which can not be considered with too serious care. He said:

"We have been able to trace the family histories of 463 children in 150 different families, through three generations. Seventeen (two males and 15 females) were precocious in some one thing, as music, drawing, etc.; 403 were generally deficient (193 males and 210 females); 17 had neurotic fathers; 78 neurotic mothers; 313 had drinking fathers; 51 drinking mothers; 43 had neurotic grandparents; 265 had drinking grandparents; 246 had drinking parents and grandparents. Two per cent. of these children had parents of less than average intelligence. A most notable fact in these families was the constant relation of alcohol in the ancestry to abnormal physical conditions in the descendants. While 87 per cent. of these children of drinking and neurotic ancestry were mentally deficient, 76 per cent. suffered from some neurosis or organic disease."

Out of 231 children, in 51 families, having total abstinence antecedents, he found that less than three per cent. were mentally deficient, and but 18 per cent. suffered from any neurosis or organic disease.

In 24 families of drunken parents, as reported by Dr. MacNicholl, there were 113 children, of whom 93 had organic diseases, 66 were mentally deficient, eight were idiots, one was an epileptic, and 16 were drunkards; while of 116 children—a total of three more—in 31 families having neither neurotic nor drinking ancestry, but 20 had organic diseases, but three were mentally deficient, and there was but one drunkard. In 76 families

of *moderate* drinkers there were 236 children, of whom 186—over 76 per cent.—had organic diseases, 169 were mentally deficient, eight were idiots, eight were insane, and there were 21 drunkards.

In the face of such figures as these—more vital than can be realized at first blush, and which could be multiplied many times were there occasion—the fact comes home to us with cumulative power that our problem of Profit and Loss in Man must be studied, and at least partially solved, at the cradle-side—yea, even before the cradle was bought or the babe was born!

"I will make a man more precious than fine gold," says the Word of God. Says the word of man—"For gold I will sell the right to discount man's preciousness, to breed poison, sin and crime, to sow vice and ruin and death, in the creation of God's hand."

II. It Lowers the Popular Valuation of Human Life.

We have come to think more of breeding fine bull-pups than prize babies. We care more for the pedigree of a trotting horse than of a human being. We encourage, by law—by Man's Word made policy and power in the State—conditions that render men unfit to be fathers, and women unworthy to be mothers, and which beget a constantly increasing percentage of human life at its alarming worst. With an array of awful facts before us, of which those quoted from Dr. MacNicholl are but a sample or a hint, showing the result of Drink in the offspring of drinkers, we go right on legalizing the Drink Traffic, providing for its idiotic and insane, supporting its lazy and indigent, caring for its enfeebled and sick, burying its dead.

In July, 1900, a boy of but sixteen years was hanged

for murder in Connecticut. The papers called him a monstrosity; and so he was, but whose the blame? The boy's father, according to Dr. MacNicholl, was weak-minded and a drunkard; his father's brother was an epileptic; his mother was feeble-minded, a prostitute, and died drunk in the street; his mother's sisters were all drunkards; his mother's brother died insane; his paternal grandfather was an epileptic; his maternal grandfather died insane; his maternal grandmother was an epileptic, a drunkard, and a prostitute. They hung the boy for his brutal deed, after they had licensed men to make a drunkard of the father who begat him, a drunkard and a prostitute of the mother who bore him, and after the State, by the statutory word of man, had sowed the vilest seeds of sin and vice and crime all along his downward reaching family line.

"I will make a man more precious—" Ah! that was God's Word! but they would seem not to have heard it in Connecticut.

Dr. Paul Garnier, an official of the Paris Prefecture of Police, writing near the close of 1901, declared that juvenile criminality was fearfully increasing in France, as compared with adult criminality; and this fact he attributed to alcoholic heredity. He summed up the question as follows in Annales d'Hygiene:

"During the last thirty years, examples of precocity in crime have been so numerous that we are not surprised to see in the criminal courts, among murderers, a large proportion of young people, almost children. The causes of this social phenomenon are numerous, yet it is evident that *alcohol is the chief agent.*

"In criminology, when we sum up the social offenses directly attributable to alcohol, we are only mentioning a small fraction of the harm that it does. To the direct action of alcohol should be added its indirect effects through heredity. In Paris we have

seen alcoholic insanity progressing with astonishing rapidity, but excessive precocity in crime fills us with wonder. Today the great criminal, the 'hero of the assizes,' as a rule is a mere child. One fact is now admitted: *alcoholism is the most formidable agent of degeneracy,* and as such is the direct cause of *insanity* and *crime.* If we take into consideration that drinkers become the parents of epileptics and idiots, we ought not to be surprised to find criminals among children."

In conclusion Dr. Garnier stated that "the adolescent criminal is as a rule born of alcoholic parents," and that "his criminal instincts are the result of a want of intellectual development." And he contended that asylums of a special kind, not necessarily jails or hospitals, should be provided by the State to educate young people born from alcoholic parents.

According to a report made in 1901, to the Legislature of Mississippi, by the State Board of Prison Control, out of 1,035 convicts in prison in Mississippi 513 were convicted either of taking human life or attempting to take it. Statistics are not at hand, to show what percentage of those 513 convicts, murderers and would-be murderers, were inspired to their bloody purpose by Drink, but a suggestion may be found in facts published the same year by the Kreus Zeitung, a German periodical, about drunkenness in the German army and navy. According to those facts, of all the murderers imprisoned in 120 army prisons throughout Germany, 46 per cent. committed their crime while under the influence of Drink, and 63 per cent. of the cases of manslaughter, 74 per cent. of serious injury to the person, and 77 per cent. of criminal immorality, were due to the same cause. But Personal Liberty, and the fruits of it, may flourish more luxuriantly in Germany than in our Southern States—**let us fervently hope so!**

In the City of New York, during the week ending Sept. 7, 1901, according to the Health Board Report for that day, 1,475 babies were born, and of these 122 were born dead—because of unfit maternal and paternal conditions; 143 infants died of congenital debility—showing that their parents ought never to have married; while during the same time 456 babies died under one year old, and 646 children died who had not reached the age of five years; a damning proof that the Word of Man, as it finds expression and effect in the care of and regard for human life, is criminally at war with the Word of God, is criminally careless of Divine valuations. And

MAN'S WORK

is the logical and inevitable fruitage of Man's Word. If the condensation of that word is License, for anything which brings evil to Man, then his work will fruit itself in evil and sin and crime. Hence

I. It does not Harmonize with God's Work in Conserving Human Life.

Proof of this is found in the daily conduct of every liquor-seller, in the practice of some physicians, and the public policy of the State.

No man is more precious than *tainted* gold, to his fellow behind his bar. To the barkeeper every man stands, *at his bar,* as a means of profit, a human concession to his own laziness and greed; and *all men are invited to stand there.* The possible pauper or criminal, in every man before the bar, makes no appeal that is heeded to the positive robber behind the bar.

Sometimes the physician sees in his patient only a stomach to serve the liquor-seller's trade; and the patient is not always, in such case, as wise as one man I heard

of. The physician did not think him very sick, and told him to get up and eat a hearty meal and drink a quart of wine. But this patient turned his face to the wall and said mournfully, "Goodby, Doctor; I only hold a pint."

Possibly this man had the same opinion of his physician that a certain old lady had of hers. He was feeling of her pulse and was inclined to measure wits with her.

"I suppose you consider me an old humbug," he said, banteringly.

"Why, Doctor," she promptly answered, "I had no idea you could ascertain a woman's thoughts by merely feeling her pulse."

These references to the medical profession are not made invidiously. Physicians are coming more and more to ban alcoholic prescriptions; and they have always valued human life as highly, perhaps, as other classes of men.

It may be fair to remark that the average farmer betrays a comparatively less regard for his fellow man than the average Doctor betrays. The average farmer, no doubt, would invoke the law, and demand its penalties, upon any man who should feed beer and whisky to his farm stock, but he will vote, year after year, that several men shall have the right to feed beer and whisky to his boys. He insists, you see, on having the best and safest drink for the stock he can kill or sell.

Even his girls gave expression to this idea, one day, as the record runs. A couple of young men from the city were out fishing, and grew both hungry and thirsty. Passing a farmhouse, they saw the daughters of the household sitting on the piazza, and called to them. "Girls!" they cried, "Have you got any buttermilk?" And on the balmy rural air was borne the sweet reply, "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves."

Less beer and more buttermilk, for the boys, would mightily conserve the general welfare in country and town. In almost every newspaper one reads there are proofs of this fact—terrible proofs, often. From a mass of clippings I select only two, and these from the same State, the same week. One is from the Milwaukee Sentinel, chief daily paper in that city famous for its beer; the other was a general press dispatch. They read:

Two Rivers, Wis., Sept. 28.—That the drinking habit is taking root in many children attending school was forcibly demonstrated here today when a six-year-old boy attending the second grade in the public school appeared at school in a drunken stupor. His body became rigid, and doctors were compelled to work hard to save his life. How the liquor was procured by the youngster is unknown.

Tomah, Wis., Oct. 3.—Last night the little seven-year-old son of George Brophy died in terrible agony, it is said, from whisky poisoning. The boy was riding out to his uncle's farm on Monday and complained of being cold. The whisky was given him to warm him up. The bottle contained a pint and the little fellow drank the whole of it. In a short time he became unconscious and remained in a stupor for forty hours.

If more horrible examples of Man's Work, and the fruits of it, are wanted, they can be found in the news columns almost any day of any week. Death may not always result—it is usually delayed, with boys of added years—but sin and crime are sure to follow, and with sore swiftness.

In October, 1901, the son of an eminent New York clergyman, employed as messenger of the New Amsterdam Bank, disappeared with Six Thousand Dollars of the Bank's money which had been collected by him. Insistent claim was made by his friends, for several days, that he had been murdered and robbed. He had been held in

such esteem, his parentage was so good, that they would not admit him a thief.

Then he surrendered himself, on "the advice of two friends," he said—one the *keeper of a dance hall,* and the other *a bartender* at the same place; and to the police he confessed without reserve. On Tuesday afternoon, he said, he *"began drinking."* He "had no settled intention of stealing the funds" intrusted to him, but he was *"spending the money for drinks."* He was "acquainted with a woman on the upper West side," and he called at her rooms with the proceeds of his bank collections. He went out that night and visited resorts in "the Tenderloin." He returned intoxicated, and the money was gone. So were his character, his position, his future. And he but twenty years old! And the dance hall, and the bartender, and the scarlet woman, legalized by the Word of Man, by the Law of the State, or tolerated for the price they paid!

"I will make a man more precious than fine gold"—a magnificent promise of God, surely; but how many men are helping God to keep it by safeguarding the boys? And how many governments, in their word and work, are honestly helping God?

"Considered as an economic fact, the highest value in the world is man."

So says the Rev. William Burgess in his book on "Land, Labor and Liquor." Under all wise political economy you will find the same truth recognized in some form. But you do not find wide-spread recognition of it in Man's Work, for of Man's Work this is widely and wickedly true:

II. It compels constant and criminal sacrifice of Economic and Moral Values in Man, to Enrich an Immoral and Criminal Traffic.

In war and peace, under every government on the globe, this declaration holds good, with a few conspicuous exceptions, national or geographical. Kitchener banned liquor from the Soudan, and his campaign was brilliantly successful; the British army in Egypt won sober victories. Under the American Flag in the Philippines our army has paid costly tribute to imported American beer and imported American barkeepers. Some years ago, T. S. Brown published a little work in Montreal, in which he said:

"In the old wars between England and France on this continent, while it cost each country one hundred pounds for every soldier sent out, the other side could kill him at the cost of a ball cartridge after he got here. The experiment of importing young men for the benefit of liquor-sellers might be measured by the same scale."

What was true as to the youth of France and England, who fell fighting each other on Canadian or American soil generations earlier, was true in far greater degree of American boys who were sent across the Pacific Ocean for purposes not pacific, and for whose moral and economic values our government cared less than for the support of brewers, in America, at the polls. It cost more than a hundred pounds to secure, equip and transport, a soldier from the United States to Manila; and American beer, sold over an American bar, or in an army canteen, for the benefit of American brewers and politicians, could and did unfit that soldier for duty in three months, if not in thirty days, or craze or kill him. The figures to establish this would fill pages by the score.

"I will make a man more precious than fine gold."

A *white* man? No doubt. A *brown* man? Probably. A *black* man? WHY NOT? And if so, the economic

and moral values in man are not measured by color alone. And if this be the fact, what an account will England and the United States have to settle, on some awful Judgment Day, for the Opium Trade and the Liquor Traffic across the seas!

A book published by the Reform Bureau, of Washington, in the summer of 1901, brought forward a cloud of witnesses from dusky climes, of many classes, to show that the worst curse of Africa, and Asia, and the islands of the Pacific, is American liquor, and that the worst curse of India and China is British opium.

According to one of these witnesses, Bishop Hartzell of the Methodist Church, 75 per cent. of the demoralization of native Africans, in their home life and character, is due to drink; and Rev. Charles Satchell Morris, after extensive travels in Africa, testifies that "no fewer than 2,000,000 savages go forth to die every year, as a result of the traffic."

Rev. James Johnson, a native of the island of Lagos, referring to the blight of it, says, "The death of the negro race is simply a matter of time"; and Rev. David A. Day asserts: "In a few decades more, if the rum traffic continues, there will be nothing left on the west coast of Africa for God to save. The vile rum in this tropical climate is depopulating the country more rapidly than famine, and pestilence and war."

Similar citations could be made, as to the islands of the Pacific, some of which are become American domain. As to these latter, Great Britain forbade her subjects to sell liquor to the natives there; France has said she will enact this prohibition if the United States will do so; Germany is likely to follow; but our great and good Christian government accepts the mandate of liquor-men,

and fears to act. We were equally slow as to the natives in Africa, and the International Treaty forbidding sale to them: twelve countries signed this, including benighted Spain and cruel Turkey, before our government (in December of 1900) was willing to be as humane and Christian as they.

MAN'S WAY

is in logical accord with Man's Work and Man's Word. In some respects it is curiously consistent with these and with itself.

I. It pitifully fails to protect the Best Work of Man in Development of Himself.

Even as the farmer would safeguard from beer and whisky the stock of his fields and stable, did anyone propose to endanger them with such Drink, while he votes to sell the privilege of providing beer and whisky for his boys, so the nation safeguards the most that part of its population which intrinsically it values least—so the leaders of the nation show most concern for those upon whom the nation least depends, or who may be entirely outside the pale of its direct responsibility and power.

Man's Way, for generations, has been to prohibit, by Law, the sale of intoxicating liquor to Indians; and a Federal Court of the United States has decided (Judge Sanborn, at South McAllister, Dec. 3, 1901) that once a ward of the nation an Indian is forever a ward, and that no matter what may happen it shall always be a crime to sell whisky to him. After the Indian Territory is allotted, and the Indians become citizens, and voters, they are still, according to this decision, wards of the government, and, as such, liquor can not be sold to them; but is

not the white man as precious as the red? Should the *wards* of the nation, in *red,* be safeguarded more carefully than the *wealth* of the nation, *in white?* Its original investment in the bodies of white men (not to speak of concern for their souls) is many thousands of times greater than its aboriginal investment.

It is a fair inference from the law and the facts, that the more precious we make a man, by education and civilization, and the gracious arts of religion and humanity, the less we defend him from things devilish, the more we make him a prey to the devil in himself and in his fellow men.

So the civilized nations of the earth, by their treaties and agreements, manifest more care for the undeveloped heathen of Central Africa than for the developed and Christianized men and women of the general civilized and Christian world, or for the degraded peoples that by the force of arms or the will of Providence have come under so-called Christian rule.

So Theodore Roosevelt, in his first Message to Congress, as President of the United States, without one thought of or word for the Millions Drink-cursed in America and the Philippines—tens of millions of men and women who have cost this country tens of billions of dollars to rear, and educate, and protect—could say:

"In dealing with the aboriginal races, few things are more important than to prevent them from the terrible physical and moral degradation resulting from the liquor traffic. We are doing all we can to save our own Indian tribes from this evil. Wherever by international agreement this same end can be attained as regards races where we do not possess exclusive control, every effort should be made to bring it about."

But here in America, and yonder in the Philippines,

where our control *is* exclusive, no effort need be made to lift "the White Man's Burden" for the white man's behoof; and, in the language of Ex-President Benjamin Harrison, "the feeble races wither in the breath of the white man's vices," while the white man licenses to his own constant and awful hurt the curse from which he would defend the red man and the black man, and refuses to prohibit for himself the thing he forbids for them, and blights his own costly blood with the poison which he knows is far too dear and too deadly for theirs!

And this is the **White Man's Way!**

Look out where the millions gather who cry with our common [speech,
And behold them there as the load they bear
With a torturing share for each!
Gaunt poverty stalks among them, and harlotry tempts to hell,
And the hands once white are a crimson sight
That of murderous might can tell.

The blood of the child is tainted by vice in the father's veins;
And his hot desire is a liquid fire
That will torture while life remains;
The devils of greed torment him wherever he walks the street,
And the fiends of sin would his Manhood win
To its final and sore defeat.

Where Virtue in white would worship, the scarlet flames forth
And the Church would sell to the gates of hell [of vice;
Its permission to swing, for price;
And Labor is robbed of wages, and Toil is taxed for naught,
And the fraud and shame are in Law's high name—
For permission to rob is bought.

Go forth to your alien peoples, O ye who would make them men,
And the burden bear of their ward and care;
But remember your kindred, then!

Tomorrow is near, and mighty for weal or for human wo;
But the Lord has heed of *your neighbor's* need
As *today* on the way ye go!

Far over the seas men famish for care from a Christian land;
But in want they die at our doors who lie—
And they do it at our command.
The burden shall grow more heavy, so long as the curse we hold
For the crimson price of the shame and vice,
And humanity sell for gold.

"The burden shall grow more heavy"—yes, it is growing heavier, every year, the burden of caring for those who die at our very doors, or live a death-in-life, within prison or asylum walls, at society's fearful cost.

This burden is recognized and lamented by all men who study sociological problems. How it impresses the careful student is revealed in one utterance by Gov. B. B. Odell, of New York, made in an authorized newspaper interview during the autumn of 1901, after he had closed an official tour of inspection among the public institutions of this great commonwealth, and had gone for a rest to Lake Mohonk. He said:

"I had occupied seventeen dolorous days before coming here in making the round of the State institutions, and it had so worn upon me that I felt almost on the verge of prostration. So much unfortunate humanity, so many creatures dead but moving about! I had to see that over and over again. Think of our army of the insane and helpless! The State of New York sustains between thirty thousand and forty thousand of them—more than the army of the United States before our War with Spain. In our State institutions there are twenty-four thousand lunatics and eight thousand feeble-minded folk—imbeciles. Then the prisons, with their piled-up and walled-in living corpses!"

Entire columns of statistics could not be more effective

than this testimony, if you read into it all that Governor Odell's language implied, all that his few figures indicate. And Man's Way is constantly multiplying these figures, and intensifying the awful fact which they represent.

II. It fatally discounts the Best Means Afforded for Man's Development.

"I will make a man more precious than fine gold," says the Divine edict; and

"I will help with my great Universities!" is the declaration of Mother England; and she boasts of her Oxford and her Cambridge, and glories in her English culture and her English manhood; but she makes barons of her brewers, and bloats her national body with beer, and floods with liquor the national stomach, and stupifies China and India with opium.

"I will make a man more precious than fine gold."

"And I will give him the climax of culture," says the Faderland; "I will crown him with the laurels of intellect; I will teach him the secrets of science; I will make him a philosopher and a sage;" and the German Universities welcome him from all the world, and assume to send him forth steeped in the world's knowledge, but he goes more literally soaked in German beer.

And the German's way across the water, it is insisted, shall be Man's Way here in America, for the cosmopolitan making of a Man out of a beer barrel or a beer barrel out of a Man.

Yet in Germany a Society for the Suppression of Alcoholism met late in 1901 (at Breslau), and startled the advocates of Beer as a promoter of Temperance by revealing that ten quarts of alcohol (besides the beer) are consumed every year in Germany for every man, woman and child the Empire contains,—that the Ger-

man Empire spends yearly one-fourth ($750,000,000) as much for intoxicating drink as it does for food ($3,000,000,000).

About the same time Germany's Emperor was reported as devoting special attention to the use of beer in working hours, by German workingmen, in its relation to the productiveness of Germany, his inquiries indicating a belief that such use was largely responsible for the industrial inferiority of the German Empire. And, also about the same time, the German press was alive with discussion of the whole industrial situation in Germany; *Vorwarts,* a Berlin paper, was applying the term "hunger duties" to the tariff on cereals demanded by the landed aristocrats; these duties, it was declared, would add Four Dollars a year to the workingman's bread bill; 80,000 unemployed workingmen, it was asserted, were idle in Berlin alone; the food problem for Germany was concededly serious, and the national outlook grave enough to excite national concern on account of it; and inseparably connected with the industrial cloud enveloping Germany's present, and shadowing her future, was the German laborer's beer habit, making sodden his intellect, and slow his hands, and uncertain his mechanical skill, and unsubstantial his manhood for the purposes of the State.

A Munich employer of many skilled workmen, speaking (in 1901) of the difficulties of competing with foreign and even North German concerns, laid stress upon the cheapness of Munich beer as one of his greatest handicaps. "If we were on equal terms in every other respect," he said, "the fact that my men's brains and bodies are sodden with beer, day and night, would put me behind in the race." Manifestly his men were not more precious to

him, even from the low plane of laborers, because of the human way.

On the 28th of December, 1901, the conservative New York Evening Post, never of recognized temperance tendencies, had the following editorial paragraph:

"So serious has the drawback of beer-drinking workingmen in Germany become, and so thoroughly is it recognized, that a movement has been started to exclude the drink from the factory premises. It has been not uncommon for a man to consume ten pints a day in his shop, while the average is put at not much below a gallon per day, excess being especially marked among molders. Several experiments have already been made in educating workingmen to dispense with the morning and afternoon recesses for beer, and one firm making electrical apparatus in Berlin has found an increase of 10 per cent. in product per man since the change was made. There is no arguing against such facts as these."

And if the preciousness of the German laborer is thus affected by the German Way, what about that of the German student? As long ago as 1881 Professor Binz, of the University of Bonn, called attention to the peril of student drinking in the following strong words:

"This flooding the stomach and brain with beer, so prevalent among our young students; the habit of drinking between meals, especially during the forenoon; this daily beer drinking, for hours at a stretch, customary among great numbers of the lower and middle classes in Germany, I regard it all as a national evil, whether considered from the hygienic, economic, or intellectual point of view."

Prof. Edward von Hartmann, author of "The Philosophy of Unconsciousness," gave in this testimony:

"Although of all nations the German has the greatest capacity for culture, THE GENERAL CULTURE OF ITS HIGHER CLASSES IS UNDERGOING FRIGHTFUL RETROGRES-

SION, BECAUSE THE BEER CONSUMPTION OF ITS STUDENT YOUTH IS AFFORDING NEITHER TIME NOR SOBRIETY to acquire more than is demanded by the advanced requirements to prepare for their professional life."

Friedrick Paulsen, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin, has testified thus:

"The beery bliss of the academic, and not academic, Philistines, so prevalent in Germany, and the worship of the belly among the rich and distinguished, ravage life as surely as the habit of drinking whisky among the poor."

The Rev. Dr. J. H. W. Stuckenberg, of Cambridge, Mass., after long observance of conditions in the German Universities, speaking before the Presbyterian ministers of Chicago, in the winter of 1901, made the following statement:

"I once saw a theological student drink twenty-four mugs of beer in three hours on a wager. Outside the classroom theological students take their beer and think nothing about it. When the classes go to their lodgings after the night sessions the members often are drunk. As a result there are disgraceful quarrels and fights. I saw fifty or more duels fought while I was in Germany, which could be traced directly to the habit of beer drinking. When you are confronted with the statement that there is no drunkenness in Germany, despite the large amount of beer and light wines consumed, you can refute the argument with figures which are easily obtainable. Beer drinking in Germany is the greatest curse of the country, and it will destroy the nation unless it is checked."

"I will make a man more precious than fine gold;" "and with my gold I will help to make more precious the man," says the Scotch American, Andrew Carnegie, and he gives five millions of dollars to Scotch Universities, and five millions more for American libraries in New York, and other millions for other libraries in this country; but

the grandeur of his gifts, in their princely possibilities for man, is discounted by the environments which men provide; and Carnegie's help for his kind will fail of its richest beneficence because the wise philanthropy of it is not matched by the philanthropic wisdom of his fellow men.

Just how and just why this is true was explained (tho without direct or intentional reference in this connection) by Gov. Geo. P. McLean, of Connecticut, at the New England Society Dinner in New York City, Dec. 24, 1901, in what was reported as the wittiest speech of the evening. With no wit, but with sober force in this particular utterance, Governor McLean said:

"The boys that are running loose in the streets of New York tonight, twenty years from now will make this city a glory or a disgrace. I would not underrate the value of your libraries, but it seems to me that they are the apex rather than the base of the civic government. A boy that is fed at the breast of crime and ignorance for twenty years may get into your jail, but he will never get into your libraries."

Yet Man's Way is to license "the breast of crime," in the shape of 13,000 saloons in Greater New York alone, and let it flow with liquid vice to feed the manhood of those years to be!

I have somewhere seen the declaration, by somebody, that "business which can not be conducted on Christian principles is no business which should be conducted by Christian men." And I declare to you, that *business which can not be conducted on Christian principles is no business which should be* **licensed by Christian men to be conducted by men unchristian** *in an unchristian way, to the cost and harm of Christian society.*

Any business that impairs the preciousness of man is an

outrage on Christian principles; and Man's Way in licensing such a business is an outrage on Christian civilization, a sin against his fellows, and a crime against God.

The true basis of civic government, the real foundation of this republic, is Manhood made precious in the Divine Way, according to the Divine Word, by work and influence of the Divine order. Let men long enough spell out God's Way of Prohibition for things evil, in City and State, and they may come to pronounce it **Heaven**; if too long they spell out man's way of License, for those things which are the curse of man, they will come to pronounce it **Hell.** For thus far and forever apart are these opposite ways of God and Man; and they who do not hold Man precious, according to the Divine purpose, will never fit him for the richest development of himself, for the highest service of the State, and the sweetest heavenly rewards.

Hear the cry of the clamorous millions
All shouting for Silver and Gold!
They are eager for Money and Mammon;
For Gain they are zealous and bold;
But they heed not the Cry of the Human
That rises from suffering hearts;
They see not the shame and the sorrow
That shadow the busiest marts.
Gold! Gold!
Silver and Gold!
This is the battle-cry,
Ringing and bold,
That millions are making,
Tho souls may be aching,
And hearts may be breaking,
While Manhood is murdered for Silver and Gold!

Hear the prayers of the sisters and mothers
Go pulsing with pain upon high,
From the homes where they kneel in their anguish,
And weep in dishonor, and die!
But the Chorus of Gain echoes louder
Than pleas of the smitten can rise,
While millions go shouting for Mammon,
And Manhood in misery dies!
Gold! Gold!
Silver and Gold!
Hear the loud battle-cry,
Ringing and bold,
That millions are making,
Tho souls may be aching,
And hearts may be breaking,
With pain and with sorrow that can not be told!

Are the beings divinely created,
Forever divinely endowed,
Of no value in sight of these millions
Who shout for King Mammon so loud?
Are the souls for whom God gave a Saviour,
For whom at a price He was sold,
Worth less than the Silver of Judas,
Or cheaper than ingots of gold?
Gold! Gold!
Silver and Gold!
Such is the chorus from
Sheep of His fold
Where millions are praying,
But Mammon obeying,
Redemption delaying,
While Christ is dishonored for Silver and Gold!

By the Cross in the churches uplifted,
In sight of the sinner and saint;
By His death who did perish upon it
In love that knew never complaint;

By the hope of the world in a Manhood
Well worth such a death to redeem,
Let Men be more precious than Money,
Let Manhood be counted supreme!
Gold! Gold!
Silver and Gold!
Shame on the shouters for
Mammon so bold,
Their Saviour forsaking,
Tho souls may be aching,
And hearts may be breaking,
While Manhood is murdered for Silver and Gold!

LABOR, LIQUOR, AND LAW

Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.—*Ephesians* 4, 28.

Chapter IV

LABOR, LIQUOR, AND LAW

INTO the great problem of Profit and Loss in Man vitally enter three factors. As in our school days—or in school days earlier than ours—there were said to be the three R's—"Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic"—so in these Reform days there are surely the three L's—

Labor, Liquor, and Law.

Others could be added, of course: Laziness, but that is only dislike of Labor; Licentiousness and lust, but these are chiefly born of Liquor; License, but that comes under Law; Lawlessness, but that comes in defiance of Law; Local-Option, but that is one form of law.

Labor, Liquor and Law—these are the three broad, inclusive and vital factors in this great problem we have mentioned—a problem which deserves the most careful study that Scholarship can give, the most profound consideration that Philanthropy can bestow, the most thorough and perfect solution that Patriotism can find and apply.

The relation of these factors to each other, clearly determined, will go far toward solution of this problem. To make plain such relation is the purpose of this chapter. Our one purpose may be achieved by asking and answering two questions—

1. WHAT IS THE RELATION OF LIQUOR TO LABOR?

2. WHAT IS AND WHAT SHOULD BE THE RELATION OF LAW TO BOTH LIQUOR AND LABOR?

In answer to the first question four statements may be truthfully made—

First—**LIQUOR BOTH DECEIVES AND ROBS LABOR.**

It claims to befriend Labor while plundering it; claims to strengthen Labor while paralyzing it; claims to assist Labor while debauching it.

It may be declared safely that there is no calling, no branch of industry, in which the habit of or the occasional indulgence in Strong Drink is of the slightest benefit. Day or night, wet or dry, hot or cold, the Drink Habit offers no inducement to toilers which is not deceptive, but robs them of endurance as well as dollars, of character as well as cash, of Manhood as well as money.

The non-drinker outmatches the drinker in every field of Labor. There is nowhere a workman at any trade, or a scholar at any task, whose hand is more deft, whose skill is greater, whose brain is more brilliant, and whose product is worth more to the world, because of the Liquor he takes.

Wine is a mocker of industry, whatever its kind; beer is the robber of all toilers who take it; Strong Drink is a pirate, preying upon Labor everywhere, to Labor's utter loss.

The great English medical and Scientific authority, Sir Andrew Clark, left on record this emphatic declaration:

"For all purposes of sustained, enduring, fruitful work, it is my experience that alcohol does not help but hinders it. I am bound to say that for all honest work alcohol never helps a human soul—Never! *Never!*"

A cloud of witnesses could be summoned in support of this testimony, did space permit.

Perhaps the strongest possible proof that Liquor does deceive and rob Labor will appear in the illustrations, to be given before this chapter closes, of how Labor thrives and accumulates where such robbery is not permitted.

Second—**LIQUOR TAXES LABOR WITHOUT RETURN.**

This declaration means more than that Liquor robs Labor. Robbery is one thing; taxation is quite another—though some people who pay taxes may think them quite synonymous terms. One reason—I believe the chief—why taxation so closely resembles robbery, is found in the Liquor Traffic. Where that thrives, the taxes increase. This is inevitable. A large liquor trade compels corresponding ratio of pauperism and crime. For these Labor must pay. Capital shirks largely the burden, because it can hide, and sneak away. Mortgages evade the assessor; bonds are not always in evidence; the millionaire "swears off" his "personalty," but the poor man's house and lot may not escape—on them he pays tribute for protection, and because of them he shares unduly the burden of the State; he, far beyond his just proportion, must help lift the load of all who do not pay their way.

It is declared, and with sufficient accuracy, no doubt, that there are 250,000 accepted criminals in this country, and that they cost the people of this country at least **a round Billion of Dollars** every year. The very lowest, most conservative estimate—that of the Committee of Fifty—charges one-half of this cost to Intemperance, to the curse which is mother of crime. Other estimates, probably far nearer the fact, thus charge four-fifths; and Carroll D. Wright, U. S. Commissioner of Labor, Govern-

ment statistician, is credited with the assertion that for every dollar received from the Liquor Traffic it costs this country twenty-two dollars and a half.

The largest part of this fearful cost weighs down upon the poor man's home, is an absolutely unrequited tax upon Labor's purse and hand. If Government, without any show of reason, without any claim of law, without any demonstration of return, should assess the laborer even ten per cent. of his wages, and compel payment every day, the wicked wrong of it would excite universal wrath and arouse a revolution. But Liquor thus makes levy upon the laborer, and to a more depleting extent. The saloon, called by some apologists for it "the poor man's club," assesses him far more than ten per cent. of his wages, and offers no pretense of beneficent return. Even the most moderate beer drinker spends a larger percentage of his wages at the bar; and a great army of laborers, drinking daily from five to ten glasses of beer, pour down their throats from one-fourth to one-half their wages. And so the saloon-keeper taxes them for his own support; they work hard that he may loaf and wax fat; they spend their lives in toil that he may receive tribute and live at ease; and a large part of their earnings which he does not take is exacted by Government to help maintain the criminals, the paupers, the idiots and the insane who are begotten of the saloon.

So Liquor taxes Labor, and Labor pays the tax, and gets no good from it, in the field or at the forge, in the shop or on the street, in heart, or hands, or health, or home. It is a tax utterly without compensating return.

When George the Third taxed the drink of our fathers, they rebelled, and Boston harbor became a tea-pot. Now Liquor has grown a worse tax-gathering tyrant than ever

was George the Third; and a new revolution is demanded, that Labor may win and hold its own—that the fruits of Labor, in all this wide free land, may be its own to keep.

Third—**LIQUOR TYRANNIZES OVER LABOR.**

All taxation without return is robbery and tyranny.

Liquor tyrannizes over Labor in other ways than by directly or indirectly taxing it, viz:—

(a) **Through Appetite.**

The thirst of a man, for Strong Drink, may become his master—may, yea, must, if given the chance.

"You know," said once a New Englander of brain and refinement, "that I have a wife and three lovely children; you know that I love them as every man must love his own. But I tell you that when the thirst is on me, and I hold a glass of liquor in my hand, if you should say and I should know that for me to drink it would send my wife and children to hell, I should drink the liquor! I could not help it!"

I quoted this utterance on one occasion, in a friend's parlor, and one of those present said, "The man was insane."

"Yes," I answered, "insane in his stomach;" *the insanity of abnormal thirst.* Over that man, and his labor of the pen, *liquor tyrannized through appetite*—a tyranny known to multitudes of the most gifted, which has been the curse of genius and of manhood the world over.

(b) **Through Habit.**

The habit of Strong Drink tyrannizes even as the thirst for it. Thirst may beget the habit; Habit will beget the thirst. Through habit and thirst the presence and possibility of Drink sway as with a tyrant's wand the great army of Drunkards.

One of these went to the polls on Election morning,

some years ago, in a village of Western New York. He was the village toper, and so recognized. But that morning he was as near sober as he could get; his brain was as nearly clear as it could become; his insanity of the stomach had subsided enough to leave him partly sane. There was a Prohibition ticket up, for the first time in that town, and this man had heard of it. Trembling and weak, blear-eyed and with bloated face, ragged and unkempt, he walked up to the place of sovereign choice, and asked for a Prohibition ballot. A liquor-seller got him one, supposing a joke was at hand. Then the drunkard folded it as best he could, with his trembling fingers, and going to the ballot-box he put it in, to register his wish. *It was no joke, now.* A ballot cast against the Liquor Traffic is never a joke to the liquor-seller or sympathizer. So they began to scoff at the village drunkard who sought thus to strike at the thing which made him a drunkard; they began to sneer at him, to abuse him.

"A pretty temperance voter *you* are!" said one of them, finally. "Why," he declared, "if there was a bottle of whisky yonder, at the top of that Liberty Pole, and if you could have the whisky by climbing the pole at the risk of your life, you know you'd climb."

And then the drunkard straightened himself up as best he might, and answered them.

"Know it!" he said, with trembling, painful emphasis; "Know it? Oh, yes, *I know it.* And I know another thing, gentlemen; *if the whisky wasn't there I* **wouldn't climb."**

He knew the tyranny of Liquor; indeed he did. Through habit and thirst he had become the Liquor tyrant's abject slave.

(c) Through Political Domination.

Liquor's tyranny may be rebelled against at the ballot-box, by the village drunkard, but a great army of working men—free drinkers, though scorning the drunkard class—non-drinkers, and proud of their sobriety, with their ballots work out abjectly the tyrant's will.

Consciously or unconsciously they do this—

By perpetuating a Liquor policy, with their votes, in city and town and throughout the State—a policy that maintains the Robber Saloon, which fattens at Labor's expense, and controls government for its own gain, and breeds the striker to feed upon honest toil, and is forever and everywhere a parasite sucking out Labor's life.

By Upholding Liquor Parties, which maintain this liquor policy, which are dominated by this Liquor tyrant, but which depend for their final power upon the ballot in Labor's hand.

If Labor and Liquor were to meet at the ballot-box in deadly grapple, each fighting to the finish for its own, there could be no question of the end. Five hundred thousand barkeepers, and 500,000 makers and handlers of alcoholic drinks—a round million of liquor men, if we concede there are so many—would go down before the ten millions, more or less, of men who labor with hand and brain, who may or may not be patrons of the bar, but over whom, drunk or sober, Liquor dominates to their terrible cost.

It may be, and it is, a sad, sore thing that Liquor dominates over Morality and Manhood, to their deadly hurt; it may be, and it is, a woful, wicked thing that these consent to the tyranny and assist it; but it is a thing amazing, beyond all words, that *Labor* should thus allow Liquor to be its tyrant, and should thus perpetuate such

tyranny, when Labor is so strong in very fact, and Liquor in very fact so weak—when Labor must work so hard for all it gets, and Liquor lords itself in such a lazy way behind the bar which Labor bows before!

Fourth—**LIQUOR DETHRONES LABOR.**

If anywhere on this round earth a king should be, Labor should be that king.

"Labor omnia vincit," runs the Latin recognition of this fact.

"Labor conquers all things."

To conquer is kingly. The conqueror has right to his throne, if to conquer was right. But it is *sober* Labor which wins the crown, and sways the scepter of success.

Drunken Labor does not conquer. Drunken Labor is dethroned. Liquor dethrones it. And the tyrant Liquor sits upon the throne where sober Labor should reign, and millions of laborers fall in meek suppliance at his feet, acknowledge their allegiance, and grovel in the slime of self-abasement for their stomach's sake, or their party's sake.

Ask the great Railroad corporations what Labor they want, to establish commercial empire, and they answer, "Sober Labor."

One political economist (Henry Fawcett, M.P.) has said: "Wealth may be defined to consist of every commodity which has an exchange value;" and another (Henry George) has said that "Nothing which nature supplies to man without labor is wealth." Accept these two definitions together, and you enthrone Labor as King over Wealth. No other commodity has an exchange value to match Labor—it masters the exchanges of all the world. Nature can not yield wealth without Labor. Labor, then, is King—or should be—in the mine, in the

forest, in the field, in the mill, in the shop, in the store, upon the railway, on every exchange and on every throne; but it is *Sober Labor.*

And sober labor is dethroned by the Liquor which makes too much Labor drunken. The throne of Labor is its opportunity to achieve and acquire. The crown of Labor is its intelligent achievement and acquisition.

Where sober Labor is robbed of its chance, and hindered in its effort, its dethronement has begun or has been accomplished.

If one million families, curtailed in their necessities and comforts by Drink, require of sober Labor only one-tenth of the maximum production those one million families might fairly require, then it would take ten million families to give such Labor its fair chance; and Labor's enthronement demands that comforts and necessities be insured to those one million homes.

It is Labor's right to meet the demands of a sober world. Grant that right by making the world sober, and you will insure Labor's honest share in the world's wealth, you will end the bitter strife between Labor and Capital, you will crown Labor securely and forever upon its throne of opportunity and power.

"A full dinner-pail!" was the winning campaign cry in this country, a few years ago. It was the politician's appeal to Labor. Labor was king in that campaign. "Labor omnia vincit!" said the leaders of a great party; and for them Labor did conquer—but side by side with the saloon. In that campaign Labor and Liquor were allies, with Labor's chief enemy profiting chiefly from the victory which Labor chiefly won.

Dethrone Liquor, in this country, end its tyranny over Labor, stop its taxation of the drunken and the sober

laborer, shut the saloon doors which invite him to enter, and in ten years Labor will own a controlling interest in every bank, and every mill, and every factory; in ten years more it will control the ownership of every mine and every railroad; and in one short generation of sober, saving, wealth-making effort, America will be the richest land on all this great, grand globe, and American Labor will rule the commerce of all the peoples of all the earth.

Thus briefly, as needs must be, we have answered, or sought to answer, our first question, viz: "**What is the relation of Liquor to Labor?**" Boiled down to their final concentration, our answers declare that this is a relation of robbery, of taxation, of tyranny, and of sovereign usurpation.

The second question now confronts us, viz:

WHAT IS AND WHAT SHOULD BE THE RELATION OF LAW TO BOTH LIQUOR AND LABOR?

What is—and what should be. Consider, first, *what is.* And

First—**LAW DOES NOT PROHIBIT LIQUOR, but provides it legal perpetuation.**

Such is the fact wherever the Law spells License or Tax. The spellings differ, of these two words, but they pronounce exactly the same—**Perpetuation.** Law that licenses *must* perpetuate; Law which taxes *does* perpetuate. License is perpetuative in purpose and effect; tax is perpetuative in effect and purpose.

License, of Liquor, began as a revenue creator, hundreds of years ago; tax, of Liquor, in its character and its dominant results, is now what license was then. The relation of Law to Liquor will be what it has been through the centuries, in its perpetuating effects, if tax and license continue to be the law.

Men may talk as they please of the restrictive *intent* of license; but they deal in contradictions. License is not to forbid, but to forbear, to permit. And tax is to continue, that tribute may not cease. Any license or tax law with intent actually other than this would be like that local ordinance passed some years ago in a certain Southern town, where the county voted for saloons, and the little city did not want them, and the city officers fixed the license fee at a hundred thousand dollars. And there Liquor was not perpetuated. The relation of Law to Liquor, in that town, ceased being perpetuative.

I ran across the trail of a certain judge, in another Southern State, under whom Law did not perpetuate Liquor. The authority for License, then, rested in District Judges, after the people in a county had voted for it, under Local Option.

In two counties of this man's judicial district they had voted in favor of License, and some would-be liquor-sellers went to the Judge and called for license certificates.

"But you can't have them," said the Judge.

"But, Judge," they made answer, "you don't understand. We have voted for License in our county by a large majority; we have a right to the licenses, and we demand them."

"But you can't have them," reiterated the Judge. "The law is not mandatory, but permissive; it doesn't say that the Judge *must,* but that the Judge *may,* grant license, when a majority have voted for it; and I tell you that if every man votes for license, in every one of the eight counties of my judicial district, there shall not be a license granted while I am Judge!"

But such cases are exceptional.

Second—**LAW DOES NOT DEFEND LABOR, but conspires with Liquor to rob it.**

Remember that when you tax Liquor it is Labor that pays the tax; that when you license Liquor it is Labor that provides the fee; that the perpetuation of Liquor, by license or tax, means the perpetual and increasing taxation of Labor without any return; that all such taxation is robbery; and that any law which takes from Labor any part of its own, without equivalent, conspires to rob Labor—is a conspirator with Labor's enemy, not the defender of Labor's good.

Labor builds the home where it may live, the schoolhouse where it may learn, the church where it may worship; every law which licenses the saloon is direct evidence, in its terms, that Liquor is the enemy of Home, and School and Church; and when Law comes between Labor and these which Labor builds for its own behoof and the State's, when the fruits of these are lost to Labor through that which Law perpetuates, then Law conspires to rob Labor of its dearest values and its most priceless possessions—then Law and the Liquor-seller are as footpads on the highway of industry demanding tribute which Justice, and honor, and humanity, forbid that Labor shall longer pay.

Consider, next, *what should be* the relation of Law to both Labor and Liquor. And

First—**LAW SHOULD PROTECT LABOR.**

It should do this because:

(a) Law's duty is to conserve the general good—if this were not so, Law would be unnecessary. For Law is more than a defense for the weak; it may be for the welfare of the strong. Failure to protect Labor will affect harmfully the welfare of all. A prince of commercial empire may suffer when a pauper is made of the common-

est workingman. Labor and Capital are like Siamese Twins. You harm one and you hurt the other.

Law should protect Labor—

(b) Because the general good is dependent primarily on Labor, and things which are specially bad primarily affect Labor, and the worst results of Liquor come from its effects on Labor.

(c) Because there is for Labor no adequate protection other than Law, the law of the State. The law of Supply and Demand will not defend Labor, when Liquor both paralyzes the supply and cuts off the demand.

The necessity for Law's protection of Labor is recognized along differing lines, and has been undisputed. An Eight-Hour Day for Labor was demanded; and Law provided it, to a large extent. In that measure, to that degree, Labor was protected by Law, but against Capital, which ought to be Labor's best friend, not against Liquor, which is Labor's worst enemy. Who ever heard of an Eight-Hour Law for the saloon?

Tariff laws have their foundation in the protective idea as applied to Labor. "Infant industries" must be nursed, not because they are *infants,* and need nursing, but because they are *industries* which can not thrive unless protected by Law. But not one of them thrives any better for being brought up on a bottle; all should be protected by Law from the bottle which curses all.

Second—**LAW SHOULD PROHIBIT LIQUOR.**

I. Because only as Law prohibits Liquor can Labor be protected.

It is nonsense to say or assume that Law protects Labor when Liquor is licensed.

So long as Liquor deceives and robs Labor, and taxes it without return, and tyrannizes over it, and dethrones it,

Labor can not be protected from it by either License or Tax. A protective tariff, levied on the saloon, is no protection for the laborer on whom the saloon lives. **Prohibition of the saloon** affords him the only protection possible by law. And if law can not prohibit, successfully, Law has no right to License, wickedly. Even if every Prohibition law were a failure, every license law would be a fraud. For any law which does not assume to benefit Labor is in violation of Law's fundamental purpose, and a law which assumes to benefit Labor and legalizes and perpetuates the worst foe of Labor is both outrageously and fatally a fraud.

Law should prohibit liquor—

II. Because the prosperity of State and nation depends upon this protection of Labor.

"Open mills are better than open mints," declared William McKinley, from his front porch, in his first campaign for the Presidency; but to make them better, up to their best, the open mill-doors must be protected from the open saloon-doors, or the laborer must be protected and shielded from the saloon while the mill-doors open for his entrance.

The open saloon, opposite the open mill, is a slimy leech, sucking Labor's best life-blood, and of it the State should be forever sickened and ashamed. The claims of dominant party leadership have been insistent, year after year, on behalf of Labor and the Laborer, but only in a loose and uncertain way have they gone far enough.

Writing of reciprocity and the tariff, in his first message to Congress, President Roosevelt said:

"Every application of our tariff policy to meet our shifting national needs must be conditioned upon the cardinal fact that the duties must never be reduced below the point that will cover

the difference between the labor cost here and abroad. *The well-being of the wage worker is a prime consideration of our entire policy of economic legislation.*"

And so, following in the footsteps of his Protective Tariff predecessor, President Roosevelt must recognize and proclaim "the well-being of the wage-worker," the defense of Labor, as "a prime consideration" of all economic law.

Upon "the well-being of the wage-worker" depends the prosperity of State and Nation, and this well-being can be insured no other way so well as by the prohibition of Liquor. Protected ports and protected mills may bring wealth to the mill-owner and manufacturer, and in this the wage-worker may share, but *when the saloon-keeper shares with him,* prosperity does not yield its largest benefits.

Protected Homes afford the only sure and full harvest of protected industries, and the purpose to secure these should underlie and inspire "our entire policy of economic legislation." Where these are secured—where "the well-being of the wage-worker" is guarded from domestic assault not less than from a foreign rival—the welfare of Labor is guaranteed, and prosperity follows for the laborer and the town, for State and Nation, as by divine logic.

Whole pages of illustration could be cited to prove this. One or two cases may be sufficient.

In the summer of 1901, a brief statement went the rounds of the press headed "The Richest Town in the World," and credited to the Boston Transcript. There were but three paragraphs in it, of a dozen lines each, or less, and they ran like this:

"Brookline, the richest town in the world, is $5,000,000 richer this year than last, according to the assessors. The rate of taxation is lower; there is a gain in the valuation of personal estate of over $3,000,000, and over $2,000,000 in realty. There are more inhabitants and a gain in the number of assessed polls. The tax rate per $1,000 has been placed at $10, which is 20 cents less than last year, and the lowest rate that Brookline has had since 1890, when it was $9.

"The total valuation this year is $83,180,700, against $77,952,900 last year. The personal estate is valued at $26,871,000, against $23,499,800 in 1900. The real estate is valued at $56,309,700, as against $54,453,100 last year. The gain in realty is largely on land values, chiefly because of the many recent improvements and the extension of railway facilities. Buildings in the town are valued at $23,203,600, against $22,441,500 last year, and the land valuation is put at $33,106,100, last year's figures being $32,011,600.

"The number of polls is 5,773, against 5,630 assessed last year. The town's income from sources outside of direct taxation is $325,000. The State tax is estimated to be about $47,617.50, county tax $58,129.39, metropolitan sewer tax $24,786.63, parks (maximum amount) $35,000."

After seeing this statement in several papers, I grew curious to know if it was reliable, and if Brookline had become the richest town in the world through making or selling and drinking beer and whisky; or, rather, I felt sure it had not, and I wanted confirmation of my belief. So I wrote to Hon. Henry H. Faxon, of Quincy, Mass., asking information as to the accuracy of these figures given, and as to the Liquor Traffic in Brookline; and at the request of Mr. Faxon the Rev. Dillon Bronson, a resident there, referred these figures to the assessors of Brookline, who confirmed them in every essential particular, and the further fact appeared that *Brookline had been a* **No-License town** *since 1887.*

"The well-being of the wage-worker" in Brookline had been safeguarded against the saloon for a sufficient period

to show results. Multiply Brooklines, and you will magnify the nation's wealth. Extend Brookline's No-Liquor policy, and you will multiply Brooklines.

"What's in a name?" asked Shakespeare. It may be noted that the name of the richest town in the world (or at least in the United States) is *Brook*line, not *Beer*line.

Quincy, Mass., has been a No-License town since 1881. A comparative statement, published by Mr. Faxon, in 1898, showed the gain to Quincy, under a Prohibition policy, during those seventeen years. Its population had increased in that time from 10,855 to 23,540; its valuation from $7,560,381 to $19,236,832; its Savings Bank Deposits from $173,950 to $488,453.56, its depositors in Savings Banks from 2,530 to 7,411; and its number of new houses in process of erection from 24 to 236; while the amount paid for support of the poor, with but 10,855 population—$15,415.07—was decreased to $8,534 (little more than one-half)—with the population more than doubled.

Naturally enough, with such an array of facts in its favor, local prohibition had increased its majority, and was not likely to be given up.

In November, 1892, in "Arrow Leaflets," published by the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, Mr. Faxon thus testified as to the results of No-Liquor in the city of his home:

"Quincy, under Prohibition, has prospered as Quincy under rum rule never did. Her population and valuation have increased to a marked degree, pauperism has been very largely diminished, temptation in one of its most alluring forms has been removed from the young man's daily path, and the community has been orderly and law-abiding."

Law should prohibit liquor—

III. Because every legitimate industry profits by Prohibition of the Liquor Business.

Mr. Faxon has well said that "every dollar expended for liquor as a beverage comes out of the landlord, grocer, baker, tailor, butcher, and others who pursue an honest calling." Speaking as a landlord, Mr. Faxon added this testimony:

"I have rented houses for more than thirty years, and can safely say that three-fourths of all my losses in rents during that period have been due, directly or indirectly, to the use of intoxicating liquors."

The Census Bureau of 1900 made public a statement showing an increase of the manufacturing industries of Vermont, since the year 1890, of 55.4 per cent., and an increase of 45.2 per cent. in wages paid. That was under Prohibition, none too well enforced. To extend production over one-half, and to augment wages paid nearly one-half, means more money in the laborer's pocket, more comforts in his home, and more rent in the landlord's purse, *if the saloon-keeper and the brewer do not profit thereby.*

Under a Prohibition Sheriff in Portland, Me., the No-Liquor policy was enforced with great vigor, beginning Jan. 1st, 1901. A strike of carpenters, masons and plumbers was inaugurated in the spring following, and lasted nine weeks, but not a single act of violence was committed by the strikers, and there was no drunkenness. After the strike was declared off, one contractor testified that he was having less trouble with his men than in any previous year, and went on to say:

"For several years I have had to discharge a number of men every week on account of drunkenness, and on every Monday

morning there would be twenty or thirty of a crew of one hundred and fifty who would not report for work because of their usual Sunday debauch. But this Spring I have had to discharge only two or three men since the Spring work began, and only one man has failed to report on account of drunkenness. If this is enforcement, it is money in my pocket, but I don't believe in Prohibition."

In the summer and autumn of 1901 wide-spread newspaper accounts were published, setting forth *in extenso,* and with great pride, the marvelous financial improvement shown by the people of Kansas within a few years. We were told how, in spite of recurring droughts, and occasional cyclones, the farmers of that State had broken all records at paying off their mortgages, how the banks were plethoric of money, and land values had been steadily on the gain—how starving Kansas was grown to be the granary of the world, and a thriving nursery of wealth.

"This year," said one of these accounts (in the Chicago Inter-Ocean), "the State was smitten with a great drought. The crops, excepting the winter wheat, were partially or wholly ruined. Millions of dollars' worth of corn was totally destroyed. Yet what are the present facts? The State Bank Commissioner of Kansas has just issued what is properly regarded as the most remarkable financial statement ever made concerning the prosperity of a Western commonwealth. The combined bank deposits aggregate $87,181,194, or over $60,000,000 in excess of what they were in the banner year of 1898, and about $50,000,000 in excess of what they were in 1899. The total deposits, if distributed, would give every man, woman and child in the State $59.28. Stranger than any comparison made is the fact that notwithstanding the drought, the deposits this year exceed those of last year by about $21,000,000.

"In Brown County, northeastern Kansas," ran another of these stories, "the average price brought by land sales in 1895 (there was only one that year), 1896 and 1897, was $42 an acre. Today the average is $61. In the grazing country in northwestern and

southwestern Kansas, in Thomas and Comanche counties, five years ago land could not be given away, but it was valued nominally at one dollar an acre. Practically all these lands have been sold in the last three years, and today they find ready sale at $2."

But while this kind of record was glowingly made, the newspapers were shy of telling that in 44 out of 105 counties of Kansas there was not a pauper, and in 37 counties not a criminal case on the court docket, because Prohibition was the law and the fact; their editors never once called attention to the contrast between Kansas prosperity, under Prohibition, and the lack of such astonishing prosperity in Nebraska—a State bordering on Kansas, with at least equal native richness, but maintaining the Liquor Traffic by High License. It was easy for anti-Prohibition writers to sneer at Kansas for her Carrie Nation crusade in a few Kansas cities and towns; it was hard for them to comprehend how driving Liquor from the State at large had closed the jails, and cultivated the farms, and insured the crops, and wrought out harvest returns, and made Kansas a marvel of thrift and accumulation.

In the summer of 1887 I was out in Kansas, making speeches of a radical sort. One of these was made in Lawrence, of "Border Ruffian" memory, and in the afternoon a little party of us drove around the city, and outside of it, to observe its condition and environment. Prohibition had been a constitutional fact of the State for seven years, and mainly well observed; but yet the Walruff Brewery stood on a commanding bluff a mile outside the center of Lawrence, and as we drove past it I noticed the Stars and Stripes flying proudly from its flagstaff, as if not ashamed of the business carried on illegally beneath them.

I made some inquiry as to the capital and men employed in it, but none as to the politics of its proprietor. That feature of the case did not occur to me.

At evening my speech came off in the Opera House—the first Prohibition party speech that Lawrence had ever heard. In the course of it I put this question—"What is the difference between a Republican and a Democrat?" And I waited for a reply.

"Do you want an answer to that question?" courteously inquired a well-dressed, good-looking man seated not far from the platform.

"Certainly I do," was my answer to him; "What *is* the difference between a Republican and a Democrat?"

"Well, sir," he promptly asserted, "one is loyal, and the other is disloyal."

Whereat that loyal audience, Republican to the core, cheered this loyal utterance till the house rang.

"Yes," I echoed, when the applause had ceased, "one is loyal, and the other is disloyal!" And again they cheered, but not so loudly, not so long; and when they had again subsided, once more I said:

"Yes, one is loyal, and the other is disloyal!" but they did not repeat their cheers, for my reiteration had grown ominous, and they wondered what it might mean.

"Then the sober Democrat, in Georgia," I went on, "who obeys the law, and votes for Prohibition, and good government, and the best interests of society, in his county and State, is *disloyal,* but your Republican brewer, running his brewery within a mile of where you sit now, defying the law of your State every day of his life, deliberately trampling the Constitution of your State under his feet, and flying the flag of our country over his own deliberate daily treason, *he's loyal!*"

The audience sat a moment in hushed amazement, as if smitten by a blow, and then applauded far more tremendously than they had done before. At the meeting's close, one of the friends on the platform, who had ridden with me in the afternoon, came and said:

"How dare you say what you have said here tonight? How did you know that that brewer is a Republican? I didn't hear anybody tell you."

"Nobody did tell me," was my reply.

"Then how did you know?" my friend persisted.

"Logic told me," I answered. "I had not thought to ask. But when that man answered my question as he did, the whole situation flashed upon me. I knew the brewer would not be permitted thus to defy the law if he were not of the party administering the law. A Democrat would have been dealt with differently."

"Well," commented my friend, "it was a shot in the dark, but it hit the bull's-eye straight enough."

I have recited this not merely to record, neither to magnify, a bit of platform experience, but to fix in your mind, by attaching to them a flavor of personality, some final economic facts.

Walruff's brewery closed its doors within a few months of my visit to Lawrence. The people tired of his insulting treason; he tired of their prosecution; his business came to an end in Kansas. He sought a more congenial field; and some foolish people thought it "a calamity" for Lawrence when Walruff's brewery shut down and Walruff quit the State to avoid being shut up.

After a time the brewery was sold, and became a shoe factory. How stood the "calamity" account, now?

The brewery had employed twelve men, none of them skilled artizans, and their weekly wages would not

average over ten dollars each—a total yearly sum earned by and paid to these of $6,240.

The shoe manufacturer employed one hundred operatives, at least half of them skilled, with an average weekly wage of at least twelve dollars and a half—a total yearly sum, earned by and paid to these, of $65,000.

Assuming that the brewery employees were as temperate and saving as those of the shoe factory (and the assumption is violent), here were $6,240 a year, earned in the brewery, as against $65,000 a year, earned in the shoe factory, to be spent with "the landlord, grocer, baker, tailor, butcher, and others who pursue an honest calling."

And what would this mean for these men "who pursue an honest calling?"

The landlord would be called upon for at least one hundred cottages or lodgings, because of the shoe factory, as against a dozen, at most, because of the brewery; and the building of these must mean work for the lumberman, the saw-mill-man, the architect, the mason, the paper-hanger, the painter; the furnishings of these must mean work for the cabinet-maker, the carpet-maker, the iron-maker, the tinsmith, the cotton manufacturer, the linen-spinner; and the provisioning of these must mean work and pay for the grocer, the baker, the butcher, the farmer, the gardener, the cattle-raiser; while the clothing of their occupants must mean work and pay for the tailor, the wool-grower, the cotton-grower, the merchant, the weaver, the tanner, the shoemaker, the milliner and the dressmaker.

More than ten times as much money each week, each month, each year, would go into the tills of honest trade, in that one town, with the brewery converted into a shoe factory, as went into them before from the employees in

that plant, with no allowance whatever for the brewery's effect, or the influence of its product, upon Labor outside the brewery, upon the employees of other and better concerns.

And it should be borne in mind that shoes are a safer output in any community than "booze"—a surer guarantee of success and profit for every other industry. Sober feet, well shod, will run the race of commercial prosperity and gain it, will strive after the crown of professional achievement and win it, will struggle for and attain every golden goal in life.

A shoe factory will not debauch private character or public morals; a beer factory debauches both, and curses every interest with which it comes in contact.

In the year 1900 there were 1,845 breweries in the United States. The bulk of these employed many more than that small Walruff affair in Lawrence—the average number of employees was over fifty per cent. greater. If the conversion of one brewery into a factory meant in round numbers $60,000 a year more cash to the honest trade of one community from that one factory alone, then the conversion of 1,845 average breweries would mean over $166,000,000 every year for honest trade, in **such increase alone**; and other figures than these put **the increase in wages,** by the closing of breweries, at over $250,000,000 annually—a total of $280,000,000 as against $28,000,000—while the **saving of wages**, resulting from such action, would be immensely greater, and almost incalculable.

In one town of Northern New York one woman counted forty men going into one beer saloon in one hour. Say that there are 250,000 such places in this country, and that each averages but forty patrons *in one day,* the total

is ten millions of workers who spend some part of their wages at the bar. Say that their wages average but one dollar a day, and that they average only four drinks a day each, for working days only, and their total of wages thus spent is TWO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS A DAY, or over $600,000,000 a year!

And this barely approximates what Liquor costs Labor —barely suggests how legitimate industries would profit by Prohibition of the Liquor Business; but it does tremendously emphasize the reasons why and the manner how Law should master Liquor in Labor's behalf and for the welfare of all.

Add this **Saving** of wages to this **Increase** of wages; filter through the tills of honest trade and healthy manufacture this aggregate of over $900,000,000 yearly—not to mention a billion more that would be saved by closing the breweries and saloons; and see how the farmer's acres would laugh with their harvest when he tickled them with his hoe; how the cotton spindles would whir with delight over the demands for their product; how the anvils would sing and the forges ring, and the grocers grin and the butchers win and the big fat barkeepers all grow thin; how the merchants would smile all the glad long while, and the landlords build, and each house be filled with a man well fed and a wife well-willed and their children never by grim Want killed; how the open mills would forbid the idle millions and make demand for the open mints; how mines would pour out their abundance, and supply the smoking furnaces, and speed the flying trains, and feed the noisy work-shops, and crowd the busy factories, and gild the happy homes; how Labor and Law, hand in hand with Manhood and Morality, with Education and Religion, would make this land a marvel of the ages and its people the richest that the ages ever knew.

All sober and steady,
All willing and ready,
The muscles of Labor are quick to command;
They man the proud vessel,
With tempests they wrestle,
They win the world's prizes on sea and on land.
Wealth waits their creation;
The need of the nation
They meet at the forge, in the shop and the mill;
When sober and steady,
Then, able and ready,
They coin of their manhood for traffic and till.

Stand there, with hat lifted,
Where common and gifted
March by in the army that works for the world!
No sound of the saber,
As legions of Labor
File on to the future with battle-flags furled!
They shout in glad chorus
"Man's good is before us;
We toil that the millions may eat and be clad;
That Want we may banish,
That Hunger may vanish,
That Plenty may reign and the People be glad!"

Salute them, as proudly
They march, and as loudly
They sing in their pride of the work of their hands!
Mark time to their chorus—
Fall in!—for before us
Are Hunger and Want; and the Master commands!
Bring Law till it catches
Love's impulse, and matches
The need of the Future with Justice and Right;
Till Labor, defended
By Law, and befriended,
Shall bless all the land with its bounty and might!

CHRISTIAN LOYALTY

Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.—*Matt.* 22, 21.

Chapter V

CHRISTIAN LOYALTY

"RENDER therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

In this Scripture one thing at least is clearly implied, and two things are plainly commanded. The thing implied is

The Citizen's loyalty to Government.

The things commanded are

The Citizen's loyal tribute to Government; and

The Citizen's loyal tribute to God.

Every man owes tribute to God and Government. He can not pay honest tribute to God, and deny to Government his highest loyalty.

What is Loyalty?

"The quality or state of being loyal," says the Standard Dictionary. Another authority says that Loyalty, "being derived from the French word *Loi,* properly expresses that fidelity which one owes according to law."

"To be loyal," it has been declared, is "to be devoted to the maintenance of law; to be disposed to uphold the lawful authority."

Loyalty to Government demands of the Citizen four things:

1st. That he shall himself be law-abiding.

2d. That he shall engage in no business which begets Law-breaking in other men.

3d. That he shall not encourage, endorse, uphold or support, in any manner, at any time, anywhere, any policy which induces law-breaking by anybody.

4th. That while assisting to conserve loyalty in others, and himself engaged in lawful pursuits, he shall pay such loyal tribute to Government as Government may in fairness and justice demand of him for his own defense and the welfare of all.

The Citizen, then, **to be loyal, must obey law.** He must not be a law-breaker. He must not conduct any business that breeds law-breakers. He must not support any policy which leads to law-breaking.

Measured by these requirements, is the great mass of our citizenship loyal? In the light of these requirements, is our Christian Patriotism genuinely patriotic and as truly Christian?

Has the Christian spirit so pervaded all our Christian people, has their Christian patriotism so based and grounded itself on Christian principle, that the great mass of them have no part or lot in disloyalty of any kind, refuse all support of and alliance with disloyal men, and are themselves always and absolutely loyal to Government and to God?

To particularize: If we measure him by these requirements, **can the citizen-saloonist be loyal?**

Measuring his business by what it begets, is it a loyal business?

Measuring that business by its results, and measuring Loyalty by these requirements, can any other citizen support that business, or support any policy which maintains it, and be a loyal citizen?

With all due consideration of my words, understanding clearly what they include and how grave is the charge

they bring, I declare that the Liquor Traffic is a disloyal element in our national life; that it menaces the very foundations of Government; that the men engaged in it, the men upholding it, the men responsible for it, are in spirit if not in fact—and in fact to an alarming, a dangerous extent—in actual rebellion against our national institutions; and that through their support of it, or their responsibility for it, the great mass of Christian Citizens in this Country are doing more to aid the devil, and perpetuate his works, than to establish righteousness in the land and win America for Christ.

I. AS TO OBEDIENCE UNTO LAW

Assume, if you please, that the liquor-seller is a law-abiding man. Admit that he observes every feature of the law that says he may be a liquor-seller. Concede that he absolutely meets the first requirement of the loyal citizen. What of the second?

Does not even a law-abiding liquor business beget law-breakers?

Witnesses could be cited by the score to prove that 75 per cent. of the crimes committed in this country are caused by Drink. *A large proportion of these crimes must be caused by drink legally sold.*

A gallon of beer or a pint of whisky has as much *crime-cause* in it on Saturday night or Monday morning, when sale of it is legal, as on Sunday night, when to sell it is a crime.

That crime-cause would have as much crime-effect on a young man of eighteen, to whom that liquor could be legally sold, as on a young man of only seventeen, sale to whom would be illegal.

On a Sunday morning years ago, in the village of

Canandaigua, N. Y., an awful deed was discovered. It was at the pretty cottage home of a German laborer, almost in the shadow of a great brewery. He was a peaceable citizen, a kind husband, a quiet neighbor, always except after freely drinking beer; he drank nothing stronger. So it was testified by those who knew him best.

But on that summer Sunday morning, at one end of the vine-covered piazza of that cottage home, the neighbors found his wife dead, with her throat cut and weltering in her blood; at the other end of the piazza, some ten feet away, lay dead also the husband, his throat cut as was hers; and by his side lay an empty beer keg, the contents of which had inspired that murder and suicide.

And it was **beer legally sold,** on Saturday night, which **caused the crime.**

Hundreds of similar cases are on record, the papers teem with them every week, illustrating with ghastly awfulness the unlawful results which follow even the lawful sale of Strong Drink.

But is the liquor-seller, as he runs, a law-abiding citizen? Is the Liquor Traffic "devoted to the maintenance of law?" Is it "disposed to uphold the lawful authority?"

The Liquor Traffic has been a law-breaker from the beginning. It is today the open, defiant enemy of law.

"Thou shalt not sell to a minor!" says the State to the saloon; and regularly a large percentage of the liquor sold, within the legal and illegal hours of sale, is bought by young men under legal age.

"Thou shalt not sell to an habitual drunkard!" says the State to the saloon; and regularly the habitual drunkards reel up before the legally or illegally open bars and obtain the liquor illegally dealt out to them.

"Thou shalt not sell upon the Sabbath Day!" says the State to the saloon; and regularly for years the saloon's back door has been ajar, if the front door were not squarely open, and the Sunday profits of the saloon have often been as much as the whole week's profits besides.

"Prohibition is a failure!" say the saloon men themselves; and every time they say it, and tell the truth, they impeach their own loyalty, they advertise their own rebellion against law, it is their own boast that they are disloyal.

Any business that dare and does assert its independence of or superiority to any law, is a danger, a menace, a traitor to the State.

Such a business the Liquor Traffic long has been in this country. Its independence of law has grown more and more marked, emphatic and arrogant, year by year; its open and organized rebellion against law has become more and more defiant and bold. To this rebellion every Law-and-Order League instituted has been a witness; of such rebellion the courts furnish endless and appalling record; by such rebellion the popular respect for law is made popular irreverence and unpatriotic disregard; and because of such rebellion, aided and abetted by Christian men who endorse the policy which promotes it, the work of the Church is discounted, and the Cross of Christ can not draw all men unto it that they may be saved—a law-defended, law-defying and disloyal, Liquor Traffic stands in the way, at the open door of a saloon made lawful by Christian votes, but made lawless by the devil and the very nature of things!

II. AS TO BREEDING LAW-BREAKERS

What is the second requirement of Loyalty in the citizen?

That he shall engage in no business which begets law-breaking in other men.

After the Liquor-seller himself, who form the chief law-breaking classes in this country?

The striker; the Communist; the Anarchist.

What is a strike? In seven cases out of ten the half-drunken, largely brutish, thoroughly lawless offspring of a Beer Barrel. Oftener than otherwise a strike is born of a brewery and wet-nursed in a saloon.

When the great Buffalo strike was on, in 1892, and the Militia were ordered and kept there in large force, at great cost, one daily telegraphic report said:

"All day the strikers have been pouring down beer and whisky in the saloons around the Lehigh yard, and bloody times are expected before tomorrow."

And they were bloody, with burning cars and consuming freight to make the night more terrible.

A friend of mine, the daughter of Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, was en route to bury her husband by her father's side in Michigan, and spent that night in such terror as she will never forget, with the demons of carnage and outlawry around her on every hand, herself in doubt, through long and awful hours, whether she would ever get away from the Buffalo freight yards with her coffined companion in the baggage-car ahead.

With the saloon closed, in the neighborhood of great industries, great strikes would be the exception, and great outrages, wanton destruction of property, would not characterize any strike.

Lawlessness is the natural fruit of the open saloon.

Open defiance of law stalks brazenly abroad through the saloon's open door, while conspiracies against Law and Order brood and breed within.

During the last great Chicago strike, miles of blazing freight cars were but the gleaming Red Fire wherewith the Chicago Liquor Traffic signalized its Disloyal Sovereignty over Law.

What is Communism?

A definition given by one tramp to another is as good and accurate as any I have come across.

Said Tramp No. 1:

"I say, Bill, what is Communism?"

Said Tramp No. 2:

"I'll explain it to you. I've got an empty bottle, and you've got a dime. I let you have the bottle. You buy a dime's worth of whisky and put it in the bottle, and I drink it out, and then I pound you on the head with the empty bottle. That's Communism."

It is the empty bottle and empty purse that make the Communist, and the Anarchist.

What is an Anarchist, and why is he?

Whenever and wherever the Anarchist and his crimes are traced back to their common source and his, there is found a saloon. The connection of saloons with the Haymarket murders in Chicago, a few years ago, was common knowledge, which one paper recorded thus:

"The anarchists went forth from saloons to make their incendiary harangues, and they slunk away into saloons when charged upon by the police."

Speaking of the Milwaukee riots, the same paper went on to say that those were also aided by the saloons, and that

"The objective point of the mob at each of its wild demonstrations was either a brewery or one of the immense beer-gardens."

In Freiheit, the organ of anarchistic teachings,

appeared a summary of the creed and aspiration of the anarchist, in which were the following words:

"We wish to be free from the control of the State, we will have no masters. To make the existence of a Government needless we deny the need of moral laws. There is no immorality where there is no teaching of morals."

Nothing ever written, so far as I have ever seen, would make so truthful a motto as this, for the saloons and the liquor manufactories of this land. In substance, in almost exact form, the language of the anarchists is their language.

"We will have no masters," they say; "we deny the need of moral laws."

And so far as their influence with Legislatures may reach, they seek to lower law to the levels of their own immoral standards. Easier than that, or less expensive, is their open disregard of laws they cannot change.

III. AS TO A POLICY OF LAW THAT BEGETS LAW-BREAKING

We come now to consider the third requirement of Loyalty in the Citizen, viz.:

That he shall not encourage, endorse, uphold or support, in any manner, at any time, anywhere, any policy which leads to law-breaking by anybody.

The Liquor Traffic is the lawless child of Law. The law by which it is begotten comes of a License Policy which the Citizen does or does not approve, for which he is or is not responsible. The License Policy, formulated in Law, leads directly and inevitably to law-breaking, to defiance of law; it breeds law-breakers; it is **the political hot-house of Disloyalty.**

But may not the liquor-seller, should not the liquor business, assist in support of government?

"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," we are reminded, in the language of our text.

"Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar?" inquired the Pharisees, of Christ.

"Is it *not* lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar?" inquire the License Pharisees today, speaking for the Liquor Traffic, and thinking of it upon the Income side.

The Roman Government was Cæsar. Our Cæsar is the State. "The State must live!" has been a long, far cry. It began with the beginnings of License; which appears to have existed from before the Twelfth Century, at least, *as a revenue system* rather than a means of regulation. It has been heard and repeated by statesmen, by politicians, by taxpayers, by Christian Citizens, who saw only the Revenue side of the Liquor Traffic, and who did not consider the cost side, the moral side. They have looked at the income as with a microscope; their search for the cost has been telescopic. Toward the moral phase of it they have been blinded utterly by the silver spectacles they wore.

It is possible to hold a pair of silver dollars so close to your eyes that you can not see the sun in the heavens, or the boy in your own home, or the church across the street. Many a man has been made morally cross-eyed by holding too close to his mental vision the coins of his own self-interest, his immediate material gain, or the apparent financial benefit of his town or county or commonwealth.

"The State must live!"—yes, but the first requisite of the State is Human Life; Revenue comes next. And any system of revenue which cheapens Human Life, which

results from human degradation, which is the fruit of social depravity, which tends to lower moral standards, is a curse to the State, a crime against Humanity.

"Every industry should pay its way," says the License Advocate, looking still at the liquor business from the Income Side. "The State must live!" again he declares; "the Liquor Traffic is fairly bound to aid in its support."

But in determining whether the Liquor Traffic has *a right to* **live and pay its way, the State must weigh its pay**—in the scale of Justice and Righteousness, first; of Manhood and Social Order, next; and lastly by the Troy Weight of Silver and Gold.

Will the "pay" of the Liquor Traffic meet its **cost?** No! Every dollar of income from it calls for at least sixteen dollars of outlay on its account—a Sixteen to One currency condition far worse than any other of like proportion ever considered.

Will the "pay" of the Liquor Traffic match its evil **effects upon Manhood and Social Order?** No! If its income were tenfold greater, and its cost not half so great, the State could not afford to maintain that traffic, for this reason alone.

Will the "pay" of the Liquor Traffic **outweigh Justice and Righteousness,** and so justify it in the highest balance of all? *Never!* if Truth is true, if God is God, and if the things of God are to be defended and preserved in the world of men for the salvation of a race!

"The State must live!" Yes, if it be a Christian State, and worthy to stand. But to give it a fair chance, to give all men who are in it and who help to form it, a fair, even chance, *the saloon must die.*

The State has no right to protect the saloon, *for sake of its "pay,"* at the expense of **the Man upon whom it**

preys. The State has no right to drain its Manhood through saloon sewers, for sake of sharing the money in men's pockets with saloon-keepers, distillers and brewers.

No saloon-keeper pays a dollar of taxation; his neighbors pay it all. No brewer pays a dime of Internal Revenue; the beer-buyers pay it all.

"It is better to tax whisky than farms, and homesteads, and shops," said once a celebrated statesman of this country, and his words were echoed across the land.

But the fact is that a whole barrel of whisky never yet paid one cent of tax. When you tax whisky and beer you do tax farms, and homesteads, and shops. It is these that pay the tribute, not the beer keg or the whisky barrel —*these,* in the person of the farmer, the home-maker, the man at the bench—*the man,* wherever he is—who in his own manhood pays the most costly tribute of all;—*the man,* for whom the State exists, for whose betterment it should live, **from whom it is entitled to receive tribute only as it renders him protection,** whom it is bound to protect in its own defense and to insure its own life, whom it fails to protect when it licenses another man to plunder him in any way at any price.

"Render therefore unto Cæsar *the things which are Cæsar's.*" Some things are *not* Cæsar's. The right *to license* the saloon is one of these. The right to *tax* the saloon is one of these. And if Cæsar—the State—claim both rights, the truly loyal citizen will oppose the claim, and any policy which comes thereof, because the laws of God and man are outraged thereby and thereunder—the policy breeds law-breakers all the way through.

One plain, hard lesson we must learn:

The saloon is no worse than the license; the license is no worse than the license policy; the license policy is no

worse than the license party which maintains it; the license party is no worse than the license voter who maintains the party, which maintains the policy, which perpetuates the saloon, which opposes the church and plunders the Home.

IV. AS TO THE LOYAL CITIZEN'S TRIBUTE

Finally, what was the fourth requirement of the loyal citizen?

That while assisting to conserve loyalty in others, and himself engaged in lawful pursuits, he shall pay such loyal tribute to government as government may in fairness and justice demand of him for his own defense and the welfare of all.

What is the first and best tribute which I, a loyal citizen, can pay to government, in this republic of ours?

The best Manhood which it is in my power to make, with the help of God and good influences.

What is the next best tribute which I can pay to government, and which as a loyal citizen I am bound to pay?

Such conduct of life, on my part, as shall make it easy for other men to pay the highest tribute due from them as from me.

Under the Cæsars, coin counted more than character: magnificence rather than Manhood. Cæsar was the Emperor and the Empire. Tribute in cash was what he mostly craved. In a nation of nobles and serfs, what money would buy, and muscle create, made the crown secure and the court brilliant. In a nation of *men*—in a Republic of Manhood—the tribute of character is chiefest, is indispensable.

National character, national honor, and national wel-

fare, under *our* form of government, depend upon **the citizen unit,** developed in symmetrical proportions, mentally, morally and spiritually, made conscious of his individual responsibility through his individual relation to God, and so ennobled, refined, Christianized, **in his own person,** that through him the nation rises to a higher level of life.

The demand of our day is Christian Citizenship; and this means the final expression, in the Christian State, of Christian Manhood, at its noblest and best. There can be no high type of Christian Patriotism where there is but low development of Christian Manhood; and where Christian Patriotism is dwarfed, in any manner, by any influence, the progress of civilization suffers. Christian Patriotism is that virtue developed in a Christian nation which would uplift the national character, defend the national honor, and promote the national welfare. All this it must do through the individual unit—**the citizen,** *who is the State*—**the citizen sovereign,** *who rules the State.*

"Whose is this image and superscription?" asked the Christ, when he had called for a coin.

"And they said unto Him, 'Cæsar's.'"

Let me hold up before you a Man—a boy—clean, handsome, bright-eyed, clear-browed, manly, and ask:

"Whose image and superscription is this?" and reverently you would answer:

"God's."

"And God made Man in His own image."

We are image-keepers, for God; not only in our own person, but in the persons of other men. If we are loyal to God and Government, we owe to both such conduct of life as shall make it easy for other men to be loyal also, to

be image-keepers without peril to the image, to pay the full tribute which *in God's image* they are expected to pay.

The saloon debases God's Image. It can not exist and fail to do this. It can not pay tribute to government and fail to do this. The policy which maintains it leads both *to law-breaking and to image-breaking;* and my conduct of life, if I am loyal to God and government, if I pay my loyal tribute to government and to God, must be in opposition to that policy and to every influence and agency by which it is upheld.

The Liquor Traffic is a crime against morality and good government, for it violates the written and unwritten law of both. It can not be lawful, according to the spirit of law, and the nature and character of the thing itself.

To license it, therefore, is to license a crime; to tax it is both **to tax and to license** a crime.

To license a crime is criminal. It follows, therefore, that they by whose authority crime is licensed are themselves criminal.

And the tribute they receive for the crime they license does not condone the crime they commit.

They can not be loyal to their fellow men, loyal to government, loyal to God, and authorize the policy which compels the tribute; government can not be loyal to them and accept the tribute; they and government are guiltily criminal together while the policy of license continues and the tribute paying by the Liquor Traffic goes on.

My conduct of life, as a loyal citizen, must line with my acknowledgment of these truths. How about yours?

I dare not, as a Christian Patriot, pray "Thy Kingdom Come!"—the only kingdom wherein every man may be a

prince—the only kingdom for which an American may pray and be a patriot—and then cast my vote for the License system, by which the Devil's Kingdom is perpetuated, and "Thy Kingdom," the Lord's Kingdom, wearily deferred. Dare you?

We sing with unction, as we sit in our soft church pews—

"In the Cross of Christ I glory!"

If the line be not a lie—God pity us if it is!—we glory in the Cross of Christ because it can save men from their sins—from each other, and themselves—because through the Cross of Christ all men may pay to God the tribute His due from them.

Thus we glory in the Cross, as we should if we sing the truth—God help us if our song be false!—for sake of the Manhood and Womanhood around us—for sake of the defaced images of God for whom Christ died—yet we plant by the foot of that Cross, between it and the sinner who gropes blindly that way, a saloon, into which he stumbles and through the door of which he is lost. We plant it there, through the License system which we sustain at the ballot-box, as much by our own hand as if no other hand helped there to plant it; and when we have done it, if ever we do it again, let us be silent forevermore while they sing of glorying in the Cross, lest we sing a lie indeed!

By every saloon the death of Christ is nullified for many a sinner. "Broad is the road that leads to death;" and you make it broader by every License ballot that you cast.

If the saloon must live, let it not kill in you the power to pay loyal tribute for your own life. If alone you can not kill the saloon, let no deed of yours endorse its murder of other men.

Render, *thou*, therefore, in and for thyself, out of **thine own loyalty** to God and Government, **"the things which are Cæsar's"**—not the things which corrupt politics may demand of you; not the things which a party boss may command or party gain require—but **"the things which are Cæsar's,"** that so and always, for thine own sake and thy fellow man's, for the welfare of all the world, *thou* shalt render *"unto God* **the things that are God's."**

We are building a stately Temple
By the labor of Christian hands,
In the World's great West
Where we build the best,—
In the fairest of Christian Lands;
We must mold it of loyal Manhood,
Made clean in the Master's Name,
Through the Christ who died
For a world so wide,
To redeem it from sin and shame.

We are building a Golden Temple,
For the Ages to guard and hold
When the scroll of Time
Shall have grown sublime
With the deeds of the Age of Gold.
We may mold it with Man's endeavor
Made strong in the strength of Youth,—
We may work and sing
Till its arches ring,
We may blazon its walls with Truth,—

But as proudly they rise to Heaven,
And as grander their glory grows
Through the day supreme,
Till the evening's dream
In the gleam of the sunset glows,

Though the Temple is broad and massive,
As if by the Master planned,
And we build it strong,
Be it based on Wrong
It will not through the Ages stand.

We are shaping a dream of splendor—
God give us the Christian will
To be builders true
As the Ages knew,
And to build it with Christian skill;
We must mold it of royal Manhood,
And shape it with loyal hands,
And rear it to stay
Till the Judgment Day,—
But not upon golden sands!

God help us as Christian builders
To build on the Rock of Truth!—
To be brave and wise!
We may pierce the skies
With our Temple of Gold and Youth,—
We may rear it in gorgeous glory,
As if by Divine commands,—
But if reared on Wrong,
Though it seem so strong,
We are building on golden sands!

BARABBAS

Now Barabbas was a robber.—*John* 18, 40.

Chapter VI

BARABBAS

BARABBAS holds a certain high distinction in the story of Jesus Christ. He was the only man offered as a substitute for the Son of God.

He might have been crucified in lieu of Christ, had the wish of Pilate become the people's will. And Barabbas on the Cross might have changed the record of all history.

Bearing in mind the substitutionary importance which for a little while he bore, and considering what a momentous figure he might have been, humanly speaking, it isn't much that we know or can learn of Barabbas.

As by a fine irony, his name implies a strain of divinity in him—**the Son of the Father.** But he was in prison for his misdeeds.

"Now Barabbas was a robber—" and more. He was a revolutionist, a disloyal member of society, and a murderer. His character, or his lack of character—his disposition, his habits, his purpose and spirit—as we may assume, were familiar to his fellow men. What he had done, what they might expect him to do again if again he should go free, was well enough understood by them.

The Nazarene had robbed none. He had stirred up no strife. He had sought to inspire no sedition. "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," had been His loyal command. He had wrought no murder.

For three years He had gone up and down in Galilee

ministering to those in great need. His life had been one affluent stream of beneficence, for the sick, the sinning, the sore-hearted, the sore-bodied, the helpless, even the leper—beneficence for the living, divine breath for the dead.

The fame of His good deeds had gone abroad through all that country round about. They would have made Him King, the mad crowd who looked for their Messiah. And He who refused a crown was refused their courtesy. He who had blessed them with His divine bounty, was denied their human gratitude, even their scant justice. The murderer was preferred before Him.

"Not this man, but Barabbas!" was their angry cry, when Pilate would show mercy and release one of the two.

"And what shall I do, then, with Jesus?" was a question which did not disturb them as it fell from Pilate's lips.

Out of their ingratitude and their injustice, with bitter emphasis of hate, they could still cry—

"Let Him be crucified!—crucify Him!"

And the Son of Man went to His crucifixion, while the slayer of men went free! The murderer had release unto life, while the Messiah came to resurrection through death and the grave.

Let me draw you a parallel.

Jesus the Christ is on trial today, at the bar of human judgment.

These Nineteen Centuries, almost, He has been like a broad, benign, beneficent Gulf Stream of love and blessedness flowing through the vast ocean of time, the wide human sea of the world. His life has made sweeter and milder and purer the atmosphere of all the ages.

Or He has been a holy and enduring Presence, glad and gracious and joy-giving, wherever want held empty hands to Heaven, or sorrow sobbed out its heart-break, or hunger cried in weakness to be fed, or pain or passion laid hold in mighty power upon human life.

The healer of Galilee has been the help and the hope of all Humanity, through more than sixty generations of men. In storms without number He has bade the waves of bitter experience Be Still. In Bethanys uncounted He has been a brother to Lazarus, and made the home-life richer for Martha and Mary, whom He loved. By many a wayside He has met the mourner and given comfort even unto great joy. From His immortal Mount of the Beatitudes, men have heard His "Blessed," "Blessed," "Blessed," ringing on from cycle unto cycle, until all the poor should feel their beatific impulse, and all the meek should inherit the earth, and all the pure in heart should see God.

In sermon and in sacrament, through the whole Judea of Christendom, He has blessed and brightened all mankind.

Yet as yonder in Jerusalem, so now: **Jesus the Christ must be put on trial before Pilate.**

Pilate sits in your home; he walks along your streets; he rents a pew in your church; he stands here and there in the pulpit; he rules in the editorial chair; he goes to your State Legislature; he controls in Congress; he wields power in or near the White House; he sways popular destiny; he washes his hands of Christ.

He finds no fault in this man Jesus, but **he releases Barabbas,** unto the people, the mob, whose only cry as to the Christ is *"Crucify Him!"*

It is the same Christ, of Bethlehem, of Bethany, and of

Capernaum—immortal and eternal Christ, of the manger and the Resurrection morning; divine son of Joseph the carpenter, divine victim of the crucifying cross, divine guest of that other Joseph, of Arimathea, in his new and consecrated tomb. The same Christ—ah, yes!—but another Barabbas!

"Now Barabbas *was* a robber," a seditionist, a murderer.

What is the Barabbas of today?

The same outrageous trinity in one embodiment— THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC!

And this Barabbas of today was in prison of the Prohibition principle wherever a license law exists—in prison for his misdeeds—in prison *because* a robber, a seditionist, a murderer; a prisoner, denied common liberty because unsafe to go at large; a convicted embodiment of evil, under ban for the general good; but **released unto the people, through License,** *at their own will, to their own peril and cost.*

Every license law is evidence that this Barabbas was in prison of this Prohibition principle; that this principle had right thus to imprison him; that the character of this Barabbas justified such imprisonment; that the release of this Barabbas was granted to satisfy popular appeal; that some Pilate of place and power consented to such release; and that the men who clamored for it, and who won Pilate's consent to it, had in their hearts if not on their lips, either consciously or unconsciously, the cry of Jerusalem's mob concerning Jesus Christ—"Crucify Him—Crucify Him."

For Barabbas can not be released without that cry! To set Barabbas free, is to bind Christ upon the Cross! Whoever clamors for Barabbas, conspires for the cruci-

fixion! It was so in Jerusalem; it will be so in all time, through the whole Judea of Christendom.

Whoever frees evil in any form, or helps by choice to free it, from any bondage wherewith it is bound, of principle or fact, is **an accomplice on Calvary.**

So much for the parallel. Let us consider the proofs.

"Now Barabbas *was* a robber."

I. OUR BARABBAS *IS* A ROBBER

This personification of the Liquor Business can not be any less than a robber, though he can be much more, much worse.

He can give no full equivalent for what he gets, however little he may mean to rob. He must rob while he lives. He can never stop robbing till he dies. Wherever he is in prison of the principle which has right to imprison him, it is because he did rob while he went free. To release him is to consent that he shall rob again.

Do you say that this is mere assertion, and not proof? Do you believe that Barabbas behind the bar, or in the brewery, is but one party to legitimate bargain and sale? No; you neither say nor believe either!

You know that what a man buys of Barabbas is no equivalent for what he pays. Even commercially, if the buyer paid cash only and nothing besides, the bargain would be one-sided, as no commercial transaction ought to be. Cut the word bargain in two—hyphenate it, as you should, when considering the subject properly—and you have what this commercial transaction yields every time—**Bar-gain** for Barabbas; **bar-loss** for the man to whom Barabbas sells. And all commerce which makes always and inevitably to the profit of but one party thereto, and to the loss of the other, is robbery.

"Commerce," declares one of our accepted authorities on Political Economy, "is an exchange of **goods**, for the mutual **BENEFIT** of the respective owners." The emphasis on that word **Benefit** is his own. The lesser emphasis on that word *"goods"* is mine, but another economist, still higher in authority, across the water, has justified me in making it, by the assertion that

"In 'goods' must be included all that is *good* for the advancement of the individual and of the human race."

Push these two definitions along together, side by side, to their logical ultimate, and there can be no legitimate commerce in Strong Drink. It has never been *"good"* for the mutual advantage of buyer and seller. It has not brought advancement to buyer, or seller, or their common kind.

All commerce in it has been robbery, more or less. It has made fortunes for a few, and misfortunes for a great multitude, more than any man could number. It has made millionaires of a few, and has pauperized millions. It has torn down cottages by the ten thousand, that a few palaces might rise in splendor. It feeds a few like princes, while the millions want, and starve, and die.

Bar-abbas, one of the bar-gainers when Strong Drink is bought (and please note how easily **his name** hyphenates to suggest **his place** of robbery), *Bar*-abbas is the only *bar-gainer* through the purchase, but the man who buys is not the only *bar-loser,* is not the only person robbed, in the sale.

If he were, and if he were robbed of cash only, the robber would not be so great a thief, and his release in society would not be so great an outrage and shame.

Barabbas is not only a robber of the man who buys, but beyond him,

First—**A ROBBER OF THE HOME.**

Robbing the man of his cash, Barabbas robs the Home of its comfort. Taking from the man that for which no equivalent is rendered, this Barabbas takes from the Home that for which no compensation can be possible.

Said the Massachusetts Board of State Charities, in its Fifth Annual Report:

"Poverty and vice are what the poor man buys with his poisoned liquor; sickness, beastliness, laziness and pollution are what the State gives in exchange for the license money which the dram-seller *filches* from the lean purse of the day laborer and the half-grown lad."

Ah, then, *the boy* is robbed, as well as the man; and when this Barabbas of Drink *filches* from "the half-grown lad," from his purse and his person, the Home suffers worse than as by a house-breaker, the heart of the Home is beset most sorely of all.

Steal the father's earnings if you must, O Barabbas of the Beer-mug and the Brewery, of the Distiller and his Liquid Death!—steal the father's character and manhood if you will, and *as* you will if you take his earnings!—but leave us the pure lips of the boy, and the boy's pure life, and we will not accuse you of the sorest shame and of the foulest crime!

But when you rob manhood of its birthright, in *the boy;* when you strike at motherhood through *the boy* you rob; when sickness, beastliness, and pollution are *the boy's* heritage in the Home because you robbed the Home's head and corrupted, polluted, beastialized the fatherhood that should have been clean and loyal; when you assail *the boy* outside the Home as well as taint and pollute his blood within it—then we say, O Barabbas of the Bar, that you should not have been granted release

unto such robbery and wreck as this—that you deserve only to die!

Robbing the man, the Home, and the boy, this Barabbas of Drink is

Second—**A ROBBER OF THE SCHOOL.**

Where the dram-shop is open to every man, the school-house is shut for many a child.

It has been shown to be true, in Massachusetts, that the men there, who are fathers of children, rely upon those children for from one-quarter to one-third of all the family earnings.

It was further shown to be true there, that children under fifteen years of age supplied from one-eighth to one-sixth of the total family earnings.

Your boy can not be at the school and the factory both—unless he was born twins! Whatever sends him to the factory, robs the school. In a large percentage of cases, a factory for the boy is proof positive that for the father there is or has been a saloon.

In Kansas, under Prohibition, in 1890, the average attendance at the public schools was 246,102; while in Nebraska the same year, the average public school attendance was but 146,315—a difference of 99,787. The saloon and the anti-saloon system, in adjoining States, made the school system ineffective for almost 100,000 children, in one State, as compared with the other.

And in Prohibition Kansas, that year, they paid their school teachers $839,473 more money than Nebraska paid *her* public school teachers, because in High License Nebraska the Barabbas of Drink paid from $500 to $1,000 for his right to rob, and profit would be impossible if he could not plunder both the Home and the School-House too!

If you will take money from Barabbas, you must let Barabbas take what he will from you—character, knowledge, brain, from those you love.

Yes—**brain!** It has been asserted that **eleven-twelfths of the idiots**—well-nigh all of them, you see—are born of intemperate parents. It is known that idiocy and insanity are increasing far beyond the rate of population; and that Strong Drink stands responsible, in large degree, for this increase.

Brain-robbery by Barabbas! To speak of it is to cross the border-line into a realm where even Science goes with muffled feet, and Reform ventures but with bated breath. When Barabbas enters there, and steals the intellect of immortality, before mortality is known of men as a babe in the cradle, or deadens, deranges, destroys the intellect of manhood, robbing it of treasure no mortal can ever return, the outrage becomes a crime, the crime becomes an infamy, and the infamy becomes a sin against God and Man, against the civilization of every century that shall be!

Walk with observing care through the average community, where only a few hundred people congregate, and you shall strike the trail of Barabbas the brain-robber—you shall see where he has left behind him a sad, sore lack. You shall find it either at the cradle of the babe, begotten in drunkenness and to be a babe forever as to brain development; or beside the drooling, sprawling, idiotic boy, the shame of his kindred, a sorry spectacle for all; or in the person of some half-demented man, once manly and proud and self-respecting, now beer-soaked, mind-sodden, brain robbed, a physical waste, a mental failure, a moral wreck.

And if you want to follow the trail till you find further

evidence of the robbery, and further proof to show for indictment of the robber, go to the poor-house, or the home for feeble-minded, or the insane asylum, and behold the evidence, the proof, already in awful revelation at your hand! Trace it back, case after case, in somber, sickening recital, from this haven of lost mind or lacking brain, to the years that used to be or the birth that should not have been, and you will say with profoundest shudder of your soul—

"And Barabbas was the robber!"

You will marvel, with a great and growing wonder, how he could have been released unto robbery like this.

Robbing the man, the boy, the Home and the School, this Barabbas of Drink is

Third—**A ROBBER OF THE CHURCH.**

The release of Barabbas, nearly 1900 years ago, meant the killing of Christ.

The release of Barabbas today means more than that. It means to conspire in Christ's Crucifixion; it means to conspire against what His crucifixion made possible; it means open alliance with all who are the foes of His truth, the deniers and nullifiers of His redemption for the race. It means constant and increasing assault upon the organic body of Christian faith and works known as the Christian Church. It means the growing and final failure of that body to achieve its wide Christ-purpose in the world.

Even if the church borders were as broad now as they are said to have been when the church began, what I have just asserted would be as true as any church creed.

"In the beginnings of the Gospel," said D'Aubigne, "whosoever had received the Spirit of Christ was esteemed a member of the Church."

Banish every creed of sect, efface every boundary line of sectarianism, wipe out every visible vestige of church organization, tear down or burn up every church edifice, and still Barabbas of the Liquor Business would be a robber of the Church; the spirit that is in him would antagonize the Spirit of Christ, which is Christianity.

The two spirits would be elementally at war in the world, with the Barabbas-spirit a highwayman on the path of Christian progress, plundering all who should walk that way.

The basement of one church edifice was rented once as a liquor store-house, and a wag came along who recognized the antagonism of such near neighborliness. Over the basement door he wrote:

"There's a spirit above,
And a spirit below;
A spirit of love,
And a spirit of wo;
The spirit above is the Spirit Divine,
The spirit below is the Spirit of Wine."

To the Christian Church we must credit all the grandest individual uplift of human thought, all the most magnificent achievements of the human mind. Civilization alone has not supremely civilized men, developed races, uplifted peoples, guided nations, and guarded the image of God.

The spirit of Christ, inherited from His life, disseminated through His teachings, embodied in His children, perpetuated through His church, has been the saving, gracious force during all the ages, whereby from barbarism men have come to beneficence, from beastliness they have risen to blessing, from cruelty they have mellowed to kindness, from torture they have risen to Truth, from

sensuality they have exalted Self, from crime they have grown to compassion, from fear they have laid hold on Fatherhood, from lust they have refined to love—from hells of human greed for gain or glory they have made their way to heavens of Human Brotherhood and of divine embodiment in human form.

And over against the church—this church of History, this church of Hope, this church of Christ's consummation among men—stands Barabbas-of-the-Saloon, big of abdomen, small of brain, smaller of heart, shriveled of conscience, a cigar in his mouth, a sneer on his face, an oath on his lips, sedition in his nature, murder in his mind, blood on his hands, the proceeds of robbery in his pocket, the certificate of his release unto robbery hanging near by him on the wall, bearing the signature of Pilate, written there because of the People's Will!

Beside him stand the men who have petitioned for his release—*some of them;* the men who face Barabbas daily at his bar; who *wanted* him to rob them; who pleaded with Pilate that he might have the chance; who preferred him to Christ.

But all who so pleaded, petitioned and preferred are not there. Others who cried out with these for his release will barely recognize him upon the street, would not introduce him to their wives and families, will not admit him to membership in the particular church to which they belong. They join the mob, and shout for Barabbas, only when it is Election Day in Jerusalem. On every sacred day of every week they worship circumspectly in their synagogs, and lips that only once a year cry "Crucify Him!" can there be heard to sing in weekly coronation—

"All hail the power of Jesus' Name!"

Barabbas robs the church by stealing its cash, its converts, and its converting opportunities.

A billion and a quarter of dollars spent in one year for Strong Drink, in this country, and only $125,000,000 contributed for the preaching of Christ's Gospel—Ten Dollars for the devil to One Dollar for Christ—will indicate that Barabbas takes a tremendous pile of cash that might go for better things. Less money paid over the robber's bar, would insure a better verdict by and by, for those who pay it, at the Bar of God.

For every male convert that the churches make, Barabbas is a bidder against the churches; and he bids high, bids loud, bids every day in the week, in some places. And where Barabbas counts as 300 to 30, in a city of say 30,000 people, the chances that Barabbas gets what he bids for are not only ten to one, as is the number of saloons to the number of churches, but at least 60 to one—the ratio of saloons to churches multiplied by the ratio of Week-days to Sundays.

With such awful odds on the saloon side, is it any wonder that the saloons win in their fight against church influences?

Why is it that in every church, almost, the great bulk of the church work is done by women?

Robbery of the church, its cash and its converts, by Barabbas-of-the-Saloon.

Why is it that the great majority of church worshipers are women? Why is it that in almost every town, when a temperance meeting is held in any church, the speaker feels like saying, as he rises to address his audience—"What a lot of widows and orphans there must be in this place!"

Robbery of the church, its cash, its converts, and its converting opportunities, by Barabbas-of-the-Saloon!

To convert men to the Gospel of Christ, you must bring them within the sound of it. Your preacher's voice may be clear, and honest, and persuasive, but it will not carry from his pulpit a single block up or down the street into the nearest saloon. If the young men of his town were in the saloon on Sunday morning, or Sunday night, they could not be in church. If they were in the saloon Saturday night, they were not likely to be in church next day. If they were *not* in the saloon Saturday night, and other nights of the week, for the saloon to rob, the saloon could not live.

For **the saloon can live only as it robs the Church.** And Barabbas-of-the-Saloon can be released unto church robbery only as the church consents to his release, petitions for it, becomes responsible to Pilate for such release and all the consequences which follow therefrom.

Robbing the man, the boy, the Home, the School, and the Church, this Barabbas of Drink is

Fourth—**A ROBBER OF THE NATION.**

The boy could not be robbed, without loss to the man he must become. The man can not be robbed without loss to the citizen he must be. The school and the church can not be robbed without robbery of the nation, of which the citizen is a part, in which the citizen holds place as an integer of responsibility and power.

On this integer the nation builds. Robbed of intelligence, of morality, the foundation becomes unstable, perilous.

Close the school-house and the church, in this country, and you may write **Failure** across the Capitol front at Washington, and over every token of Republican institutions everywhere. Rob the Republic of intelligent Christian Manhood, and you have committed high treason

against the State. Whatever would close the school-house and church, for any percentage of our people, is a party to such treason in such degree. Whoever supports the thing that commits robbery of this kind, is giving aid and comfort to the Republic's enemy.

We are a Christian nation. Without any State Church, we are building a Christian State upon the best in every church. With church and state forever separate, we demand the best the church can bring to make the State secure. The thief of the school-house and of the church is the robber of civilization.

The nation has need—has great and growing need—of police and padlock, in safeguard against this Barabbas of Drink. Every year, every week, every day, we are absorbing ignorance and vice from across the seas. The peril of it is graver than pestilence. The saloon intensifies it. The foreign spirit of the saloon fosters it. The bold highwaymanship of the saloon promotes it.

All that is best in the nation's life, purest in its possibilities, grandest in its realization, richest in its treasure, is plundered by the Saloon Barabbas, without one redeeming impulse of patriotism, without one compensating equivalent in money, morality or Manhood.

He steals the prosperity of the people; he robs the nation of its gold and its grain; he claims its morality and its Manhood; he demands tribute of its intelligence and its integrity; he despoils it of honor and of honesty; he captures and corrupts its holidays and its holy days; he soils the sanctity of citizenship and the sacredness of the suffrage; he robs the public treasury and the till of honest trade; he burglarizes the savings bank and palsies the hand of Labor; he pauperizes the rich and persecutes the poor; he populates the prisons, *de*-populates the pews,

forces the contributions of industry, feeds while the hungry starve, and is the lusty, unholy, unchristian, unpatriotic progenitor of lust and laziness, waste and want, wo and wickedness, crime and criminals, easy ruin and hard times!

For Barabbas is a robber. It is his business to rob. And the nation which he robs concedes him the right, if so be he will return a share of the proceeds!

We are like the old Egyptians, only more generous with our thieves. In those days of the early Pharaohs, stealing was a profession, and those who followed **the profession of thief** gave in their names to the chief of robbers, and agreed that to him they would make known every theft committed by them without delay.

And in those days of such high calling—of robbery as a profession—the owner of stolen goods would always apply by letter to this chief robber for their return; and having stated their quality and quantity, given adequate description of them, and told the day and hour when they were taken, the goods were duly restored to the owner on payment of one-fourth their full value.

The claim is made by the historian responsible for this statement (Wilkinson), that under such an arrangement theft by anyone outside the profession was the sooner and more surely discovered and punished according to law; for it is further said that the chief of robbers (the Grand Mogul Barabbas, we might call him), drew his revenue not alone from the one-fourth allowed the profession on all thefts, but was probably accorded a fixed remuneration by government "as one of the chiefs of police."

Yes; we are far more generous with our professional robbers than those old Egyptians were. *We* don't ask that they return to the nation three-fourths of all they

take, and keep a meager one-fourth for themselves. We let them keep three-fourths, at least—nine-tenths more commonly—and where a chief of police is necessary, to watch over their daily thefts, we generously pay him all the salary he receives, to do his duty, and if he gets any extra compensation they only pay that in order to make sure that what we pay him for shall not be done!

And we claim—we who favor **the profession of our Barabbas**—that the more we demand of *the profession* as the State's share of Drink Robbery, the more surely shall we be informed by the thieves who have not been authorized to steal—the more certainly will they be punished for stealing without authority—the more orderly, and regular, and profitable, and respectable, all the stealing will be!

But mark you! we are behind the old Egyptians most lamentably in one important feature: It is only **to the nation** that a tenth, or even a fourth, of the stolen treasure is ever returned, under our system of authorized robbery. The individual Egyptian got back three-fourths of what he lost. Our individual member of society who is robbed gets back nothing—unless it may be in such remotest fashion as a mill or two per thousand on his taxes. He may be robbed of a farm, and not an acre of it will come back to him. Barabbas may steal his home, and he will never see returned to him by the robber a single shingle on the roof.

"Doctor," said once a red-nosed man to a physician, "won't you just take a look in my throat?"

The Doctor inspected it.

"Rather inflamed," he said presently, "but nothing in particular the matter with it. Why?"

"Well," the man answered, "there's a farm of forty

acres, and a pair of mules, and a saw-mill, gone down there in the last ten years, an' I didn't know but you could see some signs of 'em."

"Not a sign," said the doctor; "but my advice to you is that when you get another saw-mill you run it by water."

Stolen mills, and factories, and shops, are never returned by Barabbas. Purloined fortunes which he takes are not restored by any Chief of Police. Robbery of the brain he never even in part makes whole again. Plundered manhood he never brings back to its own. Captured character is never made good by this thief. Only God and good influences can ever make up, to boy or man, in any measure, the losses in life, and heart, and soul, which follow the release unto the people, on their own appeal, of this Barabbas whose profession they uphold, to whose robbery they consent, and in whose shame and sin only can they share.

We have given so much space to Barabbas as a robber, that our consideration of him in his other characters must be brief.

But we can not forget that Barabbas was more and worse than a robber—was, and is.

Barabbas of Jerusalem was **a seditionist.**

"And Pilate," Luke tells us, "released unto them him that *for sedition* and murder was cast into prison."

II. OUR BARABBAS IS A SEDITIONIST

A sedition, the Dictionary tells us, is a tumult, a mob, a riot, almost a revolution, or an insurrection; an uprising against lawful authority.

Mark speaks of Barabbas as one "bound with them that had made insurrection with him."

As a seditionist, then, Barabbas of Jerusalem was of about the worst possible type. Some even called his sedition an insurrection.

A seditionist is one who possesses, who betrays, the spirit of sedition.

Our Barabbas possesses it. Our Barabbas engages in sedition whenever and wherever he rebels against law. He advertises himself a seditionist every time and everywhere he declares Prohibition a failure.

He proves himself a seditionist by every Law-and-Order-League which exists to enforce law. He can not live and be less than a seditionist. It is not in his nature to be law-abiding. The very essence of his being is lawlessness. The very conditions of his being, under law, compel him to be lawless, disloyal. He lives to rob, and robbery can not be lawful; or if made so by the letter, it will be unlawful according to the spirit of law.

Barabbas sells liquor to the boy, and the law says he says he shall not: Barabbas is a seditionist.

Barabbas sells to the habitual drunkard, and the law says he shall not: Barabbas is a seditionist.

Barabbas sells on Sunday, to boy and man, and the law says he shall not: Barabbas is a seditionist.

He organizes to defy law, that he may rob more continuously; he organizes to defeat justice, that he may not suffer for his defiance; he organizes that he may secure laws permitting him to rob, or to repeal laws which forbid him to rob, and he debauches the majesty of lawmaking to win his own lawless ends; and he is *a seditionist.*

He bribes men in official place, that law may be powerless and government subverted to his profit and perpetuity. He buys men their office, that his lawlessness

may continue, and the profits of it may increase. He even shares with the people, the government, the proceeds of his robbery, that lawfully or unlawfully he may be permitted to rob. *And he is a seditionist.*

The spirit of sedition is not alone in him, and in his calling; he creates it, wherever his calling is carried on. He breeds uproar, tumult, riot, insurrection, revolution.

He is like the yeast in the meal to which the good old lady referred when she said she "put a little yeast in the meal and up jumped 'leven."

Put a little of his spirit—the spirit of sedition, the **spirit of wine**—into any gathering or organization of men, and it multiplies not only eleven times, but eleven times eleven. Hence when riots come—from other cause, it may be, in part—the door of Barabbas is temporarily ordered shut; too much yeast in the social meal already; too much danger from the " 'leven."

Back of every riot stands Barabbas, at the open door of his saloon, a smile on his lip, a sneer on his face, **sedition in his heart**—the fermenting and fomenting yeast of social and industrial life, eager to ferment and foment the more, that **the uprising** may be more to his lawless gain.

You can never write the history of strikes in this country, or in any other, and leave out the saloon. The chief of robbers is the chief of strikes. Barabbas-at-the-Bar has counted among the biggest of his *bar gains* the robberies of Labor which have enriched him during the great strikes that have been maintained largely by him, or while, *by his spirit of sedition, he was assisting to make them possible, and make certain their profit to himself.*

The first **open rebellion,** or insurrection, **in this**

country, was a Whisky Rebellion. It has record in history. The first out-breaking spirit of sedition in these United States was in a Pennsylvania whisky barrel. Many a whisky barrel since then has given birth to the same spirit, in other States, even to the state of intoxication!

One of the Chicago rioters, Haymarket murderers—one whose sedition led him to the murder and to the gallows which followed—one without whom the Haymarket massacre might perhaps never have been—found his seditionary spirit, it has been asserted, in a whisky barrel before he ever saw Chicago; left behind him a youth of rare opportunities, lost grip on a manhood rich in splendid endowment; abandoned hope of a future magnificent in promise—sold himself to the devil of disappointment and of fiendish desire—all because Barabbas robbed him of the dearest things life gives a young man, and then gave him in return only the tortures of the damned, whether living or dead.

If this was not true it well might have been. Of another fact which history does not record I have no question:

The last rebellion in this country was a whisky rebellion. I have had it so vouched for, to me, in the South, by Southern men whose word could be trusted—men who knew the truth—men who went out to fight for a cause that needed not to be fought for, at the first.

To be sure, there was clamor for State's Rights. Hot-headed ones were loud for Secession and War. But cooler counsels had prevailed, and were likely to prevail.

A conference was called, in New Orleans, of leading men from the cotton States, to determine on a common course. They were the men whose judgment and influ-

ence must govern. **They opposed secession.** Hour after hour they stood firm for another policy, in face of a fiery minority which wanted war.

But Barabbas-of-the-Bar stood behind that minority with his spirit of sedition, to support their seditious purpose. His liquor still more and more inflamed them. At last it inflamed those who for hours had overruled them for the country's good. Liquor swept away judgment and statesmanship. A half drunken company of Southern men voted for a course which the sober majority of them condemned and never would have supported had they kept sober.

Barabbas won, for secession, for rebellion, and for all which came of these in those awful years of blood-red loss that followed.

I set down here but the baldest outline of the story, as it was given to me. And I believe it true.

Barabbas of the Scripture story was a murderer.

Says Mark (15, 7.):

"And there was one named Barabbas, which lay bound with them that had made insurrection with him, *who had committed murder.*"

III. OUR BARABBAS IS A MURDERER

A hard charge you think it, perhaps, this third count in the indictment. Yes! But it is the logical climax of human nature; it is the inevitable result of conditions which lead to and permit robbery, seditious organization, the spirit and purpose of misrule.

I am not saying that every man who drinks liquor will seek to kill his fellow man. I am not saying that every man who sells liquor will freely take human life. There

is no need to say either, and yet make terribly true precisely what I do say: that **the Barabbas of Drink**—the embodied, personified Liquor Traffic of this land—robber, and law-breaker, **is a murderer.** He comes of death. Strong Drink is the agent of death. There is high authority for saying that alcohol is a more prolific source of death than tuberculosis or contagious disease. Alcohol is born of corruption and decay. It kills the living and preserves the dead. *A brute* will not drink it, but it makes a brute of *the man* who does.

Taken in its mildest popular dilution, it has mischief in it—yea, murder. The Scientific American, not a Temperance paper, declares that "the most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are *beer*-drinkers." It further says that "excessive beer-drinking is even more brutalizing than whisky drinking."

In a previous chapter we have referred to the murder of his wife by a beer-drinker almost under the shadow of McKechnie's big brewery, in Canandaigua, some years ago, to the suicide of the man, and have told how man and wife were found on their vine-clad piazza of a summer Sunday morning, weltering in their gore.

After giving this incident one night, I was criticized sharply for citing such an extreme case of beer's murderous effects, my critic saying that the case was exceptional; that beer was stupefying, not inflaming, as a rule. And some who read this might incline to believe that the **Barabbas-of-Beer** is not so bad as the **Whisky Barabbas**—that while he may rob a little, and may cause a little sedition, he will not kill. But whole pages could be given to prove that beer has death in it, *and murder.*

Years ago I published in The American Reformer, which I was then editing in New York, a series of articles

on Beer, by an educated German, himself a beer-drinker, which told in terrible terms of the character and effects of that common beverage. The brewers were so wrought up over the articles that they threatened me with condign punishment if the articles were not stopt, and for weeks I went armed for personal defense whenever I walked the streets at night, because there was **murder in Beer.**

A medical friend of mine in New York, whose name carries weight on the title-pages of many printed works, told me that he was once drawn on a grand jury which in six weeks tried six men for murder; five were convicted, and it was shown conclusively that every one of these committed the awful crime while under the influence of beer. And he did not hesitate to say, what other high authorities have since declared over and over again, that the Beer spirit is largely a spirit of riot, of rapine, of revenge; of malicious, murderous purpose.

Barabbas is a murderer. Being a seditionist, he becomes that. Wherever men seek to enforce the law against him, for sedition and robbery, he sneaks up in the dark and shoots or stabs. So doing, he obeys one law—the law of his own nature.

In Sioux City the law becomes too sharp, and pricks him too closely; and Haddock goes down at the hand of Barabbas.

In Omaha the law is brought mercilessly to bear; and Watson B. Smith falls at his office door, murdered by Barabbas.

I stood one bright winter Sunday morning on a bridge in Jackson, the Capital City of Mississippi, with a noble-faced, pure-hearted, lion-souled young man, and listened while he told me how he and his brave father had been

fighting the saloonists, in the courts and before the people. And I said to him, at last,

"Roderick, they will get away with you yet."

And only a few weeks later, upon that very bridge, within thirty feet of the spot where he and I had stood and talked together, five cowardly ruffians converged their fire upon him, and shot—and shot—and shot—and shot—and shot him to his death, and then beat his manly face to a jelly with the butts of their pistols while his life went out. So Barabbas murdered my friend, Roderick Gambrell, silenced his tongue and pen because they were too bold; stilled his true heart because it was too brave.

A few months afterward I went back there, and brushed away with my foot the dust upon that bridge, and saw the dark and awful blotch which discolored the planking where Roderick's life-blood ran forth. And I will declare Barabbas a murderer, until I die, if only because of him!

Yet friendship, alone, ought not to move us, when we tell the truth.

Humanity is the thing most royal in human life. Love for our fellow men is the love most nearly divine.

Jesus Christ did not give His life for Lazarus, whom He loved, and whose sisters He loved. He raised Lazarus, His friend, from the dead, by that Divine love and power which were His. *He died* for all men—for Humanity's wide good. *He died* because Divine love is wider than human friendship, more beneficent than human affection, more loyal and royal than the love of man.

If no friend of mine had been beaten and shot by Barabbas, if no friend of yours had been smitten and robbed by the same outrageous hand, how could we think of the Living Christ and His awful crucifixion, how

could we remember Calvary and that open tomb, how could we believe in His death, and have faith in His resurrection, and not cry out against the robber and the murderer who belies both, and who for a great multitude makes both as if they never had been?

Once a year we bring our Easter offerings, we revel in Easter bloom, we sing our Easter songs. And this is well.

Christ was crucified, was buried, and rose again on the third day. Let the world sing it, and the bells ring it, and the flowers bring it, and let us all be glad! Let Easter perfumes breathe it, and Easter blossoms wreathe it, and Easter music burden all the air!

Let Easter be the sweetest, whitest fact in all the whole round year, for that great company of Believers who recognize it and make it as a sacrament in all the world.

But for another great multitude **each Easter is a lie.** For them Christ did not savingly die, **because Barabbas lives.** For them Christ did not redeemingly rise because Barabbas is released unto the people. For them the divine gift of love to men is a sad, sore failure, because Barabbas is the one great, cruel, constant, all-consuming human fact.

Let none rise from perusal of this chapter, and say I have been harsh, and abusive of Barabbas. He is **a robber, a seditionist, a murderer.** I repeat it, with sober, solemn emphasis, in these final words. But he is no worse, *as such,* than his accomplices. He may be less moral than they are, man for man; the church might refuse him membership, as an individual; the community may hold him in less esteem, if not in open contempt; but as Barabbas, the embodied Liquor Traffic—the robber, the seditionist, the murderer—that unholy three in

one which blocks the way of Christianity and civilization —**as Barabbas,** he is no worse than those who appeal to Pilate for his release, and who securing it, by their own deliberate choice, become his accomplices thereafter in all the sin he begets, in all the corruption he breeds, in all the wo he creates, in all the crime he executes or inspires.

Barabbas, or Christ! Are ye choosing the first?
Then ye share in the sin which our country has cursed!
Have ye been by the gains of Barabbas enticed?
Then ye march in the mob that would crucify Christ!

Bind Him there, once again, on the Cross, if you can—
The Divine Son of God, and the Saviour of Man;
But remember, as boldly ye put Him to shame,
On yourselves and your children must linger the blame.

MORAL AND POLITICAL FORCES

Not gold, but only men, can make
  A people great and strong;
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
  Stand fast and suffer long.
Brave men, who work while others sleep,
  Who dare while others fly;
They build a nation's pillars deep,
  And lift them to the sky.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Chapter VII

MORAL AND POLITICAL FORCES

THERE might be no Problem of Profit and Loss in Man if there were only one man, and if there could never be another. But when you multiply Man you make Society; and Society makes the State; and the State is confronted by no other problem so important and so imperative as this.

The State is but organized Society; and of Society these four things are true:

1. Society is composed of three factors—its Organized Moral Forces, its Organized Political Forces, and the Individual Man.

2. The maintenance of Society, in any safe and enduring form, demands absolute harmony between its Organized Moral and Organized Political Forces.

3. This absolutely essential harmony between Society's Organized Moral and Organized Political Forces must come through Society's third factor, the Individual Man.

4. This absolutely essential harmony becomes absolutely impossible when the Organized Political Forces create, maintain and foster any system the ultimate of which is the demoralization of Man, the sole harmonizing agent.

These four statements, embodying one great fundamental fact, logically inspire certain interrogatories which may be fruitful of suggestion, and in the answers to which we may find a mass of patriotic truth.

I. WHAT ARE THE ORGANIZED MORAL FORCES OF SOCIETY?

Primarily three:

First—**THE HOME.**

This is the unit of social organism—the smallest organization known to Society. In it moral impulses have their earliest beginnings, and from it these flow forth in moral influences which determine civilization, mold communities, and shape the State. No State can rise higher, in its culture and its character, than its average Home. What its homes are, the State will be.

The Home is and must remain **a moral organization.** Demoralize the Home, and you disintegrate the foundations of the State. It is because this is true that we have marriage laws, and that polygamy is made a crime. In all the history of Authority, it has never thrown its protecting egis around anything else with such constant care as around the purity and sanctity of the Home.

Where one man and one woman, in loving and loyal devotion to each other as husband and wife, guard well their mutual honor and wisely train for the future those children committed to their charge, there abide *the moral foundations of the State,* upon which only can rest the entire superstructure of social and political security. Where these foundations have been guarded the least—where Home ties have grown the loosest and have bound husband and wife the most lightly—social security has the soonest failed, and political revolution has wrought its direst ruin, its bloodiest record.

Second—**THE SCHOOL.**

In this larger and higher form of social organization, the moral impulses, which were born and have been nur-

tured in the Home, are taken up and carried on and systematically developed into character,—the teachings of the Home go forward with judicious discrimination to mental growth and moral progress,—the scholar, that is, ripens wisely and safely into the citizen that is to be, for the soundness and safety of the State.

And the School must continue a moral organization, must remain a moral force, if the Home is to be defended and the State preserved. Public education must and will remain a moral agency while the civilized State endures. This is a moral and political necessity, in a government like our own. The Bible may be eliminated from our public-school system, and from every college and university might be put away every text-book with a distinctly moral trend, and yet the School must abide in its moral purpose and power, if social and political stability are to be maintained, if an organized State is to be the logical and enduring result of organized Society.

Third—**THE CHURCH.**

Here is the highest form of moral organization known to men. In it the best impulses and teachings of the Home, the noblest and purest unfoldings of the School, find their sweetest and ripest fruitage, crystallize into Christian character, become assertive in Christian Citizenship, and are exalted in Christian Patriotism.

In it are focalized the strongest moral incentives, the sublimest social sympathies and ambitions, the holiest aspirations and the highest loyalty. From it resounds throughout the State a call and a command which the School must hear and the Home must heed—the loftiest utterance which can summon Patriotism to social and political duty—that most loyal and royal creed of consecrated Citizenship, as potent and imperative today as when it fell with divine power from the lips of Christ—

"Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

And thus are taught and commanded, in close and inseparable connection, the supreme function of Citizenship in the State, the supreme requirement of Morality in the Citizen. Thus the Church enjoins upon every citizen his duty to God and Government. To fit him for the full discharge of that duty, with intelligence and patriotic wisdom, these three Organized Moral Forces of Society are and will remain imperative, and for his best benefit they should be always at their best, amid the best environments possible, working out their best possible results under conditions the most favorable which can be found or created.

There are secondary Organized Moral Forces which might be named, such as church auxiliaries, Temperance organizations, and penal institutions—even reformatories, and prisons, and jails; but they are purely secondary; and they are essential and exist mainly if not altogether because the primary Moral Forces have failed to achieve their purpose, to accomplish their work. For such failure of these primary Moral Forces ample reason will be found, before this chapter's end.

II. WHAT ARE THE ORGANIZED POLITICAL FORCES OF SOCIETY?

Secondarily they may be numerous, and weak; primarily they are few, and potent.

These **primary Political Forces are the Political Parties,** which practically include and control all forms of secondary political organization.

These forms of secondary organization may greatly assist the primary Political Forces, may even lead to

reorganization and thus to new primary forms; but the real Political Forces of this country are the political parties, which bear names, and build platforms, and conduct campaigns, and announce policies, and administer government or seek to assume its responsibilities.

And they are **organized Political Forces**—must be counted such and so recognized—even though too small for success in any campaign—even though they may stand years for policies which do not succeed.

It may be doubted if any country ever saw an Organized Political Force more potential than the old Liberty Party, or Abolition Party, of James G. Birney, and William B. Goodell, and William Lloyd Garrison, and John G. Whittier, and Wendell Phillips; although it never elected a candidate, never lived to see its ideas embodied in law. Men sneered at its weakness, long years, who came at last to confess its might. It was the herald of a New Time, the harbinger of a Great Hope. It had its mission for the Home, the School, and the Church. It recognized as Home the humblest cabin of the blackest slave, and claimed for that the highest virtue and the surest defense; it stood for the School's beneficence toward all children of all men, whether white or black; and of the Church it demanded absolute separation from the sin of Slavery, that so at every altar clean hands might be uplifted to a holy God in behalf of a nation cleansed from unholy guilt. The harvest of its ideas, its faith and its heroism, was garnered in history.

Other minority parties, or parties of protest, have demonstrated their potency as Organized Political Forces, by compelling legislation which they were unable to enact, by forcing the recognition and settlement of issues which they deemed paramount, but which older and larger

parties would not accept or admit until compulsion came.

The Populist Party and the Prohibition Party should have conspicuous mention in this class. The former stood for Free Silver, a million strong, and forced the Democratic Party to champion that issue and fight for it, even to ignominious and repeated defeat. While the Populist Party did not live long, its ideas died hard, and the potentiality of it affected national politics more widely than is commonly understood, more permanently than may ever be generally comprehended.

The Prohibition Party has a record of longevity unmatched by any other party of Reform, and while for a generation it elected few candidates, and apparently failed of establishing its policy in government, as a separate organization, it has been potent among Organized Political Forces to a degree far greater than is claimed in general by its most enthusiastic supporters. An entire chapter would not suffice to tell of the prohibitive legislation enacted by Democratic and Republican legislatures, and of the purpose to repeal such legislation that such legislatures dared not carry out, because of this Organized Political Force for Prohibition, which lifted itself in almost every State, and voiced itself on almost every public platform, and with heroic boldness proclaimed its principle and heralded its policy wherever the Liquor Traffic bulldozed other and greater parties into submission, with its insolent demands.

The political force of the Prohibitionists, as manifested through their party press and on their platforms and in their pulpits, can never be measured by the ballots which they have cast, or which to their credit have been counted, at the polls. The agitation they have maintained, the education they have imparted, the sentiment they have

inspired, the campaigns they have compelled, and the laws they have indirectly established and preserved, are abundant proof that as an Organized Political Force the Prohibition Party has justified its organization and maintenance, and that the votes and efforts of those men who organized and who have sustained it have not been thrown away—that such votes and efforts will never be wasted while Political Forces must supplement Moral Forces in preserving Morality and Government among men.

However widely variant the Organized Political Forces may be, their final expression is and must remain uniform —**in Law.** The laws which they aim to establish may widely differ, but through Law only can political force assert itself, at the last. Principles may find enunciation; sentiment may be created and extended; policies may be proclaimed; truth may have general diffusion, and become influential; and as the agency and means of all this an Organized Political Force may be indeed a mighty power; but the ultimate expression of that power is lacking unless it takes form in LAW.

All Organized Political Forces look to Law, and the execution of Law, as the means whereby their declared purposes and policies may be established in government.

III. HOW SHALL WE DETERMINE WHETHER A POLITICAL FORCE IS IN HARMONY WITH MORAL FORCES?

By the policy of administration it proposes; by the Law it enacts and administers.

And we must judge of a policy, of a law, *by its effect upon the Home, and the School, and the Church.* There is no other basis of judgment. In no other way can the

absolutely essential harmony between Moral and Political Forces be determined.

Is there a law which guards and nourishes the Home Life; which defends the marriage relation inside the Home; which makes pure and safe the path of children's feet that cross Home's threshold; which tends to comfort within, through sobriety and industry without; which conserves, in every way law can, those moral impulses cradled at the hearthstone and nurtured in the Home; which makes easy and sure the development of morality in Manhood and Womanhood, amid sober conditions and virtuous environment? Then this law is evidence that, so far as this law goes, there is actual harmony between the Organized Moral and the Organized Political Forces of the State.

Is there a law which promotes the School; which brings to it the young life eager to learn and hungry to be taught; which renders easy the teacher's task and certain its returns; which guarantees intelligence in growing citizenship, and safeguards thus the government of years to come, and helps to build more securely the civic foundations on which our nation must stand? Then this law is evidence that, so far as this law goes, there is actual harmony between the Organized Moral and the Organized Political Forces of the State.

Is there a law which upholds and protects the Church; which maintains the sanctity of the Sabbath; to which men listen as a human echo of that Divine Command "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy!" which insures the regular presence in the sanctuary of those who are growing up in the Home; which enables the Church to compete with fair show of success against those unhallowed agencies that are striving to overthrow

it; which helps the Church to help the School and the Home in developing, defending and preserving a Christian Citizenship which alone can be stable as the foundation of a Christian State? Then this law is evidence, as far as this law goes, that there is actual harmony between Society's Organized Moral and Organized Political Forces.

But is there a law which imperils the Home; which robs the wife of her husband, and makes of him a brute; which pollutes the Home's purity, and scars it with sin; which depraves the blood of childhood, and corrupts fatherhood and motherhood, and curses youth and age from the cradle to the grave?

Is there a law which comes between the Home and the School, and halts the feet that seek the halls of learning, and turns them surely to the paths of shame; which makes more difficult the teacher's task, and renders less beneficent the School's mission, and spreads ignorance, vice and crime where education should be beneficently diffused?

Is there a law which assails the sanctity of the Sabbath, and opens the Church to the assaults of its enemies, and closes the Church to millions who remain outside; which discounts the work of the preacher, and helps the devil to capture those whom Christ would save, and makes Christianity a failure, for great masses of men and women, in a so-called Christian land?

Then this law is an evidence, actual, unimpeachable, and appalling, that there are Organized Political Forces not in harmony with Moral Forces; that these Organized Political Forces create, maintain and foster a system the ultimate of which is the demoralization of Man, through whom only can Moral and Political Forces be harmonized.

Is there such a law?

Yes!—wherever License or Tax of the beverage Liquor Traffic prevails.

Every License law is proof, within itself, that this declaration is true. Almost, if not quite, without exception, every such law provides that no saloon shall be licensed within a specified distance of any school-house or any church; thus in plain terms admitting that the saloon is hostile to School and Church—that the work of the saloon is not in harmony with their work, and must not be prosecuted in too close proximity to theirs.

In some States, a Four-Mile Law, outside incorporated towns, forbids all near neighborliness with School and Church of the confessedly hostile saloon, and makes it an impossibility throughout large rural sections, happily extending their areas, and with the incorporated exceptions growing fewer and more favorable—as in Tennessee.

Many License laws prohibit establishment of any saloon within so many hundred feet of a Home; and this partial recognition of any Home's right affords ample proof that the saloon is nowhere the friend of the Home but everywhere its enemy. It may be safely said that wherever a saloon is planted, there, or near there, within its octopus-like outreach, and by its deadly influence, at least five clean and comfortable American homes are blotted out. What is left of these, when the saloon devil-fish has gripped them in its remorseless arms, and sucked their life away, forms but the saddest mockery of or travesty on Home—where childhood has no Home sweetness, motherhood no refining love, fatherhood no manliness, the School no beneficiaries, the Church no allies, and the State no support, its future no defense.

IV. HOW SHALL WE RESTORE THIS HARMONY BETWEEN MORAL AND POLITICAL FORCES UPON WHICH DEPENDS THE MAINTENANCE OF SOCIETY AND THE STATE?

Remember that—

(a) This harmony must come, can come only, through Society's third factor, the Individual Man.

(b) The Individual Man can not insure this harmony, can not be the essential harmonizing agent, when he is demoralized by the Liquor Business.

(c) Demoralization by this Business is not limited to the man who drinks—to the daily patron of Liquor Bars.

More men are demoralized by the Liquor Traffic, and by the License System which maintains it, who seldom or never enter a saloon, than there are habitual drinkers in the whole country.

Are illustrations needed to make this fact more apparent?

When the Prohibition Amendment Campaign was on in Michigan, in 1887, an eminent educator stood at the head of Michigan's great University, with many hundreds of young men and young women under his care, molded in their thought and conviction by his utterance and influence. He had held high position by governmental appointment; he may have anticipated the further honors of that kind which later came to him. For weeks after the campaign began, while the moral and immoral forces were being alined against each other, this man made no sign; and other good men wondered whether this distinguished educator at Ann Arbor would speak out finally for the Home, the School and the Church. And when he spoke it was for the enemy of institutions like

that of which he stood the honored chief; when he got off the fence of neutrality or indifference, to the regret of many thousands who knew and revered him, it was on the saloon side.

Here was one conspicuous example of the demoralization of a great and learned man by the Liquor Traffic.

In that same Amendment Campaign there figured prominently an eminent lawyer, of high lineage and of profoundly Christian character—son of a distinguished Doctor of Divinity, and himself of such Christian faith and feeling that soon afterward he could and did pay a fine poetic Easter tribute to the dead and risen Christ—a man who probably seldom if ever saw the inside of a saloon. And this man made a speech, in the City Opera House of Detroit, which abounded in statements that were baseless, which was false to logic and to fact, but which was printed and strewn broadcast over the State of Michigan during the few days intervening before election—a speech the chief burden of which was: "Carry the Amendment and we shall lose $250,000 revenue every year from the saloons of Detroit alone."

And here was another conspicuous example of the demoralization which comes to good men through the Bad Liquor Business. Whether this particular good man was or was not the paid attorney of liquor-sellers, and serving as their public advocate for the fee received, does not affect the fact. He stood for the Revenue System; he championed the saloon for the money it would pay, to him or his municipality. He assisted in the demoralization of other good men, by the thousands, who could be and were persuaded to support the demoralizing Liquor Traffic for a price.

A year or two later, in the city of Richmond, Va., a

Local Option campaign was on, in which a few of us from the North had part. The saloons won, by a large majority, and this illustration will show how, and why:

On the special election day, after our campaign had closed and its fruits were to be garnered, two of us took a carriage and rode from ward to ward of the city, to observe the men and methods in and around each ward-room. About noon we arrived at the polling-place of the only ward which went Dry. In that ward-room was the only Dry Ward Judge—the official whose duty it was to take from each voter his long, unfolded ballot, and to slip the same, unfolded still, through the narrow opening in the ballot-box cover into the box. Into that room, and up to that Ward Judge, strode a tall, fine-looking, well-dressed man, who bore the marks of social and professional standing; and behind him came eight younger men, all of voting age.

Who was this gentleman? Superintendent of the largest Sunday School in that ward—one of the largest in Richmond. Who were his followers? His Bible Class.

And handing his open ballot to the Ward Judge, this Sunday School Superintendent stept back a pace, and with an air of bravado, and looking squarely in the Judge's face, he said:

"I vote Wet!"

The Dry Judge took the Wet ballot, dropped it through the ballot-box cover, and stept a pace backward himself, and then with a swiftness and keenness of rebuke seldom equaled, and pointing upward as he spoke, he made answer:

"The clerk of this court does not have to record how any man votes; there's a Clerk Up Yonder who is keeping that record!"

The Sunday School Superintendent dropped his head and walked away without another word. He illustrated, again, the demoralization of a good man by a Bad Business.

The Liquor Traffic lives and thrives today, in this country, because these illustrations are so numerous. For the sake of revenue to the State or the town, or occasional self-indulgence, or political preferment, or party success, or some other selfish and shameless reason, good men in every community uphold the bad Traffic, and perpetuate it, willing to be recorded Wet that some personal ends may be satisfied, and heedless of the fact that there is a Clerk Up Yonder who keeps the record by which at last they shall be judged.

The lost harmony between Moral and Political Forces can be restored only by the better record which these men can make; by their restoration to a noble Manhood and a new patriotism which the Liquor Traffic can not again demoralize; and by such changed conditions as will make impossible the demoralization of another great army of men, who can never serve as harmonizing agents because demoralized in every attribute of citizenship—an army of Drinkers, recruited steadily, now, from the saloon which better men authorize and uphold; maintained, while the saloon lives, at the sore cost of the State; a growing peril to the nation, a costly sacrifice of bodies and souls and human hearts before the gates of Hell.

These changed conditions must come, can come only, through policies and laws defending and promoting the Home, the School and the Church. These policies and laws must come, can come only, through and by the Organized Political Forces which are to dominate government and embody power.

The demoralization of men—drinking men, sober men; bad men, good men—by the Liquor Business, will continue and increase while the dominant Political Forces are dominated by Drink, and proclaim policies, maintain laws, which are out of harmony with Moral Forces. And these dominant Political Forces—these arrogant political parties—will continue to proclaim such policies, to maintain such laws, until good men refuse to be demoralized thereby—until every honest man, every sincere patriot, for the sake of his conscience and his own self-respect; for sake of the Home into which he was born, or into which his children came to make him proud and glad; for sake of the School that was his and now is theirs; for sake of the Church he loves, and his loving loyalty to Christ—shall insist upon being the honest, loyal agent he was meant to be for harmonizing Moral and Political Forces in the land of which he is a loyal part.

V. BUT WHERE, AND WHEN, AND HOW, CAN THE INDIVIDUAL MAN EFFICIENTLY SERVE AS THE HARMONIZING AGENT BETWEEN MORAL AND POLITICAL FORCES?

Let three negative answers be first made:

1. **Not in or through the work of some Temperance organization.**

That is but one of the secondary Moral forces, closely allied to the primary; and he who would harmonize these primary Moral with the primary Political must not expect to do this through the secondary.

2. **Not in or through the work of the Church, or any direct auxiliary of that.**

The Church is a primary Moral Force; its auxiliaries are secondary and subordinate, yet a part of it. To har-

monize any two forces or bodies one must stand apart from each, at some point of power and influence between both.

A million prayers at the church altar will not bring Political Forces into harmony with Moral Forces, while the church members uphold laws and policies which demoralize their fellow men.

3. **Not through the good work of his good wife,** *in the Church, or the W.C.T.U., or anywhere else.*

I am reminded here of a man about whom I was told by George Chambers, of the old Silver Lake Quartette—that group of singers who sang Prohibition truth with such magnetic charm. The man lived in a Western New York village. He was of superb physique; stood six feet three in his stockings; appeared to have been made for a man's work in the world.

One day this man was at the village tavern, leaning in manly pose against a post of the piazza, and near him sat a commercial traveler, impressed by the man's grace and strength. And as the traveler looked at the man, a wonder grew in the traveler's mind as to what the man was doing with that splendid form. At last the traveler's curiosity became so great that he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but may I ask what is your occupation?"

Then the man of such manly build hesitated a few seconds, in some embarrassment, twirled his manly, muscular thumbs as if uncertain what to say, and murmured:

"Well, my wife sews."

There are stalwart Christian men in every community—men who stand six feet three in their religious professions, who make long prayers in the prayer meetings and boast of their Temperance habits and sympathies—

who, if you ask them "What is your *Temperance* occupation?" will twirl their manly, muscular Christian thumbs, and murmur with sweet serenity: "Well, my wife sews—in the W.C.T.U."

And I am reminded here of a colored preacher about whom I heard once in Mississippi. He thought he read the text correctly one Sunday morning—and he surely did so read it for the purpose of this illustration.

"The text," he said, "my bredderin', reads as follows: **Whatsoeber a man soweth**—and you'll notice it says *a man,* not a woman—*whatsoeber* **A MAN** *soweth* **that shall he also rip."**

And it may be declared with solemn truth that whatsoever a man soweth for Temperance, through the good work of his good wife in the W.C.T.U., or through his own prayers within the Church, or his own professions outside, *that shall he also rip* **when he votes a liquor ticket on Election Day.**

On the positive side these answers must be made:

1. Efficiently to serve as harmonizing agent between Moral and Political Forces, the Individual Man must stand at some focal point between them where he can potently influence both.

2. There is but one such point, in a republic like ours, where the Individual Man's outreach can affect Moral and Political Forces and Government itself—the Ballot-Box, the Voter's Booth.

It is as **individual as the Man:** it is large enough for but one man at a time. It narrows the man down to himself. It shrinks his responsibility to his own size and form. He can not share it with *his party.* It is exclusively and solely for **A MAN;** not for boys without judgment, or fools without sense, but for **A MAN,** with brain

and conscience, with head and heart, with independence and courage; not a mere atom of some huge Political Mass, moving at the will and by command of some Party Boss, but **A MAN,** given to stand there, at that particular point of individual vantage and responsibility, to harmonize Moral and Political Forces in the interest of all that Homes hold sacred, that Schools conserve and magnify, that churches develop and consecrate, for Humanity's good and the glory of God.

To **this Individual Man**—with brain to think, and heart to feel, and conscience to move, and will to act—to THIS ONE MAN is given the solemn privilege and the mighty power to bring again into clear accord and majestic unity the Moral and Political Forces which with him compose the State. No party can do for him the loyal duty which is his. In the profoundest consciousness of the harmonizing agency which he holds, and of the responsibility which it imposes, he must perform this duty himself.

Where?

At this focal point in government, where government narrows to the man he is, but where his horizon widens to enclose all men—where his deed's outreach is as broad as the land it may affect, yet where he should answer for it to his own conscience as if government were only him and God—**at the Ballot-Box, or in the Voter's Booth.**

When?

On every solemn day of sovereign duty when to that focal point in government he comes.

Not merely when some great stress of public passion has moved the people to sudden impulse; not merely when his own feelings have come to white heat and his

own conscience may stir him with sudden strength; but steadily, year by year, when at the Ballot-Box or in the Voter's Booth he must stand, moved by the calm conviction of his own manhood, regardless of minorities and majorities, heedful of his own harmonizing purpose alone, proud in the performance of a duty which no other man can do, patient as to its results because thus proud, willing rather to see his harmonizing efforts apparently fruitless, even till he dies, than to uphold policies and laws demoralizing to other men and forever making harmony impossible while they exist.

How?

By opposing these policies and laws which demoralize men and make harmony impossible.

By standing for laws and a policy, for a policy and a principle, that shall develop manhood and render every man a fit harmonizing agent between Moral and Political Forces.

By recording himself, persistently and fearlessly, against the demoralizing Liquor Traffic, and every law and policy which upholds it, and thereby doing all one unit of government can to secure that unity between the integral parts of government which is imperative to preservation of the whole.

Upon this unit—**the Individual Man**—in such unity, this nation depends. Upon this unit we build the State. To magnify this unit, Home, and School, and Church, exist. What harms the unit, harms them. What curses them, curses the unit and corrupts the State.

And every unit—every Individual Man—must magnify and exalt every other unit, and the sources from which all units come. He will do this the more successfully, the more he magnifies and exalts himself—not in the selfish-

ness of lust, and greed, and pride of personal gain; but in the recognition of his cost as a man, and of the development wrought in his own Manhood by the Moral Forces to which he is debtor and which he must defend; in the recognition of his responsible relation to other men, because of his responsibility to God; in the exaltation of his own powers, and of all his attributes as a Man and a Citizen, because these powers and attributes are God-given, to be Man-kept and Man-used, for the best behoof of MAN.

On one of my visits to Mount Washington, many years ago, I spent a wild night upon its summit—a night of fearful storm, which shook the stout walls of "Tip-Top," and rattled the roof's fastenings, and roared in mad rage around the little chamber where I slept.

Next morning I was up betimes, to see the sun rise. The storm's fury had spent itself, but thick folds of cloud still enveloped the mountain's crown, and shut me in. Over the slippery rocks I clambered, to the topmost point of all, and there waited.

Suddenly the cloud-folds lifted, the flying mists fled away—and what a scene!

Far below, but midway up the mountain-side, the storm-masses lay, motionless, and wondrously beautiful, sweeping off on every hand from my island anchorage, an ocean of milk-white foam, more lovely than painter ever dreamed or shallop ever skimmed, magnificent beyond all words:

> A silver sea, without a sail
> To hint of earthly haven nigh,
> Where one could almost hear the hail
> Of angel voyagers floating by.

Far to the eastward, out of this unearthly sea, the sun had risen, and looking there I saw straight on from me to it a shining track, a glimmering way to glory!

The valley far beneath knew no sun. Shut in by all that dun, dense mass, to me so beautiful, it waited, in its twilight, for the morning.

I was alone in the world. Here and there a rock-bound peak its head uplifted, another island in the wondrous sea, but uninhabited. For me, alone, the sun had risen, in splendor such as mortal rarely sees. For me, alone, as much as if in all the world beside no mortal ever lived. For me, alone, as much as if for me the world were made, and God had set me there upon the throne of it, and crowned me, in His glory, King!

And then I knew, and ever since have known, that my own being runs from me to God—that God has part in it, and thought in it, and purpose—that for its uses and for its results He holds me ever as accountable, as if I were the one sole creature of His hand, as if I were the only human known, and God and I made up the universe!

In such a consciousness of his relation and responsibility to God, bearing in his bosom the sense of his relation and responsibility to his fellows, the Individual Man will stand upon the summit of Citizenship, at the sunrise of every Election Day, while all about him will shine the glory of Truth, and on before him will gleam the path of Duty, straight from his own feet to the far Beyond as if no other path or person went that way!

And he will walk it, willing, now, and glad. And when he halts beside it, at the polling-place, and steps, alone, into the Voter's Booth, and takes his ballot sheet, and in the circle at the head of it marks there a cross, the symbol of a straight, unswerving choice, he will think what means

The Cross within this world of men—of the sore sacrifice and the wide salvation it meant when on it hung the Christ—of all it represents today for the redemption and exaltation of human life, in Home, and School, and Church—of the sad, sore failure it is for smitten millions because of the Saloon—of the ally which his vote must make him, then and always, **of THE CROSS** or **of THE CURSE**—and there and then, with head uncovered but with Manhood crowned, he will make his ballot count a shining unit for Prohibition, and the Moral Forces which have made him *A MAN*.

We are building in the Western World a Temple fine and grand,
For the Peoples of the Future in its beauty to behold;
And the glory of its grandeur shall illumine every land,
When the pages of the ages have been told.
We must rear it in the splendor of a Manhood that is true
To the Godlikeness within it, for divinest mission born;
With a love as wide and tender as the One Messiah knew
We must labor till the Consummation Morn.

There are four foundation pillars of the Temple that we build,
And each one must bear its burden, howsoever great the share;
Never yet was master-builder in his art so wisely skilled
That for sure foundations he could idly care.
And this Temple, slow uprearing, must be founded on the rock,
If the Future shall behold it,—if unmoved it may remain
Thro' the stress of angry tumult, thro' the wilder tempest-shock
When fierce lightnings rive the burning air in twain.

Shape THE HOME support with caution, O ye builders of the State!
Guard it well from every danger; keep it plumb with Love and Truth;
For upon this comely pillar rests forevermore the fate
Of our Temple, in the future of our youth.

Build the Home of empty bottles, empty casks, and empty kegs,
It will crumble into fragments underneath its heavy load,
And the Temple based upon it will go down among the dregs
Where the flood of Drink with wreck and ruin flowed.

Shape THE SCHOOL with careful wisdom, while the Home
ye guard so well;
Let no liquid foe assail it, thro' the cruel greed of men;
Shield the childhood that it symbols from the poisoned fumes of
hell;
Keep it firm and fair as fashioned, always, then.
For they build the State in beauty who adorn the human mind,
Who extend its range of vision, and who broaden human
thought;
They are dastards to their duty, they are traitors to their kind,
Who to deaden brain and conscience can be bought.

Fair, and firm, and strong, unyielding, let THE CHURCH for-
ever stand,
At its corner of the Temple that we rear with costly pride;
Let it bear full share of burden, at the Master's own command,
And refuse again to see Him crucified!
For the virtue of the Woman, for the purity of Man,
It should lift itself with courage and its honor swift avow;
It should smite the bar and brothel, and the shameless License
Plan
Which compels it in obedience to bow.

Be THE BALLOT-BOX a pillar that shall not be overthrown,
Rising still erect, unbroken, 'mid the perils which abound,
While around it men shall gather, in the greatness they have
grown,
To defend the rights of Manhood they have found!
Make it clean from all corruption, keep it free from curse of
gold,
Shield it well from sin that sanctions other sin for guilty gains,
Till the lords of mighty nations in their majesty behold
How the *Rule of Man* in majesty remains!

We are building here a Temple for the Future wide and vast,
And its four foundation pillars on THE CITIZEN we rest,—
Solid Rock of Sober Manhood, from the quarries of the Past,
Fit and fashioned for the Future's final test.
Shall the wages of the ages all our labor compensate?
Shall our Temple stand in beauty when the thrones of men go down?
Then upon THE SOBER CITIZEN build well THE SOBER STATE,
Make its Manhood fit for Coronation's crown!

MORAL FACTS AND POLITICAL FACTORS

The naked sword of justice, in the hands of a determined party, is the only instrument that will bring the desired result.—*John B. Finch.*

Chapter VIII

MORAL FACTS AND POLITICAL FACTORS

WHEN we take or follow Temperance into the realm of Politics—when we study the problem of Profit and Loss in Man as affected by political conditions—two questions may be sincerely put:

1st. Why any party in regard to this Reform?

2d. Why a party which advocates Prohibition?

The former inquiry may come from those men who accept Prohibition as the only wise and righteous basis of settlement for the Liquor Problem, but who do not see the need of a party to insure this. "The Temperance Question," they say, "is a Moral Question; why mix it with politics?—why try to solve it through a political party?"

The latter inquiry may come from those men who do not accept Prohibition as the best basis of settlement, but who believe that some settlement must be had, through some party, perhaps, their own preferably, on less radical terms.

To these questions let us make such careful answer as we can, by presenting, and establishing, if possible, five distinct propositions, viz.:

I. WITHIN THE PURVIEW OF POLITICS MUST COME EVERY MORAL QUESTION WHICH AFFECTS MAN IN HIS RELATION TO GOVERNMENT.

The intelligence and virtue of the people, on which

our government rests, will forever demand this, while our form of government remains. To this fact are due all Sunday laws, all marriage laws, and all other laws establishing by legal statute a moral standard among men.

And let it be said that **legal statutes do establish moral standards.** The morality of a people will never rise above the moral level of their laws. Said once a well-known jurist of Massachusetts, Judge Sprague:

"The laws of a country may reconcile public sentiment to crimes, even the most abhorrent to our nature, to murder itself."

In the little principality of Monaco is the great gambling establishment, Monte Carlo, to which go thousands of men and women from all over the world. There gambling is reputable, to a large degree, because no law exists there to make it otherwise.

The great Louisiana Lottery held a certain place in public respect for a long term of years because of legal sanction by the State.

Let any State sanction Polygamy by law, and in a year's time it would not be generally thought a heinous thing, even in its most moral community, for one man to have more than one wife.

Politics and morals, moral questions and political reform, can be divorced only to the peril and ruin of the State; but let no one suppose, because moral questions come within the purview of Politics, that the province of Politics is to settle moral questions upon any other than moral standards, or that any part of a people have a political right to unsettle moral standards to suit their own immoral tendencies or tastes.

The Ten Commandments were not given on Sinai to be voted upon in Sodom. No opportunity was afforded in Gomorrah to revise the tables of stone. Local Option

was not in the decrees given to Moses, if it did prevail in the Garden of Eden. And the chief trouble with it there has troubled it more or less ever since—the devil determined the vote.

II. EVERY TRUE MORAL REFORM, WHICH BROADLY AFFECTS THE STATE, MUST BE MADE A FACT IN GOVERNMENT TO BE EFFECTIVE; AND A MORAL FACT CAN BE ASSERTED AND CAN DOMINATE IN GOVERNMENT ONLY THROUGH A POLITICAL REFORM.

The moral reform in whose interest these pages appear broadly affects the State. It focalizes in the unit citizen of the State, but it radiates through all his relations to society, permeates all the functions of government, and influences all the future of civilization.

Whether the citizen shall be sober or drunken, may be first a moral question with the man himself, but thereafter and directly it becomes a social question, ramifying through all the avenues of social interdependence, and resultantly a political question, because in the man is the unit of political sovereignty.

The citizen is the State. The drunken citizen means a drunken State. A pauperized citizenship means a pauper State. A corrupt citizenship means a corrupt State.

Said President Garfield in his Inaugural Address:

"We have no standard by which to measure the evil that may be brought upon us by ignorance and vice in the citizen when joined to corruption and fraud in the suffrage."

Whether the man shall be drunk or sober, pertains first to him, in the realm of his personal morals, but thereafter and directly to the State, in the realm of his political relationship. His personal immorality, through drink,

at home or in the saloon, may become political corruption at the polls. Ignorance and vice in the citizen will bear fruit in corruption and fraud of the suffrage. **What he is, the government must become.** It will not go above his average level, and stay there.

Import him as a political babe from beer-drinking Europe, wet-nurse him in a foreignized brewery, and suckle him in the American saloon, and the government shall sink to the levels from which he came and in which he remains. It is the law of political gravitation. The nation can not rise while the individual goes down. The individual can not rise when you dead-weight him with Drink. The average individual morality determines the average of national morals.

The domination of moral facts in government depends on political factors. Chief of these, always in our form of government, is the political party. It defines the boundary lines between popular beliefs and opinions. It formulates varying political creeds. It is the agency of political reforms. It is the vehicle of moral expressions which become political acts. It assumes the responsibility for establishing moral facts in government. It is the only medium through which those facts can be established there.

Because, to be so established they must become political reforms; and

III. A POLITICAL REFORM CAN BECOME A FACT IN GOVERNMENT ONLY THROUGH A POLITICAL PARTY WHICH ADMINISTERS GOVERNMENT.

Be it remembered that what we require, we of the Prohibition faith, is that this Temperance Question shall be *settled, as a fact in government, through* **a political factor competent to settle it.**

It is not enough that we have a declaration of the church, a sentiment in the community, a moral spasm of the moral forces which make show of righteousness. It is not enough that we have statutes, even, made to satisfy moral sentiment and pacify the morally spasmodic members of society.

A fact in government is what we are after—something admitted, recognized, undisputed, sovereign; like the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Such a fact in government can be based upon one foundation only—that of principle. "There shall be no more slavery on American soil," was **the political fact,** written into our government with the best American blood; but back of it, or under it, was the eternal *principle* that "No man has a right to hold another man in bondage."

No church could thus have established that fact, even upon that principle. The church is not a political factor. It has no mission to control government. It has no machinery wherewith to maintain such control.

Suppose we were to admit that this moral fact of the Temperance Reform should and could somehow be written into government through a great moral organization like the church. At once we would be confronted by the serious question—*What church?*

Some zealous Baptist brother might insist that **a cold-water reform** should be fostered and effected through a decidedly **cold-water church.** Whereat a worthy Methodist might refer us with pride to the splendid resolutions of his General Conference, and might claim, with reason, that no Baptist body has ever uttered such grandly emphatic and widely authoritative truth in regard to the Liquor Traffic. He might say:

"No political party has a right to expect, nor should it receive, the votes of Christian men, so long as it stands committed to the license system, or refuses to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon."

And this declaration by the Methodist General Conference of 1892, reaffirmed by the General Conference of 1900, could not be matched in authority and force by any Baptist record, not even that of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, when in session at Chicago in 1890, which declared of the Liquor Traffic:

"That it has no defensible right to exist, that it can never be reformed, and that it stands condemned by its unrighteous fruits as a thing un-Christian, un-American, and perilous utterly to every interest in life."

Brave words these, to be sure, but they do not speak of *party;* and our Methodist brother might urge that his church, because of its greater courage, should stand for us instead of party if any church could, concerning this matter. Nor could we quite silence him as another Baptist tried once to silence another Methodist.

"I don't like your church," he said squarely; "it has too much machinery. There are your Official Boards, your Presiding Elders, your Fall Conference, your Spring Conference, your General Conference, and your Bishops—too much machinery for me."

But the Methodist quietly made answer:

"We may have more machinery in our church than you have in yours, but it doesn't take near so much water to run it."

It may be fairly assumed that the church with most water-power, and the church with most machinery, would not soon agree as to which of them should settle the Temperance Question, as a fact in government, if either

could. And while they were disputing about it, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, United Presbyterians, Cumberland Presbyterians, Universalists, Dutch Reformed and Catholic, would come forward and cite what their highest organic bodies have said, insisting that any church which would thus bravely resolve would as truly serve our need.

Ecclesiastical clamor for selection might long delay establishment of the political fact. But Ecclesiasticism is not Politics. No church ought to become a political machine. While as between good politics and bad politics every church ought to stand for the best, when it stands for either, it may properly let alone both *except so far as they concern a moral question involving the work and power of the church, the morality of men, and the salvation of souls.*

A fact in government is not the choice of the rabble, today, in Gomorrah or Gotham, in Sodom or Chicago. It is the deliberate, decisive, fixed and final utterance of the average character which forms government, written down in the fundamental law, and sacredly enforced.

To write it there is not the work of the church, but requires a political party; to maintain and establish it there may require the maintenance of that party. What is a political party? Says one definition:

"One of the parts into which a people is divided on questions of public concern."

Should the People be divided on the Temperance question? Is it not of sufficient public importance to divide the people upon?

"A party," says the Standard Dictionary, is

"One of the opposing political organizations striving for supremacy in a State."

Should any party strive for supremacy on behalf of this reform?

In one of its national deliverancies (1888) the Republican Party declared that

"The *first concern* of good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of the home."

Who denies it? What Republican will now rise up and say that this declaration of his party was not true?

Certainly upon "the *first concern* of good government" the people may be divided, if unhappily there be any portion of the people who do not believe in virtue and purity—in the American Home. For the supremacy of this "first concern" surely a part of the people should stand.

What is a Political party?

According to Gladstone:

"An instrument for attaining great ends."

If "the first concern of good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of the home," can there be any greater ends for government to seek than the establishment of these? Could any "instrument" be more needed than an "instrument" for attaining them?

What is a political party?

According to Edmund Burke:

"A body of men joined together, for the purpose of promoting, by their joint endeavors, the national interest upon some particular principle upon which they are all agreed."

Does any man believe that the national interests can be promoted in any other way so well as by shutting up the saloons and stopping the sale of Strong Drink? Is there any man who knows of any other particular principle

upon which a great body of men are now agreed, which could be made a fact in government with such beneficent financial, political and moral results?

The field is challenged to find one other such principle, and the challenge will not be accepted by any honest and intelligent citizen.

By all the definitions of party, then, which are accepted as fair and exact; by all the philosophy of morals and politics which can be sustained in logic and which has been embodied in law; the Temperance Question demands a political party for settlement, and can never be settled outside a political party. *But*

IV. NO POLITICAL PARTY CAN ESTABLISH A POLITICAL REFORM AS A FACT IN GOVERNMENT WHEN INSIDE THE PARTY THERE IS AN ELEMENT OPPOSING THE REFORM GREATER THAN THE PARTY'S DOMINATING MAJORITY.

A party is not an army. It can not be wielded in solid phalanx, at the word of command. It is but a body of men joined together because agreed upon some particular principle. For that principle it may be massed as a unit, but for no other. Be the party what it may, let some question arise within it on which all are not agreed, and the disagreeing minority will make possible its defeat. Such possible defeat will be made sure, if this disagreeing minority exceed in size the normal majority which the party boasts over its opponents.

There are in round numbers about 30,000 licensed liquor-sellers in the State of New York. It is fair to assume that each one of these represents, in himself and in those whom he may directly control, at least five votes. Here, then, are 150,000 straight liquor votes in the two

old parties of this one State. Evenly divided, this would mean 75,000 liquor votes in each of the great parties. Probably no one will claim that less than 50,000 of these votes are found in either the Republican or the Democratic party. Take these 50,000 votes out of either party, and add them to the other party, and there would be a change in party figures of 100,000, while the normal Democratic or Republican plurality of New York has not reached one-half such amount.

It may be charged, without fear of contradiction, that even in 1882, when the Democratic party's plurality exceeded 192,000, there were more liquor votes then in that party, in New York, than this abnormal winning figure would record. It is equally true, no doubt, that even in 1896, when the Republican plurality was unparalleled, reaching over 260,000, the liquor vote in that party matched it, if not more.

No intelligent man will claim that there are not inside each of the great parties in New York at least a quarter of a million men who do not believe in Prohibition as a means of settlement for this Reform. Were either party to declare for this means of settlement, for Prohibition as the basis of settlement, the liquor vote—the anti-Prohibition vote—would leave it *en masse*. This is not theory, nor prophecy; it is history.

And this is why the Republican Party, though beginning there as a Prohibition Party, and claiming for so many years to be a Temperance party, in New York, became so openly a License Party and set itself so boldly for perpetuation of the Liquor Business. It sought to save the saloon vote, through a saloon policy. Its enormous plurality, immediately following adoption of the Raines Law, was proof that it did not lose that vote in

consequence of that law. The loss of that plurality in large part, a year later, may have indicated some disgust with some of the Law's provisions on the part of saloon men. But any License Law, however burdensome to the Liquor Business, will hold for the party originating it a large share of the anti-Prohibition vote. A Prohibition Law would lose it all that vote.

It requires *a successful* party to establish any reform in government as a fact. Agreement is indispensable to success. A divided party means a defeated party. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic party in New York—or in Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa—will ever be agreed upon Prohibition while those two parties live. Under the laws of partizan human nature and of party politics, as they rule today, for either of these parties to declare for Prohibition, by a majority act in Convention, would be to invite defeat at the polls—would mean simple party suicide. If either party is prepared to die, that method may be recommended. It would be respectable, unselfish, and sure.

When it came to burial, however, what should we bury?—and where should we go to weep over the remains? A party is but "one of the parts into which a people is divided." It has no more body or soul, to lose or save, than a ghost. It is imponderable, intangible. Nothing dies, if a party die, but a noun—a very proper noun, it may be—or an adjective used instead of a noun. The People abide—even that one part of the people which it is said a party is.

You might bury all the parties in this land, this very day—if you could find anything for burial, and if you could find a grave large enough, or small enough, to bury

them in—and no man would miss anything tomorrow. The world would wag right on, in its old-fashioned way. And all our tears would be for something dead which never had organic life, for something gone we never saw!

Yet parties are a necessity while government exists, as ghost-like as they are, as disembodied as they must be, in their organic whole. Some party is imperative, to establish as a fact in government the greatest reform ever proposed since government began.

"But **why a Prohibition Party?"** comes again the second inquiry to which we at first referred. "Why name it so?" we are further asked. "Why make it so? Why not a High License Party?—or a High Tax Party?—or a Local Option Party? We might go with you under some other name, and on a different principle," say a great multitude. "Why not give us a chance?"

Well, friends, we want you to come, we urge you to come, our victory waits on your coming, but we say to you—and this is our final proposition:

V. THERE IS NO PRINCIPLE BUT PROHIBITION ON WHICH THIS POLITICAL REFORM CAN BE MADE A FACT IN GOVERNMENT BY ANY POLITICAL PARTY.

There is **no principle proposed** for the settlement of this Temperance Question by any but Prohibitionists.

"Ah, but," comes the answer, "there is the principle of License; you surely must admit that."

No; License is not a principle; it is **only an exception to the principle**—of Prohibition.

What is a principle?

A fixed, immutable, unalterable and uniform physical, moral, spiritual, political or scientific law. It is the same

in Massachusetts as in Mississippi, in Kentucky as in Connecticut, in Michigan as in Maryland.

There is nothing fixed, or immutable, or uniform, about License, or Tax, or Local Option. And all these are based upon the one fixed, immutable, unchanging *principle* of Prohibition, to which either is an exception, and which is antagonized by all.

There must be prohibition of all men, before you can license any man, or tax any man; and even Local Option builds on the principle but allows men to say whether or where it shall be broken.

Every License law is a confession that the principle of Prohibition exists, and is right. Either the State which enacts the law had a right to prohibit the licensed thing, or it has no right to accept the license fee. If the licensed man had a right to pursue his licensed vocation before he paid his license fee, then the exaction of that fee by the State was a license fraud. He either had that right, or the State had right to prohibit it, and later, *if at all,* to confer it for the price he paid.

But had the State any right to confer that right, on his payment of a price? I tell you *nay!*

"There is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail," says the Supreme Court of the United States; and in close connection it declares:

"No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals."

If there is no inherent right in the citizen to sell, it must be because there is inherent wrong in the sale. If there is inherent wrong in the sale, what right have Town Boards, or Boards of Excise, or Legislatures, or even the People themselves, to say that sales may be? What right

has any man to propose a policy of sale? What right has one part of a people, otherwise a party, to stand for such a policy, to proclaim it, to support it, to perpetuate it? What right has any patriot, any Christian, to ally himself with such a party, supporting and perpetuating such a policy, for the direct purpose or with the direct result of bartering public morals for a price?

"Ah, but," comes a rejoinder, "the License policy, in its proper form, is but a Tax Policy. License means Tax, properly interpreted. And you surely will not go so far as to deny the State's right to tax the Liquor business?"

Yea, verily, our denial even goes that far, and with good reason.

What is taxation?

De Laveleye, the greatest French economist, has declared:

"It is the price paid by the citizens for the blessings of social order."

In the language of Montesquieu:

"The revenue of the State is a portion of his wealth sacrificed by each citizen in order to gain security for the rest, or the means of enjoying it more agreeably."

De Laveleye further says:

"When in exchange for the tax a government gives neither security nor comfort, the tax is mere robbery."

Does it not follow that when the security is incomplete, and the comfort inadequate, the tax is robbery to a certain extent? Do not *partial* comfort and security *prove* partial robbery?

If I, a citizen, pay for security not afforded me, has not my money been taken upon a false pretense? Has government any right to take my tax, my tribute, my

payment for security and comfort, and then accept a payment, a tribute, a tax, from any other man, for any other business that discounts the comfort and security for which I pay?

If he pay **a special tax** on **a special business,** is it not for **the special purpose** that in such business he may have **a special privilege?** Has government any right to grant any man any special privilege to the cost of my security and comfort when I have paid for the same?

John Stuart Mill has been more quoted in favor of Personal Liberty, and against Prohibition, than any other man. In his Chapter on the General Principles of Taxation Mr. Mill declares:

"The ends of government are as comprehensive as those of the social union. They consist of all the good, and all the immunity from evil, which the existence of government can be made either directly or indirectly to bestow."

When I pay, then, for the support of government, I give tribute, I sacrifice of my possessions, that the best ends of government may be mine—I contribute to the maintenance of government that I may receive from it the greatest possible good, and may be insured by it the largest possible immunity from ill.

And I deny that government has any right to recognize, to foster, to protect, upon any terms of payment, either of License or Tax, any bad business or industry, any evil or wrong, from which I can not be guaranteed that immunity for which I pay. I declare that when I pay my tax, as the loyal tribute to government of a loyal citizen, I have established my claim to the government's loyal consideration of all my interests and rights, and **Government,** ***through special grants to other men,*** **must not be disloyal to me!**

"Ah, but," is finally insisted, "license or tax, right or wrong, the will of the people must rule. Whatever the majority wish, you must admit, they should have. This is a government of the people, by the people, for the people."

But why did we not apply this logic to the problem of Slavery? The slaveholder did so apply it, and insist that we should, and we refused. Every slaveholder was a Local Optionist. All he asked was that the people should rule in those localities where they believed in Slavery. Because men did not want slaves in New York, he argued, was no reason why he should not want and have slaves in North Carolina, or any other Southern State.

Said his Northern ally, Stephen A. Douglas, in 1857:

"If Kansas wants a Slave-State Constitution, she has a right to it; if she wants a Free-State Constitution, she has a right to it. It is none of my business which way the slave clause is decided."

That was Local Option on a broad scale, sure enough. Douglas was openly a Local Optionist on that question. But Abraham Lincoln was not. And it was he—the man whose Proclamation finally freed the slave—who answered Mr. Douglas in these words:

"He contends that whatever community wants slaves has a right to have them. So they have *if it is not a wrong.* But *if it is a wrong, he can not say a people have a right to do a wrong.*"

"Squatter Sovereignty" had an able advocate in Douglas, but it went down before the logic of righteousness. Local Option is the "Squatter Sovereignty" of the saloon, but it can not stand an hour before the spirit of our institutions—which is Human Brotherhood, in precept

and practise, in Church and State. It fails utterly, this Local Option policy does, when you test it by the measure of Principle, in place of which it puts taste, sentiment, self-interest, political considerations. Carry the logic of Local Option to its legitimate end, and every vicious community should rule itself, should have the right to spread its vicious influence throughout the State.

But the fact holds, that in the settlement of Moral Right versus Wrong majorities never have counted; the majority wish of localities or sections has never been a final arbiter.

Lincoln was greater than Douglas; and he uttered a great truth when he said:

"Whoever desires the prevention of the spread of slavery and the nationalization of that institution yields all when he yields to any policy that either recognizes slavery as being right or as being an indifferent thing. Nothing will make you successful but setting up a policy which shall treat the thing as being wrong."

So we yield all, when we yield to any policy which recognizes the Liquor Traffic as being right or as having rights—which concedes that anywhere the people may treat it as a matter of righteous choice—which allows that any legislature may confer rights upon it, or any part of a State may authorize it to be.

If a majority-right in a whole State did not remove the moral and political wrong of slavery, no majority-right in a single town or county can remove the wrong of License.

Lincoln was greater than Douglas—far greater until that day when Douglas ceased being an apologist and a partizan, and became a Patriot. "There are now but two parties," he declared then—"*patriots and traitors.*"

Today there are but two parties, with regard to this one great reform—**Prohibitionists** and **Perpetuationists.** Whoever stands for Local Option, or Tax, or License, or for any party supporting either, is a Perpetuationist in fact, whatever way he spells his political name. If the Liquor Traffic is a traitor to the Home—as it is; a foe to the School—as it is; the enemy of the Church—as it is; disloyal to the Republic—as it is—**a Perpetuationist can not be a Patriot** in the fullest sense. And no party, I care not how loyal may have been its past, can stand for the policy of Saloon Perpetuation and be truly patriotic now.

Patriotism meant once to save the nation; it means now to save those institutions whereon the Nation's perpetuity depends—to save the Boy, as the citizen in embryo, the very germ of the State.

But now our great parties wax ardent in their zeal for everything but Manhood. They respond with cheerful alacrity to about every demand upon their consideration save the demand of the Home for its protection—the demand of Motherhood for defense against its bitterest enemy—the demand of Childhood for guardianship from its most unrelenting foe.

They are not the half so humanitarian as a certain policeman in New York of whom I read. There was a fire in one of those great apartment houses, an apartment on the fourth floor being in flames. With great exertion all the occupants had been removed in safety, as they supposed, when suddenly the woman of the saved household began wringing her hands and crying out in distress, as she ran up and down on the sidewalk—"Save my baby! Oh, save my baby!"

A brave police officer heard her, asked where the

baby was, and rushed back into the burning apartment. Up the stairs he went, and the lookers-on held their breath. He was taking life in his hands, but it was to save a life. He was doing a noble deed, and they honored him.

Into the smoking rooms he rushed, and found the special room to which he had been directed, and there, tied with a cord to a leg of the table, was *a pet pug dog,* and around its neck a silver collar on which was the name —"Baby." And that "Baby"—*her* "Baby"—was borne to the anxious woman on the sidewalk by that brave man who had risked his life—*for a dog.*

The best motherhood of America begs for the life of its own. The babe, the Boy, inside the Home or lured away into dens of infamy and vice, is in dire danger today. Worse than the fires of this world threaten him. The flames and fumes of Drink, the wreck and ruin of the Liquor Traffic, are all about him. He should be saved, for his own sake, and the Home's sake, and the sake of all that is dear and sacred in Society. If he were **only a pig-iron dog, with a silver collar on it,** or a silver dog with a gold collar, and if on *that* collar were the "Baby's" name, then the great parties would be as brave as that policeman was who cared so bravely *for life*—they would seek to save it, for the silver in its body or the gold around its neck.

But the Boy, for his own sake, for sake of the Man he should become, they will not try to save. To a dead past they may be loyal, but not to a living present, and a future embodied in Today's Youth.

The new line of patriotic party division runs direct and straight between the Home, the School, the Church, the Ballot-Box, upon the one side, and the saloon upon the

other. No patriot can be on both sides of that line at once. If he will stand in the saloon door he must get off the church steps. If he believes in saloon perpetuity—if he persists in supporting a political policy which perpetuates the saloon—he should stop praying for the salvation of men and the glory of God. The Prohibitionist seeks to establish in government a moral fact, for the perpetuity of the nation and the welfare of all. He must do this through a political factor which represents the fact. The Perpetuationist upholds immorality, condones crime, defends vice, maintains wrong, opposes Right, and hinders the progress of Civilization. This he does through a political party upholding the saloon, and responsible for its results. His intent may not go thus far, but thus far goes the effect of his party support. The record of his act is in his ballot, and in the results of that, not in his intention; and **by that record must he be judged.**

> And at the last an honest man's intent—
> The thing which in his heart he surely meant—
> Was but the thing which o'er and o'er he did,
> And not some purpose that his doing hid.
> Would he *in earnest* serve his fellow men,
> His deed swift matches his intention then;
> Would he *in earnest* smite the Giant Wrong,
> His blow is true, and like his faith is strong;
> Is he a patriot faithful, firm and bold,
> He holds his manhood dearer far than gold,
> Or place, or party, and his fellow man
> He serves in love wherever serve he can,
> His duty pointing on Election Day
> To yonder place where Sundays he should pray,
> His ballot proving, when the count is in,
> How *at the Ballot-Box* he hated sin
> And smote it there, for God and Man to win!

DICTIONARY POLITICS

And the government shall be upon his shoulder.—*Isaiah* 9, 6.

Chapter IX

DICTIONARY POLITICS

TAKING the Bible for his theme, an eminent pulpit orator once declared in my hearing that anybody could find anything in said Book which they desired to find and for which they sought. He was even willing to admit that hell-fire could be found there, as he good-naturedly confessed, while himself not believing in it; and he rather rejoiced that other preachers find it, and are willing to preach it, "because," he said, "men are like swine—*some* men.

"I remember," he went on, with his bit of a brogue, "when I was a lod in Yorkshire (England), seeing a mon driving a swine along the road, and the beast lay down in the mud and wouldn't budge an inch, you know —just lay there grunting. And coaxing wouldn't do any good, and beating wouldn't do any good; but by and by the mon just put a wisp of straw under the swine's nose and set fire to it; and then the beast got up and went on.

"So there are some men, you know, going along the highway of life," continued this quaint preacher, "who lie down in the mud and slime of their own sins, and who will not budge a foot. You can't coax them; you can't drive them; there they stay. And I am just glad that there are men who find a wisp of hell-fire and burn it right under their noses, until they get up and move on. I never could do it myself, you know, but it needs to be done, and I'm glad somebody can do it."

The Bible is wonderfully comprehensive and inclusive, surely. Both believer and infidel will admit this. And so, in its way, is the Dictionary. You can find almost everything you wish in that—even faith, and comfort, and riches; even joy, and sorrow, and sympathy; though the faith may not stay your soul, and the comfort may not gladden your heart, and the riches may not relieve your need—the joy may be joyless, the sorrow but a word, and the sympathy mere syllables.

So in the Dictionary you can find Politics—just the word, you know, with what it stands for clearly defined; **Politics,** with other words related, though standing quite apart, and a study of these and their meanings will not be inopportune before we proceed further.

It is not party politics that we ask you to consider in this chapter; but **Dictionary Politics.** To this theme, of course, no man *should* object who believes in the Dictionary; to it no man *will* object, I am sure, who believes in the Bible and the Dictionary both. And the man who believes most in the Bible will have least objection to the Dictionary—*as we shall use it.*

Dictionary Politics let it be, then; and let the Dictionary define:

"*Politics*—the science of Government; that part of ethics which has to do with the regulation and government of a nation or state; the preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity; the defense of its existence and rights against foreign control or conquest, the augmentation of its strength and resources, and the protection of its citizens in their rights with the preservation and improvement of their morals."

Politics, then, according to the Dictionary, must relate to the Governing Authority, and to those who are governed by it; to the State, and to the unit of the State, the individual citizen.

With Politics, therefore, every citizen has to do; and Politics must deal with all citizens individually. Government builds upon the individual.

Listen to Chief-Justice Story, speaking to us from his past generation:

"The American Republic above all others demands from every citizen increasing vigilance and exertion, since we have deliberately dispensed with every guard against danger and ruin except the intelligence and virtue of the people themselves."

It follows that Politics must deal particularly with private and public morals. It follows, further, that there must be **Political Righteousness.** Within its realm, popular intelligence and virtue must be conserved, promoted, guarded, for the general good.

"Politics—the Science of Government; *that part of* **Ethics.**" Thus runs the definition.

And what may *ethics* be? According to that great philosopher and logician, Sir William Hamilton—

"Ethics is the science of the laws which govern our action as moral agents."

If Sir William's definition of Ethics be correct, and if the Dictionary's definition of Politics be accepted, the domain of Politics must lie within the realm of "our action as moral agents."

Ethics, according to the Dictionary, is

"The science of human duty; the body of rules of duty, drawn from this science."

What Ethics may be, then, depends upon what **Duty** is; and Duty, says the Dictionary, is

"The relation or obliging force of that which is morally right."

Therefore, Duty being what it is declared to be, Ethics

being what it must be as the science of Duty, and Politics being "that part of Ethics which has to do with the regulation and government of a nation or State," "that which is morally right" must dominate in Politics and prevail in government, or Duty is outraged, Ethics belied, and Politics disgraced. Therefore Christianity can hold aloof from Politics only as it fails in Duty; therefore the Politics of the Dictionary cannot be barred from our pulpits or cast out of our churches, without wrong to morality.

Things ethical may pertain either to church or State, to the individual or the mass; but all ethical things have relation to Duty, and Duty is the moral bond between man and man, in the mass or individually, or between man and government, or between man and God.

"Duty," says another Dictionary definition, is "loyal performance of obligation;" and obligation implies moral status, loyalty covers moral faithfulness; the loyal performance of obligation, in Politics as in Religion, must be recognized as a moral act; and immorality in Politics becomes disloyalty in life, or as an immoral fact.

Politics, according to the Dictionary, must deal with four distinct yet closely related things, which we may well consider with care, viz.:

1st. The safety, peace and prosperity of the State.

2d. The defense of the State from interference without.

3d. The increase and growth of the State from material development within.

4th. The protection of its people in their rights, with the preservation and improvement of their morals.

I. POLITICS AND THE STATE

If there be any element, agency or influence, in the

State or outside of it, which threatens its prosperity, safety or peace; which would make it more easily a prey to foreign power; which would hinder its increase of strength and check its development of resources; which would rob its citizenship of their rights and render impossible the preservation and improvement of their morals—with that element, agency, or influence, Politics must have immediate dealings, and these dealings must be in both the material and the moral realms. Is there any such element, agency, or influence, in State or Nation? Let the New York Tribune answer:

"The Liquor Traffic is the greatest clog on the civilization of the 19th century. It lies at the center of all political and social mischief; it paralyzes energies in every direction. It neutralizes educational agencies, it silences the voice of religion, it baffles penal reform, it obstructs political reform."

Hear Gladstone, the great English leader, when he says:

"This traffic has wrought more harm than the three historic scourges, war, famine, and pestilence, combined."

Says the greatest newspaper in the world, The London Times:

"We must somehow end this evil or it will end us."

Witnesses by the ten thousands could be cited from the most eminent observers, to prove that in this and other nations the Liquor Traffic impairs public safety, wrecks public and private peace, weakens the strength of the State, exposes it to domestic and foreign disturbance, discounts its development and prosperity, robs the people of their rights, and insures degradation of their morals.

This being so, and Politics being what the Dictionary asserts, Politics must deal with the Liquor Traffic, and

Christian Citizenship must deal with Politics, or forever fail in its obligations to God and Man.

II. POLITICS AND THE DEFENSE OF THE STATE

"The defense of its existence and rights against foreign control or conquest," is a part of the duty which Politics owes to the State, the nation, if the Dictionary tell truth.

Such control or conquest may be sought by fleets and armies, or in more secret and more successful ways. Against the latter, as against the former, it is the province of Politics to defend us. Our boast has been that we are a Christian people, with Morality at the center of our civilization. Foreign control or conquest is rapidly making us un-Christian, with immorality throned in power.

Besodden Europe, worse bescourged than by war, famine and pestilence, sends here her drink-makers, her drunkard-makers, and her drunkards, or her more temperate but habitual drinkers, with all their un-American or anti-American ideas of morality and government; they are absorbed into our national life, but not assimilated; with no liberty whence they came, they demand unrestricted liberty among us, even to license for the things we loathe; and through the ballot-box, flung wide open to them by foolish statesmanship that covets power, their "foreign control or conquest" has become largely an appalling fact; they dominate our Sabbath, over large areas of country; they have set up for us their own moral standards, which are grossly immoral; they govern our great cities, until even Reform candidates accept their authority and pledge themselves to obey it; the great cities

govern the nation; and "foreign control or conquest" could gain little more, though secured by foreign armies and fleets.

As one feature of this foreign conquest, foreign capital has come here, and to the extent of untold millions has invested itself in breweries, until we are told that their annual profits at one time reached about $25,000,000 yearly, sent over seas to foreign stockholders, who shared thus in their conquest of America, while to them, in their palaces and castles, American Labor paid tribute, and for their behoof American morals were debased, the American Sunday surrendered.

To make sure its continual security and profit, this foreign capital gets and keeps control of the political machinery of our great cities, through the saloon power, and uses it to create saloon perpetuity. Cincinnati may well be called the *Beer*sheba of this country (though a dozen other places might dispute her claim to such title), and at the election there in the fall of 1897, seventy-seven polling places were rented of saloon-keepers. It is not believed that later years have shown any great improvement in this respect.

Read the list of liquor licenses, granted in any city of considerable size, and observe the proportion of foreign names. Consider the increasing percentage of foreign population, throughout all the cities of the North, and estimate the number of saloons, in those cities, to every one thousand voters, and you will see how far this foreign control or conquest has already gone, and what are its results.

Take one of our smaller cities, in the State of New York, as the figures were given for 1898, in the Report of the Commissioner of Excise, these being conveniently at

hand—take Elmira. It then had five saloons and four-tenths for every 1,000 inhabitants. Assume that only one-third of the inhabitants are adult males—a large assumption, probably—and we had then in that city **one saloon for about every 62 voters.**

Assume that every saloon averages forty patrons—a small assumption, no doubt—and that ten of these are under legal age (God help our country in the years to come if this latter estimate be too small!), it follows that of every 62 voters 30 were the direct allies of the saloon, enlisted with it for conquest over American morals, at the expense of America's welfare.

Utica's figures were even worse, and Buffalo's worse than both; while Schenectady, Yonkers, Hudson and Kingston held fairly along with all three—each of these five cities having between five and six saloons to every 1,000 people. Forming the class which have between four and five saloons to every 1,000 were the cities of Amsterdam, Albany, Cohoes, Dunkirk, Hornellsville, Little Falls, Lockport, Middletown, Mt. Vernon, Newburgh, Oswego, Poughkeepsie, Syracuse and Watervliet.

Binghamton, Brooklyn, Corning, Geneva, Gloversville, New York, Ogdensburg, Troy, Rochester and Rome, had each between three and four saloons to every 1,000 inhabitants.

Take the entire forty-one cities of New York State, that year of 1898 (and the change since is not appreciably for the better), and they averaged just four and one-half saloons for every 1,000 people which those cities aggregated; making precisely one saloon to every seventy-four voters—and these forty-one cities contained **over three-fifths of the total population** *of our State.*

On the basis of forty patrons for each saloon, and ten

of these under voting age, about *two-fifths of all the voters, in all these cities, are saloon supporters,* in open or secret alliance with the open or secret enemy of the Home, the School, and the Church—our distinctively American institutions.

Such being the fact, why should we marvel that city officials protect the brothel and license the bar?—that city governments are corrupt to their very core?—that municipal politics are a stench in the public nostrils?—and that even Good Government Clubs fear to assail the source of political corruption—the saloon system—and are as futile against the sirocco breath of saloon misrule as a lady's fan against the blast of a hurricane?

For bear in mind that the figures given did not include any place where liquor is sold to be drunk off the premises, and that to the influence and power of the saloon must be added the power and influence of the drug-store, sometimes, of the brewery and the distillery always, when you measure the voting strength of the liquor business, and its domination over those interests which we as Christian Americans hold supremely dear.

III. POLITICS AND THE GROWTH OF THE STATE

"The augmentation of its strength and resources," is a part of the duty owing by Politics to the State, if the Dictionary be true.

The Liquor Traffic depletes the resources of the State, and paralyzes the strength of it. It has been thought wise and beneficent statesmanship which adds territory to the nation and extends our border-lines; we exulted, as a people, over the acquisition of Louisiana, and Texas, and California, and Alaska, and Porto Rico and the Philip-

pines; loud clamor has been heard for new acquisitions in Canada. But however great may be its treasure, however measureless its broad square miles, the real strength and resources of a nation are not in these alone: they are in its Manhood and Womanhood, in the institutions which develop morality and character, in the human life upbuilded thereby.

Whatever breeds ill for these is a menace to society and the Nation.

Says Dr. Willard Parker, one of the greatest physicians America has ever known, and speaking far more conservatively than some others:

"Alcohol is responsible for 35 per cent. of all lunacy, 45 per cent. of all idiocy, 75 to 90 per cent. of pauperism, and 10 per cent. of deaths."

Lunatics and idiots are the legitimate offspring of the illegitimate saloon. They are the direct brood of alcohol in the blood. Their percentage is increasing as the saloon thrives. The more they multiply, the less augmentation of strength and resources will the nation know.

Multiplying States, in this great Union of ours, will not make it rich and permanent, without increase of sober population, born of sober wedlock, nurtured at the breast of sober motherhood, and reared in sober homes.

Said Count de Montalembert once, in the National Assembly of France:

"Where there is a wine-shop, there are the elements of disease, and the frightful source of all that is at enmity with the interests of the workingman."

In this country, wherever there is a beer-shop the same statement holds true.

Said Archbishop Ireland, of the Roman Catholic Church, in a speech at Baltimore:

"The claim of saloon-keepers to freedom in their traffic is the claim *to spread disease, sin, pauperism.*"

Disease is an enemy of national increase; and whatever wars against the interests of workingmen is hostile to the development of national resources.

M. Jules Simon, another distinguished Frenchman, speaking of wine-drinking in France, once declared:

"Women rival the men in drunkenness. At Lille, at Rouen, there are some so saturated with it that their infants refuse to take the breast of a sober woman."

Change the reference from wine-drinking to beer-drinking, and the statement would be nigh the truth in some cities of America. Thousands of babes are born of beer-drinking mothers which were drunken at birth and will never be otherwise while they remain babes at the breast—and are not likely to become sober afterward, amid their surroundings.

Every child born into this Christian country has a right to sober birth and a fair chance. To a large per cent. of children this right is denied by the drink habit; and more and more, year by year, the nation suffers because of this terrible fact. Referring to the slum portions of our large cities, Dr. Willard Parker has said:

"There many of the children are born of parents tainted on both sides, and these are brought into the world with constitutions so enfeebled that a large percentage of them die the first year, and those that live are unsound in mind and body. * * * I am led to the conclusion that by far **the larger share of mental disease, poverty and crime** *is the direct heritage of alcohol;* that it also is the cause of a great share of our bodily diseases, and is a powerful element in shortening the average duration of life in certain localities or among certain classes."

We deplore Wars, as we deplore Pestilence and Famine. They are a waste of treasure, and of life. But worse than all these combined are the results of the Liquor Traffic on Human Life alone, *even if we measure these results alone by death.*

Assume that we are still only 70,000,000 of people, instead of nearer 80,000,000 as shown by the Census of 1900, that there are annually eighteen deaths to every 1,000 persons, and that, as Dr. Parker estimates, ten per cent. of these deaths are due to alcoholic drinks; and this means 126,000 lives given every year as an offering to the Liquor Traffic; while the total of soldiers *killed* in all the four years of our great Civil War, on both sides, was 10,000 less than this yearly number!

According to Mulhall, the great English statistician, the annual average loss of life, in all the leading wars of all the world (fifteen of such), during ninety years ending 1880, was barely 50,000 (49,884); considerably under half the total of yearly deaths caused by Drink in this country alone, computing these on a lower basis than we have just recorded them.

National conservation and protection, **through care and concern for Human Life,** are demanded of Politics, the applied science of government; and we are quick to accord this in some cases.

Cholera's ravages begin in some foreign country, and we close our ports against it promptly. Yellow fever appears in the South, and sectional quarantine follows with swift speed. Minor contagious diseases break out in town or country, and household quarantine forbids even neighborly intercourse.

A few hundred whalers are frozen up in the far northern sea, and government swiftly dispatches an expedition to their relief.

A few thousand gold seekers are threatened with famine in the Klondyke, and Congress makes immediate provision to supply them there.

But a hundred thousand men die annually of the Drink, at our own doors—burn themselves out with its liquid fire—and Congress will not even appoint a Commission of Inquiry concerning the Liquor Traffic. Millions of men breed disease in their own blood, and beget offspring tainted with it; millions of women become unworthy of motherhood, and breed impurity in their children; millions of children are born into pauperism and misery and crime—and **statesmanship, so-called,** gives no heed to the cause—**Politics, the applied science of government,** only helps to propagate the curse.

For sake of the money drawn from it, and the men engaged in it, our government protects the cause, and perpetuates the curse; when the fact is that for every dollar the Liquor Traffic yields it costs us at least sixteen dollars, and for every man employed by it the traffic makes two paupers, one lunatic, one idiot, and one criminal.

IV. POLITICS AND THE PROTECTION OF RIGHTS, THE IMPROVEMENT OF MORALS

"The protection of its citizens in their rights," is a part of the duty owing by Politics to the Nation, the State, if Dictionary definitions define.

What rights?

The right, as a babe, to be born sober, first of all; the right to sober fatherhood and motherhood, in a sober home.

The right, as a boy, to be safe outside the sober home, in a sober community, through the streets of which he can walk without a little licensed hell on every corner to entice him away from heaven.

The right, as a man, to the honest fruit of honest toil, to the comforts which he earns or ought to earn by the skill of sober hands, without a licensed thief on every street to rob him of his daily wage and unfit him for his daily work.

The right of a **free**-born, **clean**-born, **sober**-born American citizen, to govern himself according to the dictates of Morality and Manhood—to stand for clean government and pure Morality in the State; to protect the State and himself from the direst foe of Morality and Manhood—without the bribery or bulldozing of the Liquor business, without fear of its political power or assault from its licensed piracy.

The right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," as declared in the sublime Charter of our National Independence—**to life,** protected from the most prolific source of premature death; **to liberty,** free from the shackles of appetite which enslave men in their worst bondage; **to happiness,** unassailed by the most fruitful and awful cause of wretchedness, want and wo.

"The protection of its citizens in their rights, **with the preservation and improvement of their morals."**

To this climax, brave and beneficent indeed, comes the duty of Politics at last, *in government as in the Dictionary,* if Politics be not a coward.

And thus let it be fixt in your mind forever—the apex of the pyramid of the science of government—of Politics—

MORALITY!
THE PRESERVATION AND
THE SURE IMPROVEMENT OF
PUBLIC MORALS, THROUGH AND BY
THE SOBER PRIVATE CITIZEN

"You can not legislate men into morality," has been declared by some; and "You have no right to do it if you could," has been asserted by others; but there stands the pyramid, with MORALITY blazoned on the cap-stone, and you can not pull it down!

Or if you please to reverse the figure, there stands your pyramid of Republicanism, of Democracy—of **the science of government** by the people, for the people, and of the people—with MORALITY *at its base;* and above this broad foundation you may read **Education, Industry, Wealth, Strength,** with MANHOOD royally crowning the whole!

If you can not legislate men into Morality, you can **legislate Morality into men.** Deny this, and you deny the force and effect of Law. Prove your denial true, and you have shown the folly of the Decalog.

"The end of all political struggle," declared Emerson, the poet-statesman, "is to establish morality as the basis of civilization."

And if we accept the declaration of Charles Sumner, that noblest statesman-scholar of the most heroic epoch this nation ever knew, true politics must mean **"the application of morals to political life."**

The only conspicuous contradiction of utterances like these, was in the person of a brilliant Western Senator, who pronounced the Decalog an "iridescent dream" in public life, sued for a divorce between Politics and Morality in the High Court of Public Opinion, had his application denied "with costs" (the cost of his own good fame and political fortune), and closed his public career as reporter of a prize fight for a journal daily exploiting the lowest order of private life and public record.

"Morality," said Daniel Webster once, "is **the chief qualification for citizenship."**

And who dares deny this? What petty politician, even, hunting the suffrage of his fellows for some paltry place, will declare that Webster the Statesman was wrong? And if he was right—the great and god-like Daniel, as he was called, he of the forum and the Senate—why not also that other Webster, the definer of words, in the definition with which we began and on which we build—why not also the Standard Dictionary, in its definition, differing somewhat as to language, but embodying the same spirit?

If "Morality *is* the chief qualification of citizenship," then *the chief duty of Politics is to preserve and improve the morals of all who are or may become citizens;* then every leader in Politics must hold public morality superior to all other considerations; then every political party must refuse alliance with and responsibility for everything which is morally debasing; then every teacher of morals, and every man claiming Christian Citizenship, must be loyal to Citizenship and Morality before all else—before personal preferment, or party gain, or church cowardice —must stand four-square for Truth as in the face of God!

So our two great Websters—Noah, and Daniel; the definer of words and the orator of the world—so other great statesmen and other great definers—make plain and clear *the one great political and moral Issue for the Century just begun*—**The Liquor Power versus Moral Supremacy.**

What is an issue? Let one Definer say:

"The presentation of alternatives between which to choose or decide."

The alternatives are before us: the Liquor Traffic, as "the greatest clog on the civilization of the 19th Century,"

to be perpetuated and carried forward as the greatest clog on the Twentieth Century civilization; or Prohibition of that Traffic, and removal of the clog, through the proper application of "Politics—the science of government."

Between these alternatives we must choose or decide—**churches,** in what they say, and in what organically they can do; **parties,** in what they declare for and in the policy they uphold; **men, citizens,** at the ballot-box, in what they vote.

Are you a Democrat? What *is* a Democrat? Says the Standard Dictionary:

"One who favors a government controlled by the people."

Are you a Republican? What *is* a Republican? Says the Dictionary:

"One who advocates or upholds a Republican form of Government."

From Lincoln, in his immortal words at Gettysburg, down to the smallest campaign orator, the reiteration has come to us that this is *a government by the people.* If such be the fact, and if government by the people is a Republican form of government, we may reduce these definitions to their exact meaning in simpler phrase:

A Democrat—one who believes in Republican institutions.

A Republican—one who believes in Democratic institutions.

Democrat and Republican, then, are alike in definition, identical in foundation belief. Both stand for *self-government by the people*—for the defense of those institutions which make it safe and wise for the people to govern

themselves. If the party of either fail in its defense of these—if the Democratic or the Republican party stand for anything which endangers these institutions—that party is neither Democratic nor Republican, but a libel on its name, and no man can support that party and be what he calls himself, a Republican or Democrat. His party's name is a misnomer, and he is no longer politically what he professes to be.

A "clog upon civilization" must be a menace to society —to those Democratic and Republican institutions upon which our nation rests. Any party holding in trust these institutions, and upholding the Saloon System, is disloyal to its trust. Any loyal party in this Republic, true to the principles of its founders and the faith which gave it birth, will solemnly and loyally assert and maintain that—

Whatever abridges human life, or degrades human character, shall not be licensed by Government or upheld in Law.

This is the only conclusion which Christian Citizenship can reach. This is the only final patriotic utterance which is worthy a Christian minister in the pulpit or a Christian patriot at the polls.

And there at the polls we leave him, **the Christian Patriot,** to do his duty in the light of **Christian Politics** —the Science of Government in full accord with the life and lessons of Him who said "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's!"—of Him concerning whom it was foretold by the ancient prophet—"And the Government shall be upon His shoulder"—of Him who should stand forever in this Republic as the ideal type of a CHRISTIAN CITIZEN.

I

Make room for him there, O ye men
Who care not for duty or God!
Make room for a man
Who must walk as he can
The way which the patriots trod!
There he stands as a unit for freedom
Of Manhood, and purpose, and might,—
Make room for him there,
In his ballot a prayer,
Embodied, for Truth and the Right.

II

Make room for him there, lesser men
Who bow to your party's behest!
Make room for a son
Of the Patriots, one
Who carries their creed in his breast.
In his heart is the hope of the nation;
Its trust is upheld in his hands;
Make room for him, then,
As a master of men
Obeying his Master's commands!

III

Make room for him there, as he comes
A witness for God and the Truth!
Defender of all
Who for justice may call
From want, or from weakness, or youth.
There he stands in his glory, a freeman—
No bond party-slave to be freed!—
His forehead might wear
A King's coronet, fair
As crowns but the kingliest deed!

IV

Make room for A MAN, as he brings
His tribute to God and the Right,—
Who goes with the soul
Of a freeman, to goal
The grandest in Liberty's Light,—
Who bears in the boon of his ballot
A trust that he never betrays,—
Make room for him where,
With his ballot a prayer,
He votes as the Patriot prays!

A CURSE, A CRIME, AND THE CURE

A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; * * * and my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?—*Jeremiah* 5, 30, 31.

Chapter X

A CURSE, A CRIME, AND THE CURE

I. PREVALENCE OF THE CURSE

A CURSE was upon our people, but they gave it small heed. It festered in the city slums; it poisoned the villages; it blighted the hamlets; it shadowed the homes; it corrupted the citizens; it polluted politics; it endangered the foundations of society; it menaced the maintenance of the State; it sapped public morals; it paralyzed private industry; it robbed the purse of Labor; it stole from the tills of trade; it calloused conscience, and hardened manhood, and weakened brain, and shrivelled character, and strangled religion, and perverted patriotism.

It did all this, and more—so much more that words and patience fail me for the sickening recital, and I must draw on your imagination for the further awful array of facts; and yet the people gave it little heed, or heeding made no sign. And the Curse went on, gathering force and power, increasing and widening its effect, becoming constantly a greater peril and more aggressive, dominating legislation and administration, nominating the officers of law, nullifying law itself, breeding misrule, defying Authority, prostituting Government, and shaming Mankind.

But still the great mass of men were not concerned about it, or if they were they held their peace. A few cried out against the Curse, and would not cease to cry;

the many would not hear, or hearing went their way and smiled at those who feared.

A Crime smote the people, as if it were a lightning-bolt from out serenest blue. Men staggered where they stood. For an hour, for a day, the social fabric reeled. The finger of an assassin, pressing the fatal trigger, felt for and almost found the Nation's heart. For the assassin's victim was the Nation's head—honored and beloved; he typified the Republic; he was the Government embodied. To shoot him down was to strike a blow at our national institutions; and this blow these felt in every fiber; under it they quivered even to the core.

The shot of the Anarchist at Buffalo, on the 6th of September, 1901, was heard round the world. And the world went into mourning, not merely because a great and good ruler was gone, but because in such a land as this a ruler such as he could meet an end like his.

By the manner of his taking-off, the Nation's grief over President McKinley's death was intensified to a degree almost without historic parallel, until even the heart-beats of trade and business were hushed, from ocean to ocean, as they laid him in his tomb.

And a great chorus of outcries went up against this awful Crime—against the spirit of Anarchy that could inspire it—against the conspirators responsible for it. From the Pulpit and the Press these outcries were heard; and one demand was voiced by them all—**the Anarchist must go.** This clamor grew insistent, from the hour of that cruel, unchristian deed on the Pan American Grounds until the hour of Mr. McKinley's Christian death, and after that it swelled like a spring torrent, and swept across the land like a cyclone, and the wrath of a great people against Anarchism was as mighty and wide-spread in

expression as was their grief over the Crime which Anarchism had wrought, or their sorrow over the loss which came of that Crime.

And yet in all the hundreds of printed columns, in all the scores of daily newspapers, that I read during those twelve dark days between the President's assassination and sepulture, not one single paragraph appeared suggesting a natural and logical connection between the Crime and the Curse. We were told, it is true, varying tales that connected the assassin with saloons—that a part of his education had been in a saloon his father kept; that he had been a barkeeper himself not many months before, or had worked in a brewery and haunted saloons; that he was harbored in a Raines Law hotel of Buffalo when he went there for his deadly work. We were told how the police, in search for other anarchists, went naturally and first to saloons, to find the men they sought; we were even advised by a high police official of New York City (Mr. Devery) that the very chief of anarchists (Herr Most) never could talk till he had "two or three kegs of beer in him"; but through no line or sentence of printed comment or declaration did the great daily Press make charge that the Saloon is the mother of Anarchy, the hot-bed of lawlessness, the foe of government—that **the Saloon is itself the most dangerous anarchist America has ever known.**

In certain weekly papers, of less influence, but with more clearness of perception or more boldness of spirit, this connection between the Curse and the Crime was boldly proclaimed. The New Voice said:

"It is much to be doubted if an active anarchistic propagandist or an active anarchistic assassin has ever come into prominence who was not both physically and intellectually the product of the

saloon. It is to be doubted if an anarchist's plot was ever laid save over a beer can, or an anarchist's headquarters ever established more than arm's-length away from a saloon."

And the fact stands that Herr Most's headquarters for anarchists, in New York, were always in just that close relation to the saloon he was said to have owned.

The New Voice further said:

"The point of supreme importance is the fact that for a full half-century it has been taught from one end of the country to the other, by the most forceful object lesson possible, that law has no sacredness, statutes no force, and the will of the sovereign people no meaning, when the liquor traffic is concerned. No one feature of American life is more universal than the liquor traffic's contempt of law.

"Whether the statute be regulative or prohibitive, whether it be enacted by a municipality, a State Legislature, or the United States Congress, the liquor traffic has demonstrated, not only that it is not minded to regard it, but that it *need not* regard it.

"At the behest of the saloon, the officials of city and county violate their oath of office—have violated it so long and so commonly that the fact has ceased to provoke comment anywhere. At the behest of the saloon, State officials disregard the will of the people as expressed upon the statute books. At the dictation of the liquor traffic the representatives of the people at Washington ignore legislation and even nullify the most specific enactments, while Congress makes the Capitol itself the scene of violation of law."

The Defender put into different phrase the same terrible truth, and gave it still sharper point, in these words:

"Violence is by no means the only sign of anarchy, and if it were the violence which attempts to kill Presidents is not the only way in which it seeks manifestation. Anarchists, emerging from their headquarters in the gin-mills, have been maiming and killing God's innocents, Presidents in embryo for all we know, ever since the government was formed, and scarcely a wail save

that of the dying and broken-hearted has gone up to heaven in protest.

"The whole liquor power of the country has been in one constant conspiracy of lawlessness for generations. The liquor traffic has sought from the State laws permitting and protecting the business, and has with perpetual insolence and cunning ignored and violated the statutes of its own asking, and has done so with the connivance of the State's own officials. Disrespect for law has thus honeycombed the atmosphere, and it is but a step in the descending order of education from the gibbeting of a statute to the assassination of a President."

But such utterances concerning the Crime were confined to journals which had long been crying out against the Curse; they were not heard from the seats of the mighty in journalism; they did not come from editorial pens which wield power with the multitude, which mold public policy.

II. OPPORTUNITY FOR THE CRIME

On that mournful 19th of September, when all the nation stood as with bared head beside the dead President's bier, and when all the air throbbed and sobbed, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with the pleading and pathos of that hymn which had come to be known as his —on that day when hearts beat in a unison of sorrow around the globe, and when public teachers from every walk of life stood up in the presence of great public gatherings and paid the tribute of tender speech to the man whom Anarchy had slain—on that day when tears, perhaps, but fear and partizanship never, should dim the vision of teachers and preachers and stay their faltering tongues, many things were said that were inspired of courage, many patriotic declarations were made as to the sins and shame of our people; and these the daily papers

printed and magnified, as if in these were found the cure for Anarchy in this country; and amid all these the Saloon had slight if any mention—the Curse was not held responsible in any measure for the Crime—the removal of the Curse was not demanded as a condition essential to protection from crime of like nature, conceived at the same source, in years to come.

And why this remarkable silence as to this awful Curse in presence of this awful Crime?

Over and over again I have put this question to myself. But one answer seems to me possible, which is not an evasion—

The relation of the Curse to parties that control government, and the subjectivity of good men to the bad parties which control them.

Yellow Journalism was condemned, and its prohibition more than suggested; but no man, minister or layman, so far as reported, dared and did say in bold, plain English —**"We must pull down the black flag of the Saloon!"**

Anarchy was denounced with vigor, and anarchists were eloquently and properly stigmatized, but preachers, teachers, Congressmen, Senators and Governors—all who stood up before their fellow men on that sore day and shaped their thought in speech—apparently overlooked the one American institution that, in the language of The Voice, "more than all others combined, is the breeder and feeder, instigator and abettor, of Anarchy—THE AMERICAN SALOON."

Said the only living ex-President, Grover Cleveland, in an address before the faculty and students of Princeton University:

"We can hardly fail to see, however, behind the bloody deed of the assassin horrible figures and faces from which it will not do to turn away."

And these horrible figures and faces, we may add, are seen oftenest and surest *in the saloon.*

Said Mr. Cleveland further:

"If we are to escape further attack upon our peace and security, *we must boldly and constantly grapple with the monster of Anarchy;*"

and we can boldly and constantly grapple with this monster only where he constantly abides—**in the Saloon.**

Speaking further of this monster Mr. Cleveland said:

"It is not a thing that we can safely leave to be dealt with by party or partizanship. Nothing can guard us against its menace except the teaching and the practise of the best citizenship, the exposure of the ends and aims of the gospel of discontent and hatred of social order, *and the brave enactment and execution of repressive laws.*"

Where the teaching and practice of the best citizenship become dominant, the Saloon is impossible; where the Saloon dominates, the teaching and practice of the best citizenship can not prevail; and repressive laws can not be bravely enacted and executed under a partizanship that serves the Saloon, in a party dominated by the Saloon.

Among the noblest utterances heard that day were those of a man standing in the most famous pulpit of America —the successor of Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church—Rev. Dr. Hillis. Truly and well did he say:

"In the highest sense our President has now entered into the Holy of Holies bearing the sins of his people with him. Reverently we confess that he was wounded for our transgressions and he was bruised for our iniquities. Black and grievous the story of the sins of the nation. In a Republic founded on law we have fostered anarchy and lawlessness."

Yet in his recital of our transgressions, of our anarchy and lawlessness fostered, the great preacher, so far as

report said, spoke only of irreverent criticism, of brutal blame, of class bitterness, and all that, and did not once flame out in righteous arraignment of the unrighteous Saloon, and of the system which perpetuates it and insures the perpetuation of lawlessness and anarchy. But in closing he did say a little, in a single sentence, that implied much, and that men may well remember:

"If today, assembled in church and hall, the people register a vow that they will so strengthen the home, the school, the press and the church, through wise legislation and noble precept, as to expel anarchy, lawlessness, injustice and class hatred from the land, our martyred President will not have died in vain."

Was any such vow registered by the American People? Then it means that we shall acknowledge and arraign the Liquor Curse; that we shall admit its connection with Anarchy and shall profit by Anarchy's foulest Crime; that we shall recognize honestly and honestly apply the only Cure.

And what is this only Cure? Who proposes it? Who can honestly and successfully apply it?

The Democratic Party says of the Curse:

"We will cure it by License. Where Personal Liberty prevails a public curse cannot be prohibited. Or if you do prohibit the many you must permit a few. Every man has a right to make a beast of himself, and some other man must be authorized to assist him according to law."

So, perpetuating the Curse, the Democratic Party would perpetuate and legalize opportunity for the Crime.

Says the Republican Party:

"We will cure this Curse by a Tax. We will apply to it such a Tax Law blister as will draw millions into our State Treasury. **The effects of the Curse** may continue, but we will poultice them with Revenue, and mollify

them with Income Ointment, and thrive upon our partnership with vice and sin."

And so in Brooklyn the Republican system of Cure breeds two thousand Raines Law hotels (according to Dr. Horace Porter, then assistant of Dr. Hillis), where a baker's dozen of hotels had been sufficient before that system was inaugurated; the dive and the den and the house of the scarlet woman multiply and infest the City of Homes, and the City of Churches becomes in shame and infamy the city of drunken women and Sunday sales; and from a Raines Law hotel in Buffalo, product of the Republican Cure for our State and National Curse, goes forth the anarchist assassin, product of Liquor lawlessness, to slay the Republican President!

"What is the remedy for poverty?" thundered a Socialist orator, as if the conundrum could be answered only by himself. And a man in the back seat quickly responded—"You might try the Gold Cure!"

The Republican Party is **trying the Gold Cure** for this Curse of the Liquor Traffic; and the Curse grows more virulent every year. Over Eighteen Millions of dollars went into the Gold Cure Treasury of New York State from that traffic in 1907; and the United States government accepted a revenue from the same source in the year 1900 of $183,429,571.67.

Ah, yes! we have tried and we are trying the Gold Cure with a vengeance, but our vengeance is not for the Curse—it is for ourselves; for the womanhood outraged, the childhood starved, the home defrauded, the school robbed, the church crippled, the State debauched.

Healing and salvation must be found another way.

What is it? Who proposes it?

Bear in mind that no Cure is proposed for this Curse,

by even those least radically minded, which does not find embodiment in **some form of Law.** Unless we are all to be anarchists, and to assume and assert that all law is to be set aside, we must admit that the Liquor Traffic should become and remain amenable *to Law*—that it can not otherwise be dealt with and the State be safe. The only question then is—

What law, ***honestly applied to this Curse,*** **can work the Cure?**

If all forms of law had not been tried, this question might not be so easy to answer. Where every form has failed, more or less, to find the reason for failure may assist in determining which form has in it the largest element of success.

On that sorrowful 19th of September, among those laymen who delivered Memorial Addresses was a distinguished editor of Brooklyn who spoke in one of the Brooklyn churches—Mr. St. Clair McKelway, and as if by verbatim report the papers told us that he said:

"Anarchy, of course, strikes at the head of the State. One cause of anarchy is unenforced law. Government breaks down at the point at which law is not enforced. Government breaks down at no one point without the weakening of it at other points, and the creation of contempt for it in thoughtless, desperate, vicious, idle or frivolous minds. Contempt for government in any degree is a partial adoption of anarchy. Some Laws are not enforced because they are unenforcible. Unenforcible laws are anarchy breeders. Their passage is wrong, not their failure. They are passed to make votes where they do not apply. Both parties have equally offended in this respect."

With much that Mr. McKelway thus expressed we can heartily agree. Government does break down, pitifully and criminally, at the point where it fails to enforce law; and through the weakness of government at this point

has it grown weak all along the governmental line. But what laws are unenforcible, where government has kept itself pure, and clean, and strong?

As to but one class of laws has this claim of Brooklyn's distinguished editor been generally put forth—**prohibitive laws concerning the Liquor Traffic.** And this claim has usually been urged by editorial and other advocates of License or Tax. I have long admired Mr. McKelway's brilliant gifts as a writer and speaker, but when he echoes this old claim as to the weakness of law and the power of lawlessness, I am tempted to quote, as I often have quoted, a remark made by Josh Billings when, speaking of or to editors, he said (and from my own long editorial experience I can enjoy the saying):

"It's a great deal better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so."

One of the things that decidedly "ain't so" is the implied (and often alleged) non-enforcibility of prohibitive laws against the beverage Liquor business.

If the fact that a law is not well enforced proves that it is not enforcible, then all permissive or but partially restrictive laws are demonstrated more non-enforcible than laws which are prohibitive alone. For I declare, and challenge successful contradiction, that the Democratic dispensary and license laws, and the Republican Tax and mulct laws, are more openly and widely defied, and more grossly and wantonly outraged, in the hands of their friends, than is the law of Prohibition in the hands of its enemies.

"By their fruits ye shall know them" is as true now concerning laws that affect men, as in the time of Christ concerning trees. And even in Republican Kansas,

before the hatchet-ation of Mrs. Nation, the fruits of Prohibition in unfriendly Republican hands were vastly better than the fruits of Raines-Lawism in New York, administered by the Raines-Law party; and the violation of law in Kansas, openly permitted or secretly encouraged by the administration in power, gross and wicked as it was, did not nearly match in extent and grossness the boldness of liquor insolence and lawlessness all over the Empire State.

In Republican Maine, even before Sheriff Pearson demonstrated what Prohibition law can do with an honest official behind it, the law was not so glaringly defied as is the Mulct Law of Republican Iowa, or the Dispensary Law of Democratic South Carolina; and the fruits of Prohibition in Maine, during the years it has had but unfriendly support from the ruling party, are incomparably superior, morally and materially, to the Mulct Law fruits in Iowa, or to those of South Carolina's Dispensary System, though in each of these two States the law has been backed by the party which begat it.

These facts may not have been familiar to Mr. McKelway, but they should be, when he assumes to say what laws are anarchy-breeders. Indeed, he may have had them in mind when his utterance was made, for he charged both parties with equal guilt in the passage of laws which breed anarchy because not enforcible (in his opinion), and neither the Democratic nor the Republican party, in any State, has passed a Prohibition law for years. If guilty in this regard, it must have been along Tax or License lines.

But what would this distinguished editor, and others like him, really have? If government breaks down at the point of law's non-enforcement, as we admit; if Pro-

hibitory law, as to the Liquor Traffic, is non-enforcible, as we assume him to mean; and if License and Tax laws, being at least equally unenforced, are at least equally non-enforcible, as we assert and as we think he implies; what are we to do?

Must we, then, make laws merely for the lawless? If laws which men will not obey, and which we can not or do not enforce, breed anarchy, shall we proceed simply to make laws for the anarchists we have bred? Shall we lower all law, so far as it concerns them, to the level of men who oppose all law?

If the editor will follow his own logic where it leads, it will take him that far. Is he willing to go? Going that far, will he not have landed in anarchy himself?

Admitting that government breaks down at the point of law's non-enforcement, and admitting that an unenforced law is a breeder of anarchy, what shall we say when a law of Congress is broken down by government itself, is openly nullified in behalf of the traffic which breeds anarchy? And in that case is it the law that is the anarchy breeder, or the man behind the law, in whom government is embodied, and through whom government breaks down the law while being broken down itself? And in *that* case, to press the question one step further, shall we say that the charge of breeding anarchy must lie against the Anti-Canteen law, which was not enforced, or against Attorney-General Griggs, whose nullifying decision stayed its enforcement, or against the President who appointed the Attorney-General and permitted him to remain Attorney-General in spite of his nullifying attitude?

The non-enforcement of law is due not to the power of lawlessness, but to the weakness of government; and the

weakness of government is found at the saloon door, through which government goes to compel tribute, within which parties win support and insure victory. Reason for the failure of Prohibition, where it has partially or entirely failed, rests not in the law, or its alleged unenforcibility, but in the failure of government to assert its power over anarchy for the preservation of law and order.

III. SUNDAY ASSERTION OF LAW

To the man who in his own person became beneficiary of Buffalo's awful Crime, this country owes a debt we may well remember, when we think of law as a Cure for the country's awful Curse. Theodore Roosevelt was made President by the act of an assassin. A deadly infraction of law placed at the head of this people a man who had boldly demanded and compelled the enforcement of law—of law relating to the Liquor Traffic—of **law prohibitive** as to that traffic, of law in the seething center of a population supposedly *resolved upon maintaining* that traffic every day in the week—of **law actually prohibiting that traffic on Sunday,** the hardest day of every seven to enforce Prohibition anywhere.

Have you forgotten what Theodore Roosevelt did as Police Commissioner in the great City of New York? The liquor-sellers have not. He was not a Prohibitionist, he was not even a total abstainer. He had no standing quarrel with the Liquor Traffic. But he believed in Law. He respected it. He had taken an oath of office. He respected that. He found a law on the statute-books which had not been respected by others, and he said they *should* respect it.

Men laughed at him; they sneered at him; they threat-

ened him. They treated him as if he were a Prohibitionist. They even said to him, as they have said to Prohibitionists—"You can't do it; the law was never intended for enforcement; you can't enforce it; it is unenforcible; you'll ruin the party, you'll kill yourself, if you do enforce it; hands off the saloons!"

But Mr. Roosevelt went right on trying to do his duty; he did it, like a brave and honest man, as a fearless official should; he shut up the bars of New York, Sunday after Sunday; he made law a fact instead of a farce; he stopt the breeding of anarchists by non-enforcement; he demonstrated that the cry of non-enforcibility is false. That his work failed of permanency was not his fault. He had shown Law's largest possibilities where they seemed the least. He had answered forever the stale excuse of hypocrits and cowards that you can't prohibit the Liquor Traffic in a large city.

It had been answered before, in cities of considerable size on this continent. Cambridge had answered it, every day of every week for years; and maintains the answer yet. Worcester had answered it, more briefly. Atlanta had answered it, through twelve prosperous months, with conclusive emphasis. Portland had answered it, in large degree, for a generation.

I went once to lecture in Toronto, a city of 150,000 people. I was to speak in that great Horticultural Hall, seating 2,700, where on every Sunday afternoon, for a large part of each year, a great Temperance Meeting is held.

I arrived in the city at 5 o'clock on Saturday P. M., and after supper my host said, "Would you like to walk down King Street?" and down that handsome thoroughfare we went. Presently a bell began striking. My host stopt and laid a hand on my shoulder.

"Do you hear that?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"And do you see that—and that—and that?" said he, as he pointed to the doors of as many saloons near us, that were going suddenly shut.

"Yes," I answered, "I see. But what relation has the bell to those doors?"

"It is seven o'clock," he said, "and our saloons must close on Saturday evening at this hour."

"But do they really close?" I asked him.

"You saw those," he made answer; "you'll not see any open, farther on."

And we didn't. But presently he stopt me again, and in front of a door that was open, and pointing to that he asked again:

"Do you see that?"

"Yes," again I answered.

"What does that place look like?" he continued.

"Like a bank," I said, as we stood and looked inside, where business was going on; "like a savings bank."

"Yes," he told me, "it is a savings bank. We close our saloons on Saturday evening, but we keep our savings banks open."

"We do just the reverse on our side of the line," I commented, "and the saloons get the savings."

"Tell me more about this," I urged, as we walked on; to which he replied, "I'll do better—I'll take you to the Police Inspector of this First Precinct, who is the same as Chief of Police for the city, and let him tell you;" and to him we went, at once.

I found the Inspector a man of large frame and honest face, of quiet, manly speech—not a sport, or a political bum. After his courteous greeting he said:

"What can I do for you, Mr. Hopkins?"

"Tell me about your Sunday Closing, Mr. Inspector, if you please," I made answer.

"What would you like to know about it?" he asked, with a smile.

"Do you really close the saloons of this city at seven o'clock every Saturday night?" was my inquiry.

"We really do."

"And when do they open again?"

"At six o'clock on Monday morning."

"And they stay closed all the time between?"

"They do."

"How many are there?"

"Three hundred."

"That is a small number for a city of such size," I commented, "does your High License fee keep the number down?"

"Not at all," he said; "we have many more applicants for License every year. The number is limited to 300, and no more can be licensed."

"Do many of them violate the law?"

"Very few."

"Isn't it hard to convict them of violation?"

"No; it is easy. We put the burden of proof on the saloon-keeper, if he is even suspected of violation. If there is a light seen in his place, or a door open, or the least sign of anybody inside, when the place ought to be shut, we make him prove his innocence, we don't have to prove his guilt."

"Is it not harder to enforce the law on Saturday night and Sunday than it would be for the same length of time the rest of the week?"

"Very much harder."

"Could you enforce the law all the time as easily as you enforce it this portion of the time?"

"More easily, sir," he answered with emphasis; "much more easily, and at much less cost. I would take the contract to keep the saloons closed all the time with 75 per cent. of our present police force."

And then he added, with an earnestness I shall never forget—

"I am praying for total Prohibition!"

It may be doubted if the Chiefs of Police on our side the Canadian border ever pray for anything.

IV. LAW'S EDUCATIONAL POWER

But suppose prohibitive laws really were unenforcible. Suppose any given good law can not be enforced, and that its non-enforcement breeds anarchy. Shall we then favor bad laws which breed anarchy whether enforced or not? Has law no standard quality, no high, supreme function, which must be recognized and asserted by the State?

If in Paul's time, as Paul taught, the law was a schoolmaster to bring men unto Christ, why should not the law in our time be "our schoolmaster" to bring men up to the highest levels of Christian Citizenship?

I lectured one night in the city of Corinth, Mississippi, near which place the Union forces under General Grant won an important battle for the law of national unity. When the lecture was over, among those who came and shook my hand was a tall, typical Southern gentleman who promptly said:

"You do not make enough of the educational power of law."

I asked him what he meant, and with increase of emphasis he answered:

"Precisely what I said. You men of the North do not make enough of the educational power of law. I used to hold slaves in this State; my neighbors held slaves. We thought we had a right to hold them. There was no sentiment in Mississippi against our holding them. But you came down here, you men of the North, and you said to me, you said to my neighbors, 'You shall hold no more slaves.' There was absolutely no sentiment to justify you in saying it; but you said it, with the power of Government behind you; and today you can't find three men of any thousand, in all Mississippi, who ever held slaves, who would take them back if they could do so by a turn of the hand. It is the educational power of law!" was his final declaration.

But it was **enduring law** that had wrought this educational work—law based on a principle, and permanent because of this principle. Suppose the slaves of Mississippi had been taken from their owners by some policy of Local Option, under which, in two or three years, they could have been restored; suppose the same policy had prevailed in the other Southern States; what would have been the result? **The Slavery Question would be unsettled now.**

Atlanta, Ga., had Prohibition one year, and lost it, through Local Option. Could she have kept it five years longer, through the power of law, she would have it now.

The power of law in the State Constitution, reasonably permanent because not easily changed, gave permanent Prohibition to Maine, Kansas, and one of the Dakotas; and the educational effect of it has been such that even Resubmission could not wipe it out, in those States, will not be given a chance.

"Contempt for government in any degree is a partial adoption of anarchy."

True enough. But what breeds contempt for government? Unenforced law? Perhaps; but unwholesome, unrighteous law, surely. Any law which lowers the moral standard of society is bound to breed contempt for government. Any law which allies government with evil is cause for contempt. Any law which establishes government as a protectorate over the sources of vice and crime is itself a breeder of anarchy. The following statement, in The New Voice of Sept. 12, 1901, should be reflected on soberly:

"The very legalization of the saloon, in the present enlightened condition of the public conscience, is *of the essence of anarchy.* It is a violation of the most sacred rights, a contravention of the very purposes of civilized government. When a state or a municipality, professing to rest its political system upon the fundamental charter of American Liberty, legalizes vice and crime, sells license to create domestic discord and public robbery, that state by that act strikes at the very fundamentals of government, and puts before the people an object lesson of anarchy high as heaven and loud as thunder."

Strong Drink is the Essence of anarchy. Laws to legalize the sale of it are essentially and fundamentally anarchistic.

The very man who fell, upon the 6th of September, 1901, so bright and shining a mark before the assassin's bullet, must have held something like this opinion when his public life began. For in 1874 the people of Ohio were called upon to revise their State Constitution, which forbade licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors. A proposition was made that License be incorporated in the new charter of liberties. Then William McKinley, on

the 10th of July, in that year, 1874, in a paper published in his own town of Canton, over his own signature, said to his fellow citizens:

"We need scarcely remind you that the liquor traffic, which is sought to be legalized by the License section, is one that deeply concerns not only the honor of this great State, but also the material, moral, and social interests of all the people. There is not a home or hamlet in the land that is beyond its influence. Its evils are wide-spread and far-reaching."

In further discussion of it Mr. McKinley said:

"Consider what the consequences will be if the License section carries.

"*First,* we will legalize this great wrong. We will give the sanction of the Constitution and the laws of this great, free, and intelligent State to this most degrading and ruinous of all human pursuits, so that the men who are spreading ruin and death may say to all protestors: 'Stand aside, my business has received the sacred sanction of the law, and is therefore legal and right.' Can we afford thus legally to sanction a great wrong?

"*Second,* by legalizing this traffic we agree to share with the liquor-seller the responsibilities and evils of his business. Every man who votes for License becomes of necessity a partner to the Liquor Traffic and all its consequences."

And all that Mr. McKinley said so well in 1874, as to License and the Liquor Traffic, is true today, in yet more painful degree. The honor of every State is outraged where License prevails. The men who sustain License—who become partners to the Liquor Traffic by their votes to sustain it—are parties to the outrage, the defiling shame. They share with the liquor-seller in his responsibilities; they prostitute government to the level of their partnership with vice and crime; they bring government into contempt, by giving to men who are spreading anarchy, ruin and death "the sacred sanction of the law."

Yea, verily; **"to preserve the honor of the State,"** as Mr. McKinley said in 1874, "and to protect the truth and the right"—so ran his very words—there is a better way.

V. THE ONLY CURE

What is it?

The way Mr. McKinley then believed right and advocated—**Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic,** not License for it.

Who propose it now?

Prohibitionists. It is—

The law and policy of Prohibition, proposed by Prohibitionists, which can be applied with fairness and success only by and through a party declaring plainly this policy and standing boldly for this law.

Why Prohibition?

Because it is the only form of law which does not mean perpetuation of the Liquor Traffic—the only form which, fairly tested, is *a Cure for the Curse.*

Why a Party?

Because through parties only are political policies applied; because the law of Prohibition must come through a political policy; because law must be enforced through or by officials whom a party elects.

Why **a Prohibition Party?**

Because no other party can honestly adopt the Prohibition policy, and honestly enforce a Prohibition law. Because any other party will, as every other party does, mortgage itself to the liquor vote to win success, and must expect foreclosure if it fail to meet the saloon demands.

But may there not be a union of citizens, for good

government, outside party lines, that shall down the saloon?

No, for two reasons:

First—No union of citizens, call it what you please, can down the saloon, so long as it subordinates that purpose to any other and fears to make it supreme.

Second—Any union of citizens, making a supreme effort to down the saloon, in order to win must make that effort so long, and its organization so permanent, as to become in actual fact a party. For a party is but "one of the parts into which a people is divided on questions of public concern." If the division be but brief, the parts may not call themselves parties, yet such in effect they will be. If the division be for any considerable period, they will take to themselves party names. There may be a union of one part of the people in Greater New York to down Tammany, and this union may be composed of several organizations avowedly partizan and non-partizan, but the whole form for the time being **the Anti-Tammany Party;** and the effort is essentially **a party effort,** while it lasts. In the intent of its leadership, in the spirit of its composition, it may be an honest effort for Good Government, but such effort will fail of such end while the Anti-Tammany forces fail or fear to assail the stronghold of Tammany—the saloon.

Successfully to fight the devil in politics, men must go where he is; they must go where they hunt the anarchist **—to The Saloon.**

One spelling-lesson, as taught by an Englishman, should be learned by all good Americans before they enter upon a Good Government campaign. He was liberal with his "h's," this Englishman was—sometimes, but with these he taught the correct way to spell saloon—

"with a *hess,* and a *ha,* and a *hell,* two *hoes* and a *hen*"—the "hell," you see, square in the middle of it. And there it is, and there the Anti-Tammany men propose it shall remain—**the hell in the middle of the saloon**—because the German must have his beer, and the Irishman his whisky, and the anarchist both.

The first reported meetings of anarchists held after the assassination of President McKinley, were held in saloons, within forty-eight hours after he was shot; and one which was held after his death—and held within three days of his burial—occurred in the rear of a saloon on Long Island.

"From outside," said one report, "it could be heard that the saloon was doing a large business, as the cash-register bell was constantly jingling. Occasionally a round of cheers could be heard coming from the dance hall extension," said this report, and in this dance hall extension the anarchists were gathered, 500 strong, listening to the beery harangue of their leader, Herr Most.

Yes, the saloon was doing a large business—the saloon, with the hell in the middle of it, and the dance hall at one end, and the devil in John Most inciting those 500 to hatred of Good Government and outrages on Morality and Law. The saloon was there, with its cash register registering the Beer Vote on which Tammany depended for power, and which Anti-Tammany, the same fall, proposed to win over and register for Good Government by letting the saloon stay!

The saloon was there, and the anarchists were there, and their orator—out on bail from a previous arrest, and again arrested before he could leave the dance hall—was the same man Most, in whose paper, **Die Freiheit,** a few years ago, appeared that summary of the creed of the

anarchists quoted in a previous chapter, which it will profit us to repeat and fasten in memory—

"We wish to be free from the control of the State. We will have no masters. To make the existence of government needless we deny the need of moral laws. There can be no immorality where there is no teaching of morals."

It is the creed of the saloons—"We wish to be free from the control of the State. We will have no masters. We deny the need of moral laws." They teach it and preach it all the time. For this creed every saloon is a sanctuary, and it finds an altar at every bar.

On the night before President McKinley's burial, the Excise Commissioners of Newark, N. J., after denying license to a certain "Hill" resort where an assemblage had insulted the martyr's memory, adopted the following preamble and resolutions:

"Whereas, It has come to the notice of the Board of Excise that certain saloon-keepers of this city have been guilty of permitting Anarchists to assemble in their places of business and make speeches against the head of our Nation, therefore be it

"Resolved, That any saloon-keepers in this city who shall be charged by the police with harboring Anarchists or permitting them to hold meetings in their places of business, and make speeches against the government and the good order of the community, shall be deemed to be not the kind of persons to conduct a business of this character, and any person guilty of such an offense shall suffer the revocation of his license and be debarred from again receiving a license to do business in this city."

A wise utterance this, by that Board, surely—wise, and opportune, as far as it went; and it went as far as those men could go, perhaps, under the License Law. But is it really worse for a man to permit the gathering of anar-

chists in front of his bar, and allow speeches by them against the government, and the good order of community, than for him to stand behind his bar, and there daily defy law and antagonize good order? Are not "the men who are spreading ruin and death" (note the force of Mr. McKinley's words) by their *business behind* the bar, as perilous to government as their patrons can be by any *speech* of theirs *before* the bar?

If men who cry out against Law, and who "make speeches against government and good order in the community," or who permit this to be done in their places of business, are "not the kind of persons to conduct a busines of this character"—a business that lives by law-breaking and breeds disorder everywhere it exists—in the name of all that is pure and holy and patriotic by what kind of persons ought that business to be conducted?

VI. A CRIMINAL PARTNERSHIP

In a century and a quarter of national life the Spirit of Anarchy has killed three Presidents of the United States. In the last ten years the Curse of the Liquor Traffic has killed a million citizens of the United States.

And so the Curse, to a degree that should appall every patriot, has itself become a Crime, and fearfully cumulative. Once it may have been only a vice, as murder is said once to have counted; and then the murderer was considered only vicious. But then the government, as we are told, finding this vice growing more rampant, laid a tax upon the murderer, and his act became criminal, but **in his crime the government had share.**

And every license or tax law, demanding tribute of the Liquor Traffic, is essentially criminal. The citizen who

supports it has criminal share in the criminality—**"becomes of necessity a partner"** if Mr. McKinley's declaration was true; and the party whose policy upholds it is criminal with the citizen—party and citizen are guiltily criminal together while the criminal policy goes on.

If old-party leaders would utter their actual thought about it all, in every campaign they would say or sing:

"Yes, we know that the tolls which in taxes we take
Come at last (or at first) from the many who make
By the bar and the brothel their manhood a lie;
But so long as the tax (or the license) is high,
Then the millions we get from the sin and the shame
Shall begild all the vice and efface all the blame,
And the men who pray loud for the coming of Christ
Will with gold *to our guilty success* be enticed.

We will talk of Taxation, and smile as we see
Still how easy to fool the poor tax-payers be;
We will tell how the bar and the brothel have paid
The high taxes that on the poor voter *we* laid;
For the dollar we show he will vote for the dive
That, so long as it lives, *on his pocket must thrive;*
But we never will tell him—we haven't the tongue—
Thus to save by the ballot is *waste at the bung!*"

As has been said, there are 250,000 accepted criminals in this country; they cost the people of this country at least a round Billion of Dollars every year, of which at least one-half is chargeable to Intemperance, to the Curse which is mother of Crime; and Carroll D. Wright, official statistician, testifies that for every dollar which government receives from the Liquor Traffic it costs this country twenty-two dollars and a half; yet License party leaders,

notwithstanding these facts, will smile serenely at the License party voter, and say—

> "But we never will tell him—we haven't the tongue—
> Thus to save by the ballot is waste at the bung!"

And in every campaign they will implore, they will beseech him, for sake of the party, or some new fiction of reform that shields the saloon, just this one time more to **rally around the bung-hole**—rally to put the Democrats out, rally to put Croker out, rally to put everything out but the Beer, and the Bar, and the Liquor Business that is and that makes the Curse that is and that breeds the Crime that calls for the only Cure.

And the fact stands, for you to quarrel with as you see fit, that any movement, by any party or other division of citizens, which openly or tacitly favors letting down the bars of Law by keeping up and open the bars that are lawless, to win the support of any class of people who believe the Law too strict—any movement that to down Tammany and kill Tammanyism consents or implies that the Saloon may down Sunday and kill Christian sentiment—any movement which thus eliminates morality and principle while professing to be moral and pure—outrages the basic principles of Good Government, has in it the Spirit of Anarchy, and breeds and increases the most dangerous contempt for Law.

To promise or imply non-enforcement of any law, in order to win the votes of any persons who oppose that law, is to assist in bringing Law and Government into disrepute—is to assassinate Good Government at the Ballot-Box, where to every American it should be sacred, and where it should be defended loyally by every loyal man.

The Curse of the Liquor Traffic will never be cured, the Crime and the crimes of that Curse will never cease, until the law shall prevail in its purity, and majesty, and power.

To be a Prohibitionist is to believe in Law's purity, instead of its prostitution for political ends; to demand the application of its power for the uplift of human life and the elevation of the State; to stand for its majestic rule, in behalf of Manhood and Morality, at all times and in all seasons, and especially to stand for this, as the defender of Home and School and Church, on the throne of Good Citizenship, upon the sovereign day of civic duty when Suffrage makes every American citizen a King.

VII. CIVIC SOVEREIGNTY

A friend of mine once told me how there came to him, upon that day of sovereign opportunity, a great convincing light. He had rank in the high places of men; was President of a College; carried the prefix "Rev." before his name, and affixed to it the degree letters, S.T.D. and LL.D.; believed in Law and Righteousness.

One Sunday morning—the last Sunday before the Election of that year—he filled the pulpit of his church membership, in the city of his home; and he said plain things about political righteousness and the moral situation at large; he laid particular stress upon certain local conditions which were disgraceful, and went so far as to designate by name one of the liquor-sellers, and to hold this worst man of this bad class up to public execration and contempt. He fairly put this man in pillory, from that pulpit, until those who listened began to fear evil

consequences to the preacher, from the saloon-keeper or his kind. And there was harsh talk by them, because of the preacher's harsh truth, upon the streets next day, and behind the bars.

Then Tuesday came, and this Doctor of Sacred Theology, this good and honest Doctor of Laws, this eminent educator of youth and of men, went to the Ballot-Box, for the discharge of his sovereign duty as a citizen. He had always voted the ticket of his party of high moral ideas. He held now its ticket in his hand, as he approached the throne of Citizenship. He joined the line of sovereigns like himself, and step by step he neared the supreme place, awaiting his turn to vote.

Another man stept up behind him, and followed on. The flavor of liquor from his breath polluted the air this College President must breathe. It was the liquor-seller whom the President had so boldly and bitterly denounced. And step by step, step by step, these two men marched up to the Ballot-Box, each holding his party ballot; and when the Doctor of Sacred Theology had cast in his, and was turning to go, in the proud consciousness of a sacred civic duty done, he saw that the liquor-seller's ballot precisely duplicated his own, upon which it fell in sweet companionship.

He went away less proud, but more thoughtful. The more he thought, the more disgusted he grew. When he got home for dinner he was in an unusual mood, and his wife wondered.

"What is the matter?" said she.

"I am mad!" said he.

"Why, what *is* the matter?" she asked again, and again he answered:

"I am mad!"

"Has anybody insulted you?" she finally inquired, when he sat and said nothing more.

"Yes," he admitted, with some reluctance.

"Who did it?" was her eager question.

"*He* did it," said the Doctor, slowly, significantly pointing to his own breast; "he is the guilty man! I have insulted myself!"

And then he told her the story. And since that day he has known, what it takes many wise men a long while to learn, that a Prohibition party is needed politically to differentiate the Doctor of Divinity, and the Sunday School Superintendent, and the Christian Voter, from the dive-keeper, the drink-seller, the gambler, the distiller and the brewer, the breeder of Crime, the perpetuator of Drink's awful Curse.

I know another Doctor of Divinity, at the head of a Theological institution, who has not learned that yet. He is a clean and royal man, of high ideals. He goes to the polls with as much solemnity as he manifests when entering the pulpit; and when he casts his ballot he reverently lifts his hat and stands with uncovered head. But *he* votes the other ticket of those two parties in which the Bishop and the Brewer, the Doctor of Divinity and the Distiller of Death, the Sunday School Superintendent and the Saloon-keeper, go shoulder to shoulder and cast ballots identically the same.

These two men, these long, long years, have represented one great class, **whose division only makes possible,** yea insures, perpetuation of the Liquor Curse. When we bring them together, with a common purpose, at the Supreme Place of Civic Sovereignty, the Crime of the Liquor Traffic will cease, for the legal Curse of that Traffic will have found its only legal Cure.

Will you wear the party collar, or the voter's kingly crown,
When Election Day invites you to a sovereignty sublime?—
Shall the dive's debasing dollar drag your princely purpose down
To the low, corrupting level of a crime?
Will you bow in meek surrender to the tyrant that would reign
Over Home and School and hamlet, in the city's crowded street?
Will you stand a sure defender, for some share in guilty gain,
Of the Curse that claims your vassalage complete?

In the nest of Human Freedom sits a vulture—bird of prey—
And it hatches foulest brood that ever darkened fairest sky;
Till our land has grown an Edom for God's Children, on their way
To the better Land of Promise by and by.
And the birds of evil breeding sweep their shadows over all,
While the blight of their corruption spreads its poison everywhere;
And the smitten, sore and pleading, in their weakness faint and fall,
For there comes no Christian answer to their prayer.

Love is weak, and Law it falters to uphold the Truth and Right,
And the brave become as cowards, breathing poison's fetid breath,
Till the fire on Freedom's Altars feebly flickers to its flight,
And the Curse would strangle Manhood to its death.
But the Better Day is nearing, when the vulture shall be slain,
When its brood of evil breeding shall be smitten ere they fly,
When a Christian Manhood, hearing weak and wounded cry in pain,
Shall make answer from its throne of purpose high.

Be a unit for the glory of the land we love so well,
Not a fraction in the forces that its glory would efface;
Have a part within the story that the Better Day shall tell,
When the Ballot ends forever Law's disgrace;
Wear no more a party collar, in the country or the town,
When the Nation's weal commands you to assail a Curse and Crime;
Hold the Man above the Dollar, wear your Manhood's kingly crown,
On the Sovereign Day of Duty all sublime!

PUBLICANS AND REPUBLICANS

Victorious parties are born of many elements in citizenship, gathered about one great issue of paramount importance.

Parties die when they lack an issue that stirs the conscience and sounds the bugle note of progress for a free people.—*Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap.*

Chapter XI

PUBLICANS AND REPUBLICANS

STUDYING further the problem of Profit and Loss in Man, we are everywhere confronted by the fact that Man is under government, or is a part of government, and that government, in this country, depends on political parties. Whether Man shall be socially or economically a profit or a loss, must be more or less, but will be greatly, a matter of political policy, of partizan administration—will depend upon how his moral and economic welfare is politically safeguarded and conserved, by the ruling party power.

No survey of man's economic situation, its possibilities and certainties, can be complete, or fairly comprehensive, which does not include careful analysis of party relations to it, of party attitudes concerning it, or party policies affecting it. And since the Drink Question is inseparably connected with public and private economics, we are driven to consider the great political parties in their historic and current attitude toward that question, and to show, impartially if we can, fearlessly as we must, what has been and must be the effect of such attitude upon the morals and economics of the nation and State.

It is difficult to do this, in print or on platform, without offending party prejudice; it may be impossible. The average man gets hot under the collar immediately, when you say or imply that as to any great question his party is unwise, unjust, or unpatriotic. He disputes the most

conclusive proof, he denies the plainest facts, he can not see the clearest logic; or facing logic, and fact, and proof, and admitting them all, he says to himself and you, "It is my party, and I love it; I was born into it and I can not leave it; and whatever its faults or its failures, on this question or any other, it's better than the other party, anyhow, and you've no right to abuse it."

With no thought of abuse, and without assuming to say that this average man's party is worse or better than the other party, we invite him to a frank and fair consideration of what his party promises and performs with regard to the sale of Liquor—with regard to the recognition and perpetuation of saloons.

And the average man should not complain if we first recognize that one of the two great parties which has made loudest claim to Temperance and Morality—that party through which, if many advocates of it are to be believed, the Temperance Question is finally to have settlement. If both of the great parties had ranked equally high in moral profession, and had been upheld in equal fashion as **moral agencies for the betterment of man,** it could make no difference which of them should be considered first; but the record of one, and the claims urged on behalf of it, compel the courtesy of its prior consideration.

If this average man objects to the courtesy, and feels that we are not giving his party due credit, let him possess his soul in peace, and wait with patience until the other party's turn comes for treatment. If he thinks himself and his party ill-used, or severely spoken of, he may be comforted when he hears the other party discussed.

"Does this razor go easy?" asked the barber of his customer in the chair.

"That depends on what you are doing," said the man. "If you are just shaving me, it's pretty hard, and it pulls; if you are skinning me, it's easy enough."

If you think we are skinning you, or your party, just consider how easy it is, and don't flinch—it may be harder for the other fellow next time. You may feel it a duty, then, to condole with him, even as now he may condole with you!

"**Publicans and Republicans.**"

This is more than a mere alliteration, or a catchy play upon words.

I. WHAT WERE AND WHAT ARE PUBLICANS?

In Bible times, taxgatherers; men to whom others paid tribute; a class through whom filtered the revenue of government, required by odious Roman rulers; men whose calling, for or without any good reason, lost them the respect of their fellows; men held in low repute because of the way in which they gained their livelihood; in the language of Biblical definition—"*political renegades and social outcasts.*"

In these times, according to the dictionary and common usage, men who pay tribute; men whose calling demands constant tribute from their fellows; men through whom is filtered some of the government's revenues, to the people's awful cost; a class held in low repute by their fellow men because of their low calling; "keepers of public houses where drinks are sold"; "sellers of spirituous liquors"; in brief, saloon-keepers; **"political renegades and social outcasts."**

The Publicans of today, like their prototypes of nineteen centuries ago, lack popular esteem and respect for intrinsic reasons.

Sam Jones, the plain-spoken evangelist, put one of these reasons into forcible if not elegant phrase.

"My objection to the saloon-keeper," said Sam, "is the same as my objection to the louse—he gets his living off the heads of families."

The Publican has lost caste not because of any law, but rather in spite of law. During the famous Fusion Reform Campaign in New York City, in the fall of 1901, Judge William Travers Jerome, a Reform candidate, speaking as if to win liquor votes, admitted the stigma resting upon publicans, but did not admit the cause.

"I'll tell you," said he, "one reason I don't approve of the law requiring bars to be closed on Sunday. Any law that makes a great body of honest citizens ashamed of their business is pernicious. That is what the Sunday closing law does for saloon owners. They grow ashamed of the way they make their living when they should not be ashamed of it if the business is properly conducted. The self-reproach that the law engenders in the men goes further, and influences their families."

But the law closes the grocery, on Sunday, and the dry-goods business, and the blacksmith-shop, and every other honest and legitimate industry; and who ever heard of the grocer, and the merchant, and the blacksmith, or any other honest business man, getting ashamed of his calling because he could not legally prosecute it on Sunday? It must be the legal prosecution of the liquor-seller, because of his illegal prosecution of liquor-selling, coupled with the essentially illegal and unworthy character of his business, which has brought it into ill repute—which has engendered so much of self-reproach in the publican, and has reflected so unhappily upon his family. One liquor-seller's child gave a hint of this, in Sunday School. She

was asked who made the world, and how long it took Him to make it. Her answer was mixed:

"God made the world in six days," she said promptly, *"and was arrested on the seventh."*

The publican of Bible times was not arrested, on Sunday or any other day, yet he had not the social status of other men; and one of the complaints made about Christ, by men of pride and place, was that He ate *"with publicans* and sinners."

If the publican of today were never arrested, if he broke no law, he would rank with *the sinners'* class, he would be in bad repute because of his manner of life; and, it may be assumed and said with reverence, that manner of life and livelihood would not command respect and esteem now, even if Jesus Christ were to come again and eat and drink with the publican.

There is a divine law of the human world which forbids men truly to respect any purpose among them to live and thrive at the cost and by the degradation of their fellows.

It is deeper and more fundamental than any law enacted by men. It is this law which makes the gambler despised and the thief contemned. If there could be a law to license stealing, six days in the week, but prohibiting it on the seventh, that law would not make thieving disreputable, would not make licensed thieves ashamed of their calling, even though law does establish moral standards. The self-reproach engendered in the thief and his family would not come of the law, merely, but of the vicious conduct largely protected by law.

Any law which licenses any evil, goes as far as law can to make that evil respected and respectable. Licensing any trade or calling six days out of seven,

may not so completely afford legal endorsement as to license it all the days of every week; but if it is *the law* which gives respectability, then the traffic in dry-goods is less respectable than the traffic in wet-goods, for the dry-goods house is not licensed at all, and a place which has the law's special endorsement six days in the week should be six times as respectable as a place which lacks particular legal endorsement every day of the week.

No, it is not the Sunday law—not any law, merely—which stigmatizes the publican and his trade: it is something deeper, something inherent in the trade itself. And this it was which made one liquor-seller say to Mr. Jerome, as that gentleman reported in a campaign speech, "Why, Judge, I am ashamed of my business. I got into it when I was young, and now I wish I was out of it."

And a million Jeromes may declare, as this one Judge Jerome did, that the trade of the publican must and shall be purged of contempt, and washed clean of its odium by the enactment of a Sunday selling law, but the contempt will remain, the odium will not be removed; the publican will be a publican, toward whom honest industry will point its finger of shame, from whom honest social pride will hold aloof in scorn, against whom the doors of church membership will be closed, and for whom the selectest ranks of human brotherhood will never again open, in this land where human brotherhood has its noblest aspirations and its divinest ideals. Thus far have the American people gone along the highway of Christian progress for the good and the glory of Man.

II. WHAT HAVE BEEN REPUBLICANS, AND WHAT ARE THEY NOW?

It would not be wide of the mark to say that they were born of a despised political class. Politically, they

descended from the Abolitionists. It is true that their party did not boldly champion Abolition, at the start; but it did oppose the extension of Slavery, and its opening battle-cry, in 1856, was "Free soil, Free speech, Free Men and Fremont!"

And this came directly of the Anti-Slavery agitation by men who were socially and politically ostracized on Freedom's account—men who cried aloud, and would spare not, against the thing they hated, in behalf of the humanity they loved. Had there been no Abolitionists in 1844 and 1848, there could have been no Republicans in 1856 and 1860. Republicans were begotten of the Anti-Slavery Idea; they were born of the Abolition faith. They came to power in government through the cumulative recognition and assertion of **intrinsic Value in Man**—a value which could not be measured in coin, upon which no man had right to set a price that another man should pay. They came to power in government upon the highest moral and political plane of their century, of the human race.

At this high level of manhood, and mission, Republicans were the political elect. As such, for a long time, they remained. During its earliest years, the Republican Party held within its ranks a great majority of the clergymen, the teachers, the college Professors, the writers and other cultured men, of the Northern States. There may have been just a little of the Pharisaic spirit among Republicans, then, as later. They could not quite understand, the great mass of them, how any man of culture, and brain, and conscience, could be a Democrat.

In 1885 I met a College Professor in the South, who had come North the year before to attend the great gathering of the National Teachers' Association; and he told

me how among a thousand teachers he found no Democrat but himself, and how amazed they were, in their days of educational and social contact, to find him politically what he was.

"Why," they said to him again and again, "you talk as we do, you feel as we do, you have the same standards of moral purpose and the same ideals of citizenship; and how *can* you be a Democrat?"

But the Democrat, in the South, for some years after the Civil War, was largely a Northern Republican in Southern disguise. He was there, socially, intellectually, morally, what the Republican was here. The Republican, there, was black, or a carpet-bagger, as a rule; and it was a rule the Democrat did not like, and could not respect. If the white carpet-bagger had principle, which he often lacked, he dominated the State through the Black Republican, who commonly had none, neither character nor caste. The Northern bottle had gone down there to multiply the Southern bottle and to curse the Southern black; and Southern Republicanism differed radically from Northern Republicanism—it was mentally and morally of quite another sort.

The War itself changed Northern Republicanism; I do not mean in its political composition, but in its personal character. The habits of the soldier, in war, clung to the citizen, in peace. When the War was over, a painful percentage of men who believed in and had fought for Republicanism, as they comprehended it, smelled of barrooms and beer. Boys who had left the farm and the village clean of lip and life, came back with oaths on their tongues, and the odor of liquor on their breaths; and by thousands these were made local political leaders, in town and country, to the lowering of the party tone and the vitiating of party methods.

Meanwhile, as we shall presently see, the attitude of government, toward the Liquor Business, had completely changed; open partnership, for the sake of revenue, had come about between government and the brewers; the necessities of war expenditure, as per the claim of a Republican administration, had sought share in the Liquor trade's receipts; and the Republican Party of the nation, upheld by its organization in the several States, was in deliberate alliance with the demoralization of Drink, through the Revenue System, for the liquidation (no pun intended) of the National Debt.

While the War changed Northern Republicanism, conditions which followed the War continued to change the Republican party's composition, until it is today largely unlike that of the Sixties and the early Seventies. This declaration need not be taken as mine alone. The fact in it has been declared and admitted by many accredited Republicans. Mr. Seth Low, four years Republican Mayor of Brooklyn, running for Mayor of Greater New York in 1901, as a Republican candidate on a Fusion Reform ticket, in one of his Carnegie Hall campaign speeches he frankly said:

"Everybody that has given close attention to municipal affairs, to the history of municipal government in the United States—I say everybody, perhaps I ought to say almost everybody—appreciates that there is no single force which makes the obtaining of good government in cities so difficult, as that *some parties seem to change.* * * * It is because the Republican party is in such overwhelming domination in the city of Philadelphia, that that city has persistently such bad government."

This language clearly attributed bad government in one great city to a bad change in the dominant party. And this bad change, in large measure, has come about

through the dominance of cities in party rule, and the changed character of city populations. The voting percentage of the cities, within the period of the Republican Party's life, has entirely changed in ratio with the town and the country vote; and the character of that city vote has altered as much as the percentage ratio. Into that percentage enters now a foreign element far greater than was found in it thirty years ago; and this foreign element has been courted by Republican leadership, and brought into Republican ranks, until it controls in city and State and rules the nation; and it is this foreign element which determines the dominating Republicanism of today.

Pennsylvania is and long has been Republican by a tremendous majority; and the bad government in Republican Philadelphia, recognized and explained by Mr. Low, exists not in spite but with the consent of Pennsylvania Republicans, who assume it a necessity to their State party life. In other words, country politics must bow to the bad methods of city politicians, the State party must sink to the level of the city partizan, because of the bad element in city control.

Quayism, in the Quaker commonwealth, was the open proof of change in the Republican party. Political rottenness, in Philadelphia, the Quay-ker City, and Harrisburg, the capital of Quay-kerdom, was the over-ripe fruit of that change.

Further, and more wide-spread, proof of that change is found in the fact that this great Republican party, born of a great moral idea in government, and a great moral issue in politics, dares not now anywhere accept and assert a moral issue and stand for it as in the good old days. Even acknowledged Republican leaders dare not avow themselves upon great moral questions.

Dominant, even predominant, among these leaders, during and years before the Reform Campaign in New York City, in the fall of 1901, was Thomas C. Platt, U. S. Senator from the Empire State. Under that campaign to down Tammany, the question of Open Saloons on Sunday was bubbling to its outbreak. After that campaign this question came to the surface, and boiled furiously. It was a moral question, if ever such could be, though it appeared likely to become a political issue. While the pulpits and the press were full of it, Senator Platt was interviewed for a leading daily, no doubt on his own invitation, and was asked his personal opinion as to what should be done about Sunday opening.

"I have no personal opinion," answered the dominant Republican of New York State; and in explanation he made haste to add—"my *politics does not permit it.*"

In the days of Hale, and Giddings, and Sumner, and Seward, and Chase, and Lincoln, their politics did not forbid their having personal opinions; and their opinions they uttered, in Congress and out of it, with mighty power. Simply to name these men, and recall their standing in their party, and then to name Quay and Platt, and point to their leadership and record, should be sufficient to show that the Republican party has changed more than words can tell—that such change would have been utterly impossible without a change in the membership of that party, or in a dominating minority of that membership, of tremendous import.

There is neither space nor need for more proof or illustration of this change. All that should be further stated here is the fact that a great mass, perhaps a great majority, of Republicans have not changed—they are as honest and moral and patriotic as Republicans ever were;

and this admission should comfort and mollify any reader who may feel his temper rising at this particular moment. But this great mass, even this majority, cannot control its party action, or shape its policy, or determine its utterance, on great moral and patriotic issues: **the bad minority has grown essential to party success,** *and runs the party machine.* The good majority must bow before it in meek suppliance for political support—must smother conscience to make sure of party control—must have no personal opinion as to moral assertiveness and the recognition of principle—must be willing to refer the Ten Commandments to popular vote, and to lower the laws of man to a level with the immoral purposes and lawless life of a foreign, cosmopolitan mob.

Without apology to the many good men who bear their party name, because of this declaration about the fewer bad men who dominate the party's acts, let us proceed to consider—

III. WHAT HAS BEEN AND WHAT IS THE ATTITUDE OF REPUBLICANS TOWARD PUBLICANS?

This question has reference to Republicans as a mass—to their organic attitude, as a party. Space is not at command for an answer in full detail, by States; and yet we must be more specific than by answer only as to the National organization.

SOME PARTY RECORDS

There was no Republican party in any State, prior to 1854; no national Republican party prior to 1856—no party to which that name applied as it has applied since those years. In the first of those years a Republican ticket was elected in Maine, and in Michigan, and a

fusion candidate for Governor won election in New York (Myron H. Clark), who counted as a Republican. In that year, in those States, Republicanism, then a new political factor, stood for Prohibition; the party's first platform, in New York, was a Prohibition platform straight and plain. The Legislature of New York, mixed in character, by a mixed vote had passed a prohibitory law the year before, but this had been vetoed by a Democratic Governor (Horatio Seymour), and his veto made the measure a plain political issue, upon the right side of which, with the Whigs and other organizations, rallied the young Republican party, which to this issue largely owed its life in this State.

In Maine a Democratic Legislature passed the original "Maine Law" (which other Democratic Legislatures copied after in other States), only to repeal it a year later; in New York a Republican Legislature passed a Prohibition Law, like unto that of Maine, which the first Republican Governor of New York signed, only to repeal it one year afterward. The Republicans of Maine re-enacted what the Democrats had repealed; but the Republicans of New York would not even amend their own law, to meet objections of the highest court and make it easily constitutional; they followed the lead of Maine Democrats, and also repealed.

Prior to 1860, in eight States where Democratic Legislatures had enacted Prohibition laws prior to 1856, these laws were repealed by legislatures Republican. And after 1856 only two Republican Legislatures passed a Prohibitory law, as to the Liquor Traffic, until in the '80's, when Constitutional Amendment majorities, in Kansas, and Iowa, and Rhode Island, compelled it, for those States; and the two States in which prohibitory

laws passed, after 1855 and before 1880 (Massachusetts and Rhode Island), repealed these laws when their Republican Legislatures re-assembled.

The National Republican party, in its platforms, has never committed itself to Prohibition. Once, in the "Raster Resolution" (1876—"adopted by the Platform Committee," as Mr. Raster afterward certified, " with the full and explicit understanding that its purpose was the discountenancing of all so-called Temperance-Prohibitory -and-Sunday laws"), it covertly declared for the opposite. Its earliest platform declaration recognized a moral issue in politics—Polygamy—and the party was nationally born of yet another question not less moral than political—Slavery; but on this moral question of the Liquor Traffic the Republican national party has chosen to be silent, since it spoke for saloons in the Raster Resolution referred to. With one exception, which it is more cruel than kind to recall. In 1888, following the Republican defeat of 1884 (to which Prohibitionists contributed, as Republican leaders and press declared), the national Republican Convention, in the Boutelle Resolution, adopted apart from its platform, said this:

"The first concern of all good government is the virtue and sobriety of the people and the purity of the home. The Republican party cordially sympathizes with all wise and well-directed efforts for the promotion of Temperance and morality."

Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular quoted this resolution (July 10, 1888) and asked:

"And pray, who withholds endorsement from such propositions as these? In behalf of the wine and spirit trade, we hereby accord this declaration our unreserved approval."

And the Republican *Commercial Gazette,* of Cincin-

nati, cheerfully said of the resolution: "If it had meant anything it would not have passed."

There is a paragraph in this party record that should never be overlooked.

Four years previous to this inoffensive deliverance on Temperance, in that same city of Chicago where this deliverance was made, at that memorable convention of 1884 when Mr. Blaine was nominated for President, Miss Frances E. Willard headed a deputation which appealed with pitiful eloquence to the Republican Platform Committee—not for a Prohibition plank, but for the most moderate expression of sympathy, and was ignominiously, even insultingly, refused. Until that time John P. St. John, who had been twice Republican Governor of Kansas, and had been beaten for a third term by the liquor men inside his own party, and their alliance with liquor Democrats, was yet a loyal Republican, refusing to identify himself with the Prohibition Party, and holding that the National Republican organization would sufficiently declare itself to satisfy him and others expectant, and keep faith with Republican Prohibitionists in Kansas—of which fact ample evidence is in my possession. Disappointed and grieved, Ex-Governor St. John became the National Prohibition standard-bearer against his wish, even against his will, and (as he was forced to regard it) almost as by Divine Command—to which fact I could bear testimony in detail, of my own personal knowledge, were there occasion so to do.

A RECORD OF PARTNERSHIP

This action of the Republican Party, in convention assembled, was altogether consistent with the Republican

Policy as to public revenue, maintained for twelve years preceding.

It was in 1862 that the United States government accepted partnership with the Liquor Business, under the Internal Revenue System. And government was by no means a silent partner, as the years went on. It sent its chief revenue official, or one of his trusted lieutenants, again and again and again, to the great liquor gatherings, and backed his authorized assurances of sympathy and support, suggested his kind inquiries as to the needs and wishes of liquor men. At many conventions of the U. S. Beer Brewers' Association, the Republican administration at Washington was represented by one who spoke with declared authority for the Revenue Department, and whose voice was accepted as the administration's guarantee—as the special partner's voice, in which were both partnership and power.

In 1865 a representative of the Internal Revenue office (Mr. Wells) attended the Brewers' Convention at Baltimore (Oct. 18), and said:

"It is the desire of the Government to be thoroughly informed of the requirements of the trade, and I will give information on all questions, in order to bring about *a cordial understanding between* the Government and the trade."

In 1872, at the Brewers' Convention in New York (June 5 and 6) Mr. C. A. Bates officially spoke for the Government and said:

"Let us take no backward step. I say us, for I am with you. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue is with you. The President is with you."

In 1873 the Commissioner of Internal Revenue sent two representatives to the Brewers' Convention (at

Cleveland, June 4), and wrote a message which they bore, saying:

"I am glad to learn that the conduct of this Bureau has been satisfactory to such an important body of tax-payers as the brewers of the United States, and I trust that nothing will occur to disturb *the friendly relations now existing between this office and your Association.*"

This Commissioner attended in person the Convention of 1878, at Baltimore, and spoke cheering words to the Brewers there; in 1884 his successor, Mr. Evans, sent "best wishes for the success of your Association" to the same body of men, in session at Rochester; and in 1890, when the brewers met at Washington, the successor of Mr. Evans, John W. Mason, graced the occasion with his presence, made a gracious address, and acknowledged the partnership between Government and the Brewers in these words:

"Our business relations for the last year have been quite extensive, and I may say—speaking for the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue—that they have been of a pleasant character. In order that they may continue so, and that the pleasant features of the connection may as far as possible be increased, it is very desirable that the Commissioner should know you all, personally, and that, personally, *he should know your wishes.* * * * You are all business men, engaged in a lawful business, and entitled to pursue that business untrammeled by any regulation of the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, except in so far as may be necessary for the purpose of collecting the revenue. * * * If there be any regulations or anything whatever pertaining to the office which you may deem unreasonable or unnecessary, I beg that you will not hesitate to express your views."

At the Government's head, when this partnership began, stood a man who had said brave and noble words

against the Liquor Business—a man who at heart was a Prohibitionist—a man whose name the world honors and Americans love—the first Republican President. But Abraham Lincoln had one great and grave task to perform at that time. His patriotic purpose was Pauline. "This one thing I do," he no doubt said over to himself, all those weary days of war, in his great, loyal heart.

In the face of lesser difficulties he might have refused —let us believe he would—to accept revenue from vice to carry on a war for patriotism and righteousness. Only the sorest need, let us admit, could have justified him to himself, in approving the Revenue System created in that fearful stress to uphold our national structure.

But it has been maintained under other conditions, with less—yea, without any—excuse. To that System seven Republican national administrations have since held; the partnership which that System began these administrations have continued and have continued to recognize and encourage; from that partnership they have drawn uncounted millions for the national treasury; because of that System and this partnership the Liquor Business has grown rich and insolent, its demands have been imperious and have been met, its power has grown despotic.

It should be said that in four States, commonly Republican by legislative and popular majorities—Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Kansas—Prohibition laws have been long maintained on the statute books; and if there is credit in this fact let the Republican party have it, and welcome. But saying this, it must be said, further, that the non-enforcement of these laws, or the partial non-enforcement of them, in those States, has long brought shame and dishonor upon the Prohibition policy, and

given hope and comfort to the enemies of Prohibition; and that because of political conditions existing in Vermont and New Hampshire Prohibition has there been supplanted by Local Option; and if there is discredit in this let the Republican party bear it all.

For the Republican party has there been responsible. In the hands of its chosen officials have been the powers of government. Wherever, and in so far as, government has failed to make the law a fact, it was because Republican executors of law were incompetent or false to their plain duty and their solemn oaths. Back of these has been their party, condoning their incompetency, their cowardice, or their crime.

And in so far as Prohibition has proven a success, in the States named, or either of them—and this is to a degree magnificently helpful, both morally and financially—it has been so rather in spite than because of the Dominant party. In other words, the people, regardless of party, have compelled such measure of success, or have compelled party officials to perform a small measure of their duty in the enforcement of law.

Mrs. Nation's hatchet crusade in Kansas (in 1901) was the direct and logical outcome of Republican failure to uphold the law and the Constitution of that State; and all the outcries against her and her methods, bitterly sounded across this country, should have been made against the Republican Governor, who perjured himself at the command of liquor votes, and against the Republican party, which conspired in his falsifying and nullifying course.

The election of Sheriff Pearson, a Third Party Prohibitionist, in Portland, Me. (1900), was possible only because Republican Sheriffs had so long been dominated

by the anti-Prohibition, anti-law, element, of that city and county, and because these and other officials, elected by the Republican party, had imbibed (the word is carefully used) so much of the nullifying spirit of that party in that State and other States.

The uprising of public sentiment in behalf of law throughout New Hampshire, in 1902, and the compulsory action of its courts, was but the natural result of Republican disregard for law through more than three decades, and the final disgust which this caused among decent men of all parties.

I was in New Hampshire, at the beginning of one Republican campaign there, years before, and in Concord, where the Republican convention was held, on the day it was held, when the presiding officer of that convention, then State's Attorney-General, in the opening address, declared his ability and willingness to show the Prohibition candidate for Governor how he (this Prohibitionist) could shut up every one of the sixteen open bars then running in Concord within ten days. The only condition made by this Republican office-holder, this chief prosecuting attorney for the State, was that this Prohibition candidate, this plain private citizen, should come to him, and "manifest a sincere desire to close the saloons" —in other words, a heroic zeal to do what the office-holder was paid and had sworn to perform—enforce and uphold the law.

And that same night, in the same hall, in the presence of this prosecuting attorney who did not prosecute (though ready enough to tell another how), and before an audience of his fellow citizens who were presumably his friends, when I charged to his face that by his own admission the Attorney-General of New Hampshire was

either incompetent or unwilling to do his duty, they cheered me to the echo.

RESULTS OF THE PARTNERSHIP

This third question of ours can be truthfully answered in but one way:

The attitude of Republicans toward Publicans—the attitude of the Republican Party toward liquor-sellers—has been, in certain States and at certain times, a hostile attitude, but is now either in law or fact a friendly attitude—the Republican Party, in most of the Republican States, and of the nation at large, by a State and national policy of Revenue, is both the friend and ally of the Liquor Business and by it is relied upon for perpetuation and power.

In Massachusetts, in Pennsylvania, in Michigan, in Ohio, in Illinois, in Wisconsin, in Iowa, in Rhode Island, in Oregon, and in Minnesota—those ten States which have been so reliably Republican so long—under License, High License, or tax, the liquor business lives and thrives and waxes bold. In Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Indiana, Nebraska, and California, which are oftener Republican than otherwise, the same thing holds true.

The Portland *Oregonian,* leading Republican organ of Oregon, told the truth of its own party in that State and other States when it said:

"The Republican party has been betrayed by villainous leadership into an alliance with the liquor ring. It has been debauched and prostituted to the liquor ring's services. It must shake off that leadership, repudiate that alliance, or go to its death. It can not support the infamy of such associations. It will lose all its men of character, conscience and decency, and it will die ignominiously, as it deserves. Redeem the Republican party from the liquor ring! Disenthrall it, or let it die!"

A State policy of Revenue, for which the Republican party is directly responsible in at least sixteen of the older States, and a national revenue policy which that party created and has maintained, testify to the Republican party's friendliness for and perpetuation of the Liquor Traffic. This attitude was revealed with painful clearness during those years (from 1883 to 1889 inclusive) when Constitutional Amendment campaigns were unsuccessfully waging to establish Prohibition in the organic law of certain States.

Ohio, with a frequent Republican majority of 40,000, in 1883 lacked nearly that number of sufficient votes to carry the Amendment in a total vote for State officers of 721,310—or the count of Amendment ballots was falsely returned.

Michigan returned 5,540 majority against Prohibition (in 1887) though since then (and normally) Republican by several times those figures.

Pennsylvania's normal Republican majority of 80,000 did not save the Prohibition Amendment from defeat (in 1889) by almost an even 190,000 (188,027).

Massachusetts could elect her Republican ticket by over 50,000 majority any year, but let her Amendment fail by over 45,000 (45,820).

New Hampshire could be Republican by an unshaken majority, from year's end to year's end, and maintain a Prohibition law which Republican officials did not enforce, but vote down the Prohibition Amendment (in 1889) by 5,190.

Little Republican Connecticut, as the direct result of Republican affiliation with liquor forces, could (in 1889) roll up the large majority of 27,595 against Prohibition in that form.

And it was the Republican Revenue System which defeated Constitutional Prohibition in those Republican States—unless it was Republican party corruption, debauching the suffrage to perpetuate itself, or counting out the clean ballots of honest men to perpetuate a dirty, dishonest business.

"The Amendment died of High Tax," was Miss Willard's declaration as to Michigan; and its death was certainly due to high tax or low political trickery.

In Rhode Island a Republican State official's nullification of the Constitution and the law, as nobody now denies, led to repeal of the Prohibition Amendment three years after its adoption there. (Adopted April 7, 1886; repealed June 20, 1889.)

High tax in Ohio, and High License in Pennsylvania, plus knavery and corruption in both States, painfully swelled the vote against Prohibition when amendments were defeated in those States.

"We understood and agreed to the passage of the High License Law," testified one of the liquor leaders in Pennsylvania, "before the Amendment was submitted, so that we could use it as a means to defeat Prohibition. And it was that and that alone that saved us. With all our money and political backing we could not have defeated the Amendment on any other plea than High License." And his advice to his kind was emphatic—**"Clamor for High License!"**

Republican Iowa gave a popular majority of almost 30,000 (in 1882) for Constitutional Prohibition, but a Republican Legislature found it easy to nullify the people's will, and set aside their verdict, and the Revenue System, under a Mulct Law, practically replaced Prohibition, by the choice of Republican legislators in that State.

REVENUE AT ITS WORST

The State of New York affords the most painful contrast between what was and what is the attitude of the Republican party towards the Liquor Traffic. Remember that in this State that party began on a Prohibition basis, and by enacting a Prohibition law. Forty years later it laid upon the Liquor Trade "a tariff for revenue only," in the Raines Law, but under pretense of serving Temperance.

No other State has matched this form of Liquor Tax, in the extent of its financial returns and in the terrible immoralities begotten and legalized by it. In no other State has the Republican party so openly declared its revenue purpose concerning Liquor, so boldly boasted of millions drawn from the Liquor Traffic, so shamelessly heralded its partnership with the saloon and the house of sin. By grace of the Raines Law, disgrace of the people, and prostitution of public and private virtue, the State Treasury has been glutted with money stolen by barkeepers from the earnings of boys and men, and won in brothels from the shame of women and girls, and boasted of in and on Republican platforms and through the Republican press as a gain to the State, and a relief to the tax-payers, regardless of its effect upon the great moral, political, and economic problem of Profit and Loss in Man.

The evil effects of this law have been sufficiently declared. It need only be cited, now, in further and final proof as to the Republican party's attitude toward the Publican, however vile the place he may maintain, however degrading in character it may be. New York City's Fusion Campaign of 1901 made horribly clear the

relation of this law to the Social Evil there, and the imperative necessity for some change in behalf of Morality; but the change most loudly demanded, by leading Republican papers, and by some influential Republican preachers, in the city itself, was for Open Saloons a part of every Sunday! So with law as a feeder to one form of destructive and costly vice, it was proposed to legalize the grossest Sabbath desecration, and thereby open larger avenues for the spread and perpetuation of that vice.

To such logical ultimate comes the Republican policy of Revenue from the Liquor Traffic, of partnership with liquor-sellers. Seven days of trade should return more profit than six. So reasons the Publican. So the *Re*publican would reason, in honest logic; so he does reason when he argues for an Open Sunday. And the opportunity to declare for an Open Sunday, favored by so large a part of the Republican Party in consonance with the Republican theory of Local Option (and proposed in the Sunday Referendum), shocking as a multitude of Sabbath-loving Republicans considered it, was but the unyielding logic of the Local Option idea, irresistibly asserting itself.

If it was legitimately true, under the Local Option feature of the Raines Law, that any township of the State might vote by a majority in favor of liquor-selling six days in the week, why should it not follow, as a legitimate fact, that any city of the State by a majority vote could establish liquor-selling seven days in the week? If the immoral standards of men may prevail six-sevenths of the time, why not all the time? If men—a majority of men—have a right to dominate and to determine law by their personal habits and appetites, why not also by their

religious, or irreligious, beliefs? If any locality in the State may be subject on six days to the vicious wish or vote of a bad majority, why not on the seventh? They may not agree with us any more as to the sacredness of the Sabbath than they do as to the defilement and waste of Drink. If we should bow to their major will and wish as to the latter, why not as to the former? If the majority is indeed to establish moral—rather, immoral—standards, where shall we stop?

In that remarkable Fusion Campaign in Greater New York, Mr. Edward M. Shepard, Democratic candidate for Mayor, said this:

"The school teacher, faithful and hard worked, is in the long run the most useful of all those who serve the city. For from him or her must come the moral character and intellectual standards which are to determine the wonderful future of our city."

Close beside the teacher in the school ranks the preacher in the pulpit, as a public educator, as a defender of moral standards. And, as we have stated, in the Republican party the teacher and the preacher stood once, naturally, side by side—it was confessedly the party of both; it had a moral standard high as the heavens, broad as humanity, unbending as truth. Now if teacher and preacher march in the Republican procession, they must keep step and touch elbows with the Publican, must see the portraits of their candidates look out at them from the windows of Republican saloons, must mingle their cheers as they march on with the beery breath of Publican and Republican shouters, and must listen to orators, when the march ends, who can talk long and loud of Money, and Tariff, and Expansion, but who forevermore on great moral questions, involving high moral standards and pure political principles, are silent as the Sphinx!

And the chiefest reason they can urge for being Republicans, yet, is a reason of heredity—their fathers were Republicans; it was born in the blood and bred in the bone—the Italic reasons why they should remain Republicans, as read in their party papers, are that theirs is the party of "good times," of "abounding prosperity;" that it brings money to their pockets and grists to their mills—in other words, preferment and place and pay; that it means low taxes, because of high tariff on the foreigner across the seas and high tax here at home on the foreigner behind the bar!

And if teacher and preacher read with eyes open for truth, when holding their party organs in hand, and listen with ears of conscience when their party orators declaim, and think with honest brains of what relation Publicans and Republicans have come to maintain politically toward each other, between the printed lines they will see, or under the spoken word they will hear, these boastful confessions of the attitude (in our controlling cities and large towns, if not more widely) which their party has come to hold:

We are proud of our Revenue Record—we are!
Of the gains we have gathered from brothel and bar;
  Of the tribute we take from the house of ill-fame,
  Of the profits we make from the woman of shame;
Of the millions we've brought to the coffers we hold,
From the manhood betrayed and the womanhood sold;
  But we beg for clean ballots wherewith we may win
  While we boast of our tolls from the traffic of sin.

We are proud of the millions! But what of the men
And the women who pay? They shall pay us again!
  We will fatten on sin and will thrive upon vice,
  While we hold the State's virtue for sale at a price;

The saloon shall remain with its festering crime,
And the brothel shall fume with its terrible slime;
  They may ruin young men, but so long as they pay
  We will share in their profits, their bidding obey.

To the brewers, barkeepers and brothels we give
The protection of law that permits them to live;
  And we say to them softly, "Stay by us! and hold
  On your way, to our gain, while we garner your gold!"
And we say to the pulpits—which meekly obey—
"Let the party alone, and the party will pay;
  Pour the gospel of love sweetly over the pews,
  But the Decalog do not too widely diffuse!"

We are proud of the revenue records that tell
Of our toll-gates maintained on the highway to hell;
  We delight in the leeches that suck the warm life
  Of the heart of the Home, of the Mother and Wife;
For the manhood betrayed and the womanhood slain
We hold up the red hands of a murderer's gain;
  And we boast of our millions, to bribe you to sin
  With your ballots again, that again we may win!

DEMOCRATS AND DRINK

The rights of man are limited where they clash with the rights of other men.—*John B. Finch.*

Chapter XII

DEMOCRATS AND DRINK

LET no Democrat swiftly take offense at this conjunction of terms. None in the North would be likely to; for throughout the Northern States there is an acknowledged affinity between Democrats and Drink—and Drink of the strongest kind. Even in parts of the South this affinity has long been a popularly understood fact. Kentucky Bourbon and Kentucky Democracy have stood as almost synonymous designations. Both referred to the same political class. Both comprehended the same party politics. Both meant the same thing in government. Hence it came as a startling inconsistency, when Bourbon County went Dry, and the native home of Bourbon whisky repudiated its own. The average Northern citizen, be he Republican or Democrat, will probably question if it ever did go that way.

Indeed, the average Northern Republican, however well informed, knows little of the wide Southern areas from which the Liquor Traffic has been legally banished, and comprehends less of the comparative rigor with which law is enforced on Southern soil. Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and North Carolina have recently and successively adopted state-wide Prohibition, and a vast number of counties in Democratic Maryland, Arkansas, Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, Florida and Texas are without an open saloon. In these the affinity has ceased between Democrats and Drink, so far as local conditions are concerned or would indicate.

And the fact stands that the Democratic Party, in certain entire States of the North, was once a Prohibition party, as it never was until recently, if it is yet, in any State of the South, however locally Prohibition may have come there to prevail. But that was years ago—"befo' the wa'," as a Bourbon Democrat might say. From 1846 to 1855 inclusive—mainly from '51 to '55—prohibitory laws were enacted in ten States which had elected Democratic legislatures; and only two of these were in the South. Prior to 1840 three States had passed prohibitory laws; and only one of these was in the North (Ohio).

The original "Maine Law," which Northern Democrats came to hold in such abhorrence, was put on the statute-books of Maine by Democratic legislators (in 1846 and 1851), though too soon repealed by legislators of the same party kind (1856). It was imitated by Democrats in Illinois (1851), Minnesota (1852), Michigan (1853), Ohio (1854), Iowa (1855), Indiana (1855), Nebraska (1855), and Mississippi and Texas (the same year). The imitation was not in each case a strong one, but it passed for such, and it bore the opprobrium while it remained the law.

But when the Republican party began, and began on the high plane of morals in politics, the Democratic party changed front upon Temperance, and became the open opponent of Prohibition, generally. Then for five years before the war it was a toss-up between the Republican party and the Democratic party, as to which should go farthest to befriend the Liquor Business, with the Republicans ahead because they elected the most legislatures, in States which had enacted Prohibition laws, and were therefore best able to accomplish repeal.

The change in both parties was so great, upon this

question, that if each could have been embodied in one man, and thus could have met the other, they would both have passed without recognition. Like the two Irishmen who met upon the highway; each saw the other coming, and thought he beheld an old friend.

"Good morning, Moike," says one, and "How are ye, Pat?" says the other, as they advanced with outstretched hands.

And then they stopped short, and gazed with surprise each at the other's face, for they were strangers.

"Begorra, Pat," at length says Mike, "I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, an' faith! it's nayther of us!"

And today, if these two old and changed parties could meet, each, as I have said, embodied in one man, some such conversation might occur as was reported of two other Irishmen, Casey and Cassidy, when they met. Said Cassidy—"Casey, man, you're drunk." Said Casey—"It's a lie, Cassidy, *an' if Oi was sober Oi'd make ye prove it!*" *"An' if ye was sober,"* said Cassidy, *"ye'd know ye was drunk!"*

And I leave it for you to say which of the two embodied parties would pass for Cassidy.

In all soberness, in all kindness and candor, let us see whether the Democratic party, State and national, has a record which might fairly entitle it to be embodied in Casey—whether the policy of that party, so far as advocated in its platforms or in its press, or as expressed in any direct legislation since before the War, has been to make fewer Caseys, and fewer places where Caseys are made; has been to solve rightly and surely the problem of Profit and Loss in Man; has been to make Casey and other men sober enough to pay dividends upon Society's

investment in them, and to guarantee a stable society and a permanent State upon the citizen-foundations which they form.

In several particulars the Democratic Party, as to this Temperance Question, may claim equality with, and in at least one of them precedence over, the Republican Party. This last reference is to the passage by Democratic Legislatures of prohibitory laws; but that legislative epoch ended, for the Democratic Party, full six years before the War began, and of this we have already and sufficiently made record. Let us now scrutinize the other particulars, and learn, if we can, whether as to these the Democratic Party has been more or less than the Republican Party a friend of Casey drunk or Cassidy sober. And

I. AS TO LOCAL PROHIBITION BY LOCAL OPTION

We may properly consider this the first particular, because **Local Option, as a supposed settlement** of the Temperance Question, really preceded State Prohibition, though it was much more extensively applied after that had been enacted by a dozen legislatures and as often repealed.

Local Option appeared to be an easy and sure way, then, of relieving both Democrats and Republicans of any partizan responsibility for solving the Liquor problem, by making the people responsible, through popular vote. Both parties appear to have snatched with equal eagerness at this offering, after the Republican party was born, and the policy of Local Option, for some years anyhow, was as much favored by the Democrats as by the Republicans, balancing North and South.

This policy, in the South, made peculiar appeal to the

Democratic Idea. It was clearly akin to the Democratic doctrine of States' Rights: **It recognized the will of a locality,** or a section. Hence it has made singular headway in the Southern States, or some of them; and perhaps in this particular, not less than as to that of early State Prohibition, the Democratic party takes precedence over the Republican.

Local Option began in Georgia as far back as 1833, when that State was not less democratic than at any time since. It made early permanent foothold in Democratic Maryland, years later. Its largest State area, by counties, has since been in Arkansas, Florida, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, Maryland, Virginia, Texas, Tennessee, Missouri and Mississippi. In these eleven Democratic States, in 1901, there were 684 counties under Local Prohibition by Local Option, being almost 62 per cent. of all the counties therein. With Texas left out, the percentage would be over 66.

Some of the results of Local Prohibition, in Democratic States, will appear in the following comparative figures, dating back even prior to the largest achievements of Local Option:

In the States which went Democratic, in the Presidential campaign of 1888, there were but 53,663 legalized liquor-sellers; while in the States which went Republican that year there were 149,711 liquor-sellers—nearly three times as many.

The population, in 1890, of the States that in 1888 were carried for Harrison, was 37,420,579, there being one legalized liquor-seller for every 250 people in those States; while the population in the States carried for Cleveland was 24,347,473, showing one legalized liquor-seller for every 454 people. In other words, the Demo-

cratic States averaged not much over half as many legalized saloons, in proportion to population, as the Republican States; despite the fact that five States counted as Republican then where Prohibition prevailed by law, and legalized saloons were not known to the census-takers.

So, giving the Republican party full benefit of the fact that in five Republican Prohibition States there were no legalized saloons to count, and of the further fact that Local Option prevailed in the strong Republican States of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Ohio, it is clear that Local Prohibition produced by far its largest results under local Democratic rule, on Democratic soil, and among life-long Democrats.

But this was in the Southern States. Throughout the North, as before and since, the Democratic Party was no friend of Local Option as a rule. Where the Republicans have favored it, the Democrats have opposed it. Pennsylvania had almost a Local Option tidal wave in 1872, when forty counties voted for Prohibition; and against this wave the Democratic Party of that State set itself in open alliance with Liquor. Per contra, in Democratic Missouri, during the elections of 1887 and 1888, thirty-eight counties voted for Prohibition to forty-four against it—a credit to the Democrats; yet in Arkansas, in 1882, a State vote on the question, by counties, carried Wet by a large majority, though many Arkansas counties have long been commendably Dry.

II. AS TO CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION BY CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT

In four Democratic States Prohibitory Amendments to the State Constitution, have been submitted to the people, and have met with overwhelming defeat. Texas, Ten-

nessee, West Virginia and North Carolina, by Democratic Legislatures, were given opportunity for a popular vote upon Prohibition, and in each of these States the Amendment suffered defeat because the Democratic leaders conspired to defeat it, their attitude and effort being dictated, no doubt, by the National Democratic Party's leadership.

Texas rolled up the most astonishing adverse majority, far more than matching, in proportion to population, that of Republican Pennsylvania on such an Amendment. Yet it should be said, to the credit of Texas Democrats, that the Amendment fight in Texas was under Democratic auspices, and led by Democrats of high standing, U. S. Senator Reagan being the chief Prohibition advocate. The Prohibition Party had made slight headway in Texas, up to that time, and aggressive party Prohibitionists were few in that State. It should be said further that Prohibition speakers from other States were barred out of the Texas Amendment Campaign, by those in charge, but that the liquor managers were shrewd enough to enlist Jefferson Davis, former President of the Southern Confederacy, against Prohibition; and it may be properly added that this final act of Mr. Davis's life (a widely circulated letter opposing the Amendment) cost him the respect of many Southern Democrats and was keenly regretted by a host of his long-time followers and devoted friends.

In Tennessee the adverse majority was large, though many influential Democrats there advocated the Amendment with great earnestness. Probably in no Republican State where an Amendment battle was fought did so many dominant party men, of such rank in their party, commit themselves with such boldness to Constitutional

Prohibition as in those Democratic Southern States where the Amendment was fought for so ably, yet lost. I was in the Tennessee campaign, and had personal occasion to know the facts there. In my opinion, had an equal number of equally influential Republicans advocated the Amendment, in those Republican States where it was defeated, it would have been adopted in every one, with the possible exception of Pennsylvania. Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, Michigan and Ohio would surely have carried it.

On the other hand it must be written down that in all the Northern States Democrats have opposed submission of Prohibition Amendments to the people, with the exception of Oregon, and have opposed the Amendments when submitted. They have gone farther, and have persistently opposed the Amendments after adoption, in those States where adoption followed, and have clamored for License, instead, urging Re-Submission in the hope that on another trial Prohibition could be beaten. In Maine and Kansas, year after year, they have maintained this attitude of opposition, and avowed this purpose to change the State's policy, and thus have given aid and comfort to the liquor men and upheld the hands of every liquor-seller defying the Constitution and the law.

The hope that a whole State could and would recant its Prohibition policy, kept alive by the Democratic party's constant and aggressive attitude of opposition, has inspired law-breaking, even as has the hope of an early change in local policy under Local Option. Where Local Prohibition has been tried and soon repealed, the reason for such repeal has been found, as a rule, in the violation of law by liquor-sellers; and this violation has

been persistent because of collusion by party officials, and the known fact that in two years popular decision could be reversed, and under a resumed liquor policy the violators would not finally be punished, the purpose of their violations would be achieved.

In Texas, at one time, before the Amendment contest, I found that county after county, having once gone Dry, had gone Wet again for this very reason: Liquor suits against liquor-sellers had been hung up in the courts, by collusion of Democratic officials, until the legal Dry Term had passed; liquor-selling had gone on defiantly pending these hung-up suits, with all the bad results of it and no revenue; until the men who had once voted Dry were disgusted, or many of them, and went to the polls at next opportunity and voted Wet.

III. AS TO PROPOSED RESTRICTION BY HIGH LICENSE

High License, as known to the United States, was born in Nebraska (1881), where two Democrats, who later became Prohibitionists on account of their High License experience, framed the bill which made High License a legal fact. One of them was H. W. Hardy; the other was John B. Finch, who lived some years after confessing the failure of that policy which he helped create, and who died the ablest and most influential advocate of Prohibition it has ever known.

Excepting that of Missouri (1883), I do not recall a single Democratic legislature which has followed Nebraska's lead and made High License a State policy. Despite its commercial doctrine of "a tariff *for revenue only*," the Democratic party has not in general stood for such a tariff on the Liquor Traffic. And that tariff in that State

has been maintained as a Republican measure—which it really was at the outset, though drafted by Democrats—and which High License early became and has remained in other States. Illinois adopted it when Republican. Michigan, Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and New York followed along this line, in Republican procession.

Since its early days of Prohibition law-making, the Democratic party has been too friendly towards and too dependent on the liquor power for imposing serious burdens upon it, generally speaking. Wherever the Democrats have won, in any Northern State, they have done so by massing solidly on their side the Liquor Vote of that State—as, for instance, in Ohio, in 1883, when Hoadley was elected Governor, and in 1889 when Campbell was elected. Those two were Democratic years on that Republican stamping ground, because the Democrats outbid the Republicans for Liquor support; and got what they bid for. If any Republican thinks there is no *per contra* to this which discredits Republican victories in that usually Republican stronghold, let him study his party's records there, and be not too sorely shocked when he encounters liquor-selling George B. Cox, Republican boss of Cincinnati, to whose control of the Liquor Vote, in that City of Beer and other sins, Ohio Republicanism owes it perpetuity and power!

It must be confessed that Nebraska nearly set the high-water—say more truly the high-liquor—mark for High License when she established it, and that Republicans have nowhere greatly exceeded her figure by any legislation generally applied, unless in Massachusetts. A $500 license fee, in all towns having less than 10,000 population, and a fee of $1,000 in towns containing more than

10,000, was naturally enough considered restrictive; and these Nebraska figures were fixed, as is well-known, in the belief that to a certain salutary extent they would be prohibitive.

At that time even John B. Finch, with his clear understanding of the Liquor Traffic's nature, and his logical perception of cause and effect, did not comprehend how a debasing, disreputable business, made to pay for its right to be, will grow more debasing and debased in the struggle to maintain itself, and will become a more poisonous contamination in every community to which it pays tribute.

The dream of making the Liquor Traffic respectable by High License, through putting it in respectable hands, was natural, yet illogical. And Mr. Finch and his associates were shocked, though they should not have been surprised, when the first license called for at the high fee, and under the new law, in the State's Capital where the law had birth, was called for and granted to the vilest place in Lincoln, and when the first application for a thousand-dollar license in the largest city Nebraska had came from the most notorious gambling hell and house of prostitution in all Omaha. Neither should anyone have been, nor should anyone be now, surprised to find that High License did not, does not, and never will, greatly if at all reduce the amount of liquor drank. It is against the logic of trade and appetite. As to the contaminating nature and effect of a High Licensed Liquor Traffic, and the comparative amount of liquor handled by and consumed under it, the Revenue producing Raines Law of New York, and the Brooks High License Law of Pennsylvania, have been amply in evidence. They have not everywhere exacted quite the Nebraska tribute, but it

has been large enough to gild with gold the sin and crime they have fostered, to make it a deceptive and wicked bribe to the State.

Since its beginning, as a supposedly restrictive or Temperance measure, High License has been adopted, whether by Democrats or Republicans, as a compromise to hold the party allegiance of Temperance men. Conspicuously in this way came the Downing Law of Missouri, the Harper Law of Illinois, the Scott Law of Ohio, the Brooks Law of Pennsylvania, and the Raines Law of New York. Missouri's law was enacted to stop a prohibitory law which was urged there.

Even if High License, first framed by Democrats (but enacted first by Republicans), had been maintained and extended as such, the Democratic party should have no credit for its perpetuity from those who do not favor perpetuation of the saloon. In the Cyclopedia of Temperance and Prohibition pages of facts and figures are given to prove this statement true:

"High License legislation is shown to have no genuine temperance value and to be incapable, even under the most favorable circumstances, of producing encouraging temperance results. And it is not a failure merely in the sense that restrictions proper are failures; it is condemned as an obstructive device, more dangerous than any other compromise yet tried, and the most effective policy that can possibly be resorted to by the forces that seek to defer Prohibition."

After nine years of High License in Nebraska, testimony was overwhelming to the effect that Nebraska had more drunkenness and crime in proportion to population than under low license, the city of Omaha showing, in 1888, one arrest for every eleven persons the city contained—an appalling ratio. And St. Louis, with 1,800

saloons under low license, had 14,000 arrests for all causes, while with 1,700 saloons under High License that city's total of arrests ran to 15,217, of which 4,112 were for drunkenness.

Even in the staid city of Philadelphia, in the second year of High License (1890), although legal saloons were decreased largely, the sales of beer were 1,458,846 barrels, as against 1,409,478 barrels the last year of low license (1888); and the fact that fewer men sold liquor, according to law, did not worry the brewers in the least.

"High License is one of the devil's best devices to deceive good temperance people," wrote H. W. Hardy, of Lincoln, Neb., after seeing the fruits of the law he had conceived and helped to frame. "Then to think I was his first agent on earth to start it!"

Said the Chicago Daily News, in 1888, after five years of High License in Illinois:

"Call High License what it is, an easy way to raise a revenue from vice, but let there be an end of endorsing it as a temperance measure."

Said J. M. Atherton, President of the National Protective Association (of distillers and wholesale liquor dealers in the U. S.), in 1889:

"The two most effective weapons with which to fight Prohibition are High License and Local Option."

And similar testimonies could be given by the score, did occasion require and space permit.

IV. AS TO PROHIBITION AND PERSONAL LIBERTY

We come now to the climax of confessed and final Democratic alliance with the Liquor Traffic. The plea

that Prohibition interferes with Personal Liberty is a recognized, almost a copyrighted, Democratic Party plea, in direct opposition to early legislative Democratic practice. No instance is recalled where an important Republican convention has put this plea into its platform, though it has been urged persistently in behalf of the German vote by Republican orators and the Republican press. For authoritative party uses Personal Liberty belongs to the Democrats, who politically preempted it. It has been and remains a shibboleth of the National Democratic party, echoed and reiterated with eager emphasis in State Democratic assemblies.

It was in 1876, when Samuel J. Tilden was nominated for the Presidency, that a National Democratic Convention first uttered this shibboleth and announced the Personal Liberty idea, implied against Prohibition as being "sumptuary." That convention declared its belief in several things, and among them

"in the liberty of individual conduct unvexed by sumptuary laws."

In 1880 the convention which nominated Gen. Hancock condensed the shibboleth to "No sumptuary laws."

In 1884 the Democrats nominated Grover Cleveland and said: "We oppose sumptuary laws which vex the citizen and interfere with individual liberty;" and they reaffirmed the Platform of '84 in 1888.

In 1892, with Mr. Cleveland again their candidate, the Democrats echoed their former utterances by saying: "We are opposed to all sumptuary law as an interference with the individual rights of the citizen." No direct reference was made to sumptuary laws, in 1896, but in the paragraph declaring "Democratic Principles" their

platform said: "The Democratic party is pledged * * * to the largest freedom of the individual consistent with good government."

In all its newspaper and platform talk about and against "sumptuary laws," understood and intended to assail Prohibition, the Democratic party has betrayed the need of a dictionary.

What is a sumptuary law? That depends upon what the word "sumptuary" means. To determine its meaning, you must go to the "root" of it. From the Latin word *sumptus,* meaning *expense, cost,* we get our English word **sumptuary,** which means *relating to expense,* **regulating expense or expenditure.**

You see many of our English words come from Latin derivatives. Bayard Taylor, long an artist in their use, was given to saying that pretty much every English word could be traced back to the Latin; and having once made that statement to some of his Bohemian friends, as they sat at table together in a place they frequented, one of them challenged him to give any Latin derivative for "restaurant." And quick as a flash Taylor said: "That's easy. Restaurant comes from two Latin words, *res,* a thing, and *taurus,* a bull—restaurant, a bully thing."

The Democratic party thinks the restaurant a bully thing indeed, if it has a licensed bar, and the free-lunch saloon a social necessity, and believes that any law to prohibit these is "sumptuary."

Whereas Prohibition, of the Liquor Traffic, has no "sumptuary" quality whatsoever. It does not limit what a man shall buy, nor what a man shall pay. It does not care whether a man pays five cents a mug, or five cents a gallon, for beer, or whether he squanders ten cents or ten dollars a drink for whisky. It simply says *what a man*

shall not sell. It forbids him to sell intoxicating liquors for beverage use; just as Prohibition says he shall not sell tainted milk, or diseased meat, and for like reason—the common good.

Sumptuary laws, when there were such, limited what a man should pay for the food on his table and the clothing on his person; but they did not say what clothing he should wear or what food he should eat. They had regard to his income and his outgoes, not to his temperance or intemperance. They were laws of economy, with reference primarily to the man himself, not of morality, with reference to the well-being of those about him, to public protection.

There are **laws more akin to sumptuary** laws than is Prohibition of liquor-selling, but the Democratic party has never meant one of these in all its anti-sumptuary declarations, and has never attempted their repeal. They forbid a man to go naked on the street; they forbid him to wear his wife's clothing, to cover his nakedness; they prohibit houses of ill-fame where his passions may be gratified; they forbid him to store gunpowder on his own premises, to his neighbors' peril; they meet him, in some form or other, wherever he goes and whatever he does, in the interest of decency, of common concern for public virtue and the general weal.

Not only does the Democratic party betray its ignorance of meanings, when it strikes at Prohibition by assailing "sumptuary laws;" it exhibits gross ignorance of the purpose of Law, and of the highest judicial decisions, when it cries out against Prohibition as an improper interference with Personal Liberty; it manifests the most glaring inconsistency, or dishonesty, when at the same time it opposes Prohibition and favors License.

For if Prohibition interferes with the liberty of all men to sell, and of all men to buy and drink, intoxicating liquors, then License interferes with the liberty of some men to sell and of some men to buy and drink; and the principle of interference with some is the same as that of interference with all. If the State has right to violate the freedom of a part of its citizens, as to selling and buying and drinking, has it not the same right, for the same reason, to interfere with the freedom of all?

But what liberty has the citizen which is personal to him? How far does any liberty reach that in his own person he can boast?

I made an address one morning to 400 young men and young women in the chapel of a large academy, and this idea of Personal Liberty came to mind. I stood upon a narrow platform, and at my right, quite close to me, sat the Principal, on my left sat his chief assistant. With a table close in front of me, I had no room to step aside. And wishing to illustrate my point, as to the limitations on Liberty, I said: "These are my hands. These are my arms. They belong to me. I have a right to use them. I may stand here and swing them all I wish;" and I began to swing both arms to the front and the back of me, a little farther back each time toward the two faces on my right and left;—"my arms, Oh, yes! and mine to swing as I please if I do not swing them too far, Oh, yes; but my right to swing them ends just where the noses of these two gentlemen begin!" and each hand stopt in close proximity to a nose.

The cheers which followed were proof that my point was as plain as the nose on each face before them.

What liberty has the citizen which is personal to him?

None whatever which interferes with the peace and well-being of his neighbor.

Natural Liberty a man may have when he lives alone: Robinson Crusoe had it, solitary, on his desert island; but limitations of it began the moment he found those foot-prints upon the sand which told of *another man.* With the incoming of **the other man,** whether his nose be long or short, your natural liberty finds a narrowed horizon. **With him your civil liberty begins.** His rights are like yours. No single right pertaining to you can justly overlap the smallest right pertaining to him. Together, you and he become **the People;** and it is **the People's right** to stop, to destroy, any business that harms public welfare. So have decided all the highest Courts. So Civilization has recognized since it began. And every outcry of the Democratic party in behalf of Personal liberty, as against the Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic, is an echo from a barbarian past, an absurd and silly protest against the intelligent verdict of judicial interpretation and social ethics from the beginning of Law and Government to the present time.

Personal liberty to sell liquor, if that sale injure society, ends where that injury begins; and personal liberty to drink liquor can not command the liberty to sell, and the opportunity to drink, after such injury has begun. The sale must stop, the opportunity must pass, because the injury came. There is no dodging the logic of this. No highest court has ever sought to dodge it. And it was a Democrat (Justice Stephen J. Field) who wrote the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Christensen v. California (November, 1890), which forever settled the legal attitude of State and Nation concerning Prohibition versus Personal Liberty, and settled it in direct opposition to the Democratic party's illogical and inconsistent claims. Parts of that

decision can not be too often repeated. Let us read them again:

"By the general concurrence of opinion of every civilized and Christian community, there are few sources of crime and misery equal to the dram-shop, where intoxicating liquors, in small quantities, to be drunk at the time, are sold indiscriminately to all parties applying. The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor-saloons than to any other source.

"The sale of such liquors in this way, has, therefore, been, at all times by the Courts of every State, considered as the proper subject of legislative regulation. Not only may a license be exacted from the keeper of the saloon before a glass of his liquors can thus be disposed of, but restrictions may be imposed as to the class of persons to whom they may be sold, and the hours of the day, and the days of the week, on which the saloons may be opened. *Their sale in that form may be absolutely prohibited.* It is a question of public expediency and public morality, and not of Federal law. The police power of the State is fully competent to regulate the business, to mitigate its evils, *or to suppress it entirely.* THERE IS NO INHERENT RIGHT IN A CITIZEN TO SELL INTOXICATING LIQUORS BY RETAIL; IT IS NOT A PRIVILEGE OF A CITIZEN OF THE STATE OR OF A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES."

Thanks to a Democrat, and his concurring Democratic and Republican associates on the Supreme Bench, for an opinion so sweeping, definite, and final!

V. ATTITUDE OF THE PARTY AND THE PARTIZAN

But though it is directly in line with all sound social and political reasoning since political and social reasoning began—though it accords precisely with the teachings of Aristotle, and Socrates, and Plato, and Paul, and Christ

—the great mass of the Democratic party consent to deny it, as party policy; the great Democratic leaders insist upon arraying the Democratic party against it; the Democratic party, as a national organization, every four years and all the time between, appeals for support to the baser appetites of men, proclaims the Personal Liberty of every man to make a beast of himself, and affirms his right to such bestial opportunity; and Local Prohibition Democrats of the South, and moral-minded, sober-living Democrats of the North, uphold the Personal Liberty Idea, and accept it as a party shibboleth, that so they may perpetuate their party's life, and regain or maintain their party's power.

And a growing minority of Republicans emulate this Democratic example, echo this Democratic party cry in behalf of Appetite and the Stomach, would Personal-Libertize this land of ours to its moral death, that so the Democratic party may lose and the Republican party may gain and keep the Liquor Vote—that so the Democratic party's dominance may end, and Republican sovereignty be assured and perpetuated.

Just after the Fusion Reform campaign of Greater New York, in 1901, Ballington Booth told a story illustrating the spirit of the Democrats, even as revealed in the prayers of good Democrats who pray, and the feeling toward them of Republicans, even those who accept prayer as a possible means of Divine intermediation. While the campaign was waxing warm, according to Mr. Booth, a Methodist prayer-meting was held, on the East Side; and in the midst of his prayer one pious brother said:

"O Lord, we pray Thee that the Democratic party may hang together in the coming election."

"Amen! answer prayer, Lord," put in a Republican who was near.

"But I do not mean it as the Republican brother means it, Lord. I pray that we may hang together in concord and accord," continued the Democrat.

"Amen!" again said the Republican, with great unction. "Any cord, Oh Lord, so long as they hang."

And the Republicans, upon this Temperance Question, are quite willing to furnish the cord wherewith to hang them—a High License cord, a Local Option cord, "any cord, O Lord," that shall not be used for **binding the Monster Drink,** but merely to suspend the Democratic party as a political corpse, while the Republicans live and thrive on Beer and Boodle, Rum and Revenue, and the Liquor Traffic grows bigger and more beastly, more grasping in its greed and more insolent in its demands, until the immoral liberties of men transcend the moral rights of Man, and Citizenship is become but a debased and bloated burlesque of the thing in manly form which true Democracy and genuine Republicanism intended it should be!

Nationally, the Democratic party is the open ally of saloons, the open enemy of Prohibition; and Statewise, in almost every State, it is the same. Its recognized National and State leadership, for more than a generation, has demonstrated this.

Horatio Seymour signalized his governorship of New York by opposing Prohibition, and became the Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

Grover Cleveland was no more friendly to Prohibition, as New York's Governor; and was twice chosen Democratic President by the preponderance of liquor votes, for which in at least one of his letters of acceptance he deliberately appealed.

David B. Hill, total abstainer himself, served eight years as Democratic Governor of the Empire State, vetoed every bill which made in the slightest degree for Temperance, solidified the Rum Vote for his party so far as he could, and did not cease to be a party chief for this reason.

W. J. Bryan, three times Presidential nominee, prepared himself to satisfy the Liquor Democracy by opposing Nebraska's Prohibition Amendment, as a platform orator against it, and in more speeches to the American people, during his three candidacies, than were ever before made by any other candidate in the same number of months, has never once alluded to the Drink Traffic as a cause of Hard Times, or a factor in the Industrial Problem.

One instance of a minor Democrat, running for a minor office, may be typically cited. In that Fusion Campaign of Greater New York, ex-Judge W. T. Jerome represented the Reform Democrats on the Fusion ticket as candidate for District Attorney, and his "whirlwind" on the platform betrayed the boldest bidding for saloon support. He even went so far as to declare his purpose, if elected, to secure a legal Open Sunday, and to make the Liquor Trade as respectable as the hardware trade. One of the newspapers ardently supporting him—The Commercial Advertiser—comprehensively outlined the influences to which he made appeal, and the neighborhood associations invoked by him (and which won him election), in this declaration:

"The Judge deliberately went down on the East Side and offered himself to the Jews, Poles, Lithuanians, Slavs, Austrians, Hungarians, Polacks, Chinamen, Greeks, Assyrians and other representatives of the nations of Europe and they have taken him into their bosom. Consequently the two or three small rooms

which the candidate has hired on the second floor of the Harry Howard Square Hotel, OVER McAVOY'S SALOON, at the corner of Canal and Baxter Streets, usually present a scene that is foreign and polyglot in the extreme."

In power and out of power, in State and nation, in town and city, the Democratic party has maintained its Liquor Alliance, through Liquor leadership and a consenting rank and file, for more than forty years. Its machinery is under control of the distillers and the brewers. When Democratic Temperance leaders in the South went up to the National Democratic Convention of 1888, and begged their party to repudiate its former anti-Prohibition utterances, and change front upon this question, they were treated no better than were those Temperance Republicans who appealed for sympathy to the National Republican Convention of 1884.

To love God and Man, to respect the Sabbath and Morality, and be a Democrat, one must be also the victim of political or moral strabismus; his moral or political vision must be fearfully deflected. For not alone does Northern Democracy represent open saloons, and their endless perpetuation: it has over and over again demanded an Open Sunday for the great cities; it has practically given that, in spite of law, and the protest of the Church, and the Divine Command.

With Tammany controlling Greater New York, in every Presidential Campaign, and New York City controlling New York State, and New York State controlling the nation, what does it mean, to be a Democrat, but complicity in Tammany's crimes, and endorsement of Tammany's vileness, and partnership with Tammany in the lawlessness of Liquor, in the filth of depraved Personal Liberty, in the slime and crime of Sabbath desecration and bestial sin?

Remember that no President of the United States has been elected, since 1856, for whom New York State did not give the determining vote, save in the campaign of 1892. Recall the narrow margin by which Grover Cleveland won in 1884, when James G. Blaine spent the last Sunday before election in journeying to New York City, that his presence there might insure his success, and catch again the echo of those tell-tale words of the Republican preacher by which he was beaten—"**Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion—**" with RUM first, and most emphatic, most influential.

Reflect upon the fact that successful National Democracy, in its last analysis, is Tammany Hall, New York, and that successful Tammany, in its last analysis, is the Sunday Saloon, the week-round Liquor Traffic, with all the allies and accessories thereof, with all the debasement of manhood and womanhood and all the corruption of politics which follow therefrom.

The **Tammany Tiger** is but **the Liquor Traffic** embodied in its natural beastly form, which the Democratic party insists upon maintaining as the national pet and would not even keep chained. What should be done with the embodiment is precisely what was advised as to the beast in that Fusion Reform Campaign of 1901, already referred to. But a morning or two before the election this advice was forcibly summed up and anonymously offered in the columns of that high-toned political and literary journal, the New York Evening Post:

"Ho, all ye men of the city, that love your children and wives!
Come with your guns and your torches, Oh, come with your skinning knives!
The morn of a mighty hunting is red in God's clean east;

Roll out like a flood to the place of blood, like a tide to the lair of the Beast!
Tiger! Hunt the Tiger!

The Tiger is gold-and-tawney, and sleek is his striped skin;
He has washed the stain and the slaver from the silvery frill of his chin;
Regard not his evil beauty, nor shrink at his snarling yell;
From the pit of death is the reek of his breath, and his eyes are coals of hell!
Tiger! Hunt the Tiger!

The weak ewe-lambs he has stolen, and the lean kine of the poor;
He has given us law with the crunch of his jaw, in the lust of his heart secure;
He is fat with the bodies of women, he is fat with the honor of men,
And the bones of the little children are white in the dark of his den.
Tiger! Hunt the Tiger!

Come every man but the coward, or the slave that is chained to sin,
Make one in the mighty Hunting, and one in the bringing in;
And when the day of the doom of God red in the west has died,
Ye shall nail to the gates of the city the pride of his painted hide.
Tiger! Hunt the Tiger!"

METHODS OF SETTLEMENT

Wo unto them * * * which justify the wicked for reward. —*Isaiah* 5, 20, 23.

Prohibition in the National and State Constitutions, made effective by a political party pledged to the principle of prohibition, not as a matter of policy, is the *only* sure remedy for this most terrible social and political evil—the liquor traffic.—*John B. Finch.*

Chapter XIII

METHODS OF SETTLEMENT

WE come finally, in our study of Profit and Loss in Man, and of the Liquor Question as affecting that problem, to consider Methods of Settlement. We will try to answer certain interrogatories that are often put, or that properly may be put, and that should be squarely answered.

I. IS THE LIQUOR QUESTION SO LARGE AND SO IMPORTANT THAT IT MUST BE SETTLED, FOR THE GENERAL GOOD?

What answer make **the scholars?**—men who have studied this problem in the cold light of science, who do not come to it as partizans, but as philosophers?

Listen to Prof. J. J. McCook, of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., as he testifies in The Forum for September, 1892:

"Now I am not a total abstainer, either theoretically or practically, and I have always voted in favor of License. It is needless to say that I do not belong to the Prohibition Party. But anybody who can see must know that, considered merely as a question of social economy, of dollars and cents, of tax bills and public convenience generally, the drink question is the question of the day. The tariff wrangle is a mere baby to it."

What say **the statesmen?**—the men who view public questions in the light of national relationship, who should measure this problem by the calm standards of Political Economy? Listen to William Windom, as he testifies when

Secretary of the Treasury in the President's Cabinet of this country, before death claims him as its own:

"Considered financially, socially, politically, or morally, the licensed liquor traffic is or ought to be the overshadowing issue in American politics, and the destruction of this iniquity stands next on the calendar of the world's progress."

What says **the Press?**—search-light of modern civilization, throwing its rays across the land, finding out facts, recording figures, uncovering crime? Listen to the New York Tribune, not a partizan of Prohibition (never that, since the early days of Horace Greeley), in its testimony concerning the Liquor Traffic:

"It costs every year more than our whole Civil Service, our army, our navy, our Congress, including the River and Harbor and the Pension Bills, our wasteful local governments, and all national, State, county, and local debts, besides all the schools in the country. In fact, this country pays more for liquor than for every function of every kind of government. How is a question of that size to be put aside with a sneer?"

What says **the Church?**—nursery of morals among men, organized on earth that souls may find sure Heaven, set for the salvation of a world from sin unto righteousness? Listen to those whom certain evangelical sects are disposed to regard more lenient toward evil things than themselves—to the Universalists, when they declare:

"The Home, the State and the Church are confronted by no foe to their peace and prosperity so great as is the Drink Habit."

Hear an Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church—Bishop Ireland—when he asserts:

"The Catholic Church is absolutely and irrevocably opposed to drunkenness and to drunkard making. In vain we profess to work for souls if we do not labor to drive out an evil which is

daily begetting sins by the ten thousand and peopling hell. In vain we boast of civilization and liberty if we do not labor to exterminate intemperance. Education, the elevation of the masses, liberty—all that the age admires—is set at naught by the dreadful evil."

What say **statistics?**—cold, unfeeling figures, with no sentiment or humanity or politics in Addition and Multiplication? Read so few that they will not overtax your powers of mental arithmetic, or your gifts of memory:

Every twelve months the 7,000,000 or more drinkers in this country pay over its liquor bars more money than the total of Gold and Silver *mined and minted* in this country in forty years!

Every ten months the direct and indirect loss and waste on account of the Liquor Traffic, in this country, is greater than all the Gold *produced* in this country since the discovery of gold in California to the present time!

Since the discovery of gold in California (in 1848) that State has not produced enough of the yellow metal to pay the American liquor bill alone for sixteen months, not to mention the loss and waste caused by this. The figures are:

American drink bill for 16 months, at the rate of 1899, $1,426,199,802.

Production of gold in California, 1848-1898, $1,354,182,097.

Since the discovery of America the entire production of gold and silver throughout the world, from 1493 to 1898 inclusive, a period of more than 400 years—$20,480,748,600—would not pay the drink bill of this country for twenty years, on the basis of that bill for 1899.

All the gold produced in this country during the year 1898 ($64,463,000) would not pay this country's drink

bill for twenty days; and the entire production of both gold and silver in the United States during that year, Alaska included ($134,847,485), would barely more than pay the drink bill of the American people forty days.

The direct and indirect loss on account of the Liquor Traffic in this country is every year greater than the total of both gold and silver *coined* in this country during the entire century ending with 1895 (which coinage was $2,477,000,000).

Every six weeks we spend for liquor almost as much as the whole tariff revenue of the country for the year 1896, which revenue was $160,000,000.

Every nine months our Drink Bill exceeds all the capital of all the National Banks of all the United States!

Every eighteen months or less our drinking population pays for alcoholic beverage more money than the whole circulating medium of the nation—gold, silver, and paper combined!

Pages on pages of testimony could be cited, from scholars, from statesmen, from the Press, from the Church, and from the compilers of statistics, to prove the Liquor Question greater than all other moral, social, industrial, political and financial questions before the American people. What has been given is enough, before coming to consider the next interrogatory—

II. WHAT METHODS OF SETTLEMENT FOR THIS GREAT LIQUOR QUESTION ARE PROPOSED?

Three only:

(*a*) General perpetuation of the Liquor Traffic.

(*b*) Partial perpetuation of it.

(*c*) Its total Prohibition.

General perpetuation is proposed through general license or tax.

Partial perpetuation is proposed through Local Option, affording Prohibition in part.

Total Prohibition is proposed for State and nation through a State and national policy.

Perpetuation is but another and the correct name for Regulation. **Regulation** is the more polite and sugar-coated name for License.

What is License? A legal grant.

"To license," affirms the dictionary, "is to permit *by grant* of authority; to remove from legal restraint by *a grant* of permission; to authorize to act in a particular character."

License, then, is *permission.* And Bouvier, a distinguished Law definer, says that license is "permission to do that which without such permission *would be a crime.*"

Permission of the Liquor Traffic is perpetuation of it. All regulation is perpetuation. We can not regulate what we do not perpetuate.

To regulate by Tax is to permit by law, as much as by License. You can not separate Tax and License in effect. When they were trying once to get rid of the License odium in Ohio, where the State Constitution forbade a license law, and High Tax legislation was resorted to, Senator John Sherman said:

"I can not see how you can have a Tax Law without its operating as a license law. A license is a legal grant. A tax on a trade or occupation implies a permission to follow that trade or occupation. **We do not tax a crime.** We prohibit and punish it. We do not share in the profits of a larceny, but by a tax we do share in the

profit of liquor-selling and therefore allow or license it."

Tax implies license; and license means permission. When you "permit by grant of authority" you do not *forbid.* When you "authorize" you do not *condemn.* When you "remove from legal restraint" you do not legally restrain. A general license or tax law is *general perpetuation.*

Partial perpetuation of the Liquor Traffic means at most only its curtailment; and so long as you give the Traffic *a right to retail,* anywhere, curtailment will not count.

Perpetuation of this kind is partial to the Traffic, perpetuating it in the great centers of population where it works always the most harm, and from whence it will spread its retailing and entailing influences the most viciously and powerfully.

Says the Atlantic Monthly:

"The saloon has abolished party politics in our largest cities, and today in every such city the local government is vested in neither party but is in the hands of the saloon itself."

I made this quotation once before a large audience in the city of Buffalo, and then I asked: "Is it true here?" and at least fifty voices answered "Yes!" "Yes!" "It is!" "It is!" Shortly afterward I repeated the quotation before a large audience in Rochester, and there told of the Buffalo inquiry made by me and the answers received, and then I asked—"Is it false here?" and promptly a score of voices made response "No!" "No!" "It's true here!"

Thus testified men of intelligence as to the accuracy of The Atlantic's declaration, in the two largest cities of New York State outside Greater New York.

License is born of government. It is the **"grant of Authority."** Where government "is in the hands of the saloon," the saloon will perpetuate itself. With the saloon perpetuated "in our largest cities," the Liquor Traffic will in time command general perpetuation.

You can never kill a snake by cutting off its tail. The saloon snake is hydra-headed, and one head hisses and fumes in every city of every License State. Partial perpetuation coddles every head and nourishes every tongue. The tongue commands obedience on the part of city officials. The jaws grasp and grind the poor victims who can not escape them. The fangs drip with venom. You may squeeze the tail of the reptile all you choose or can, but if you do not crush the head of it you are in danger from its poison and its power.

Johnnie and Jennie owned a cat in common, and the joint ownership made serious trouble, but it was finally suggested by the mother, and agreed, that the girl should claim the head and front half and the boy the remaining portion. By and by there was a fearful howling heard, and their mother inquired the cause.

"I'm standing on my cat's tail," said Johnnie, "and Jennie's cat's head is a hollerin'."

The tiger-cat of the Liquor Traffic, in the State of New York and in other States, belongs to the country and city. The country towns may stand on its tail while the head "is a hollerin'," but mainly the head will howl with delight over the long life the city insures it, because "local government is in the hands of the saloon."

Total Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic offers the only alternative to Perpetuation. You must prohibit that traffic or perpetuate it. You can not prohibit by License or Tax. You do not prohibit when "by grant of Author-

ity" you permit—save as you discriminate against the man who does not pay for permission. You may prohibit some—the majority, perhaps—under License, but you permit enough to perpetuate the whole race of liquor-sellers. Under License that race will not become extinct while the world stands.

Total Prohibition or actual Perpetuation—this is the issue presented, these are the alternatives, when you face the Liquor problem. In other words—

III. WHICH OF THESE PROPOSED METHODS OF SETTLEMENT IS RIGHT, WISE, AND PRACTICABLE?

Consider License first. And

First—**LICENSE IS UNAMERICAN.**

If a thing be right to do, our American theory is that all men have equal right to do it. If it be wrong to do, what right has any man to say it may be done by anybody? If it be wrong to do, what right has any aggregation of men to declare a policy which would permit it to be done?—what right has any Legislature to enact a law making such a policy lawful?

"We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal," says the Declaration of Independence; and those words embody the essential spirit of Americanism.

If one man have right to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow beside the carpenter's bench, another man has equal right to earn his bread by the sweat of his beer-mugs behind a bar, if bench and bar be equally right. And if one be wrong, by whose divine right shall the wrong thing be made lawful at a price?

We decry Monopoly, and it is taken into politics and magnified as a monster, to be battled with everywhere, in

legislative halls and at the ballot-box. And the greatest monopoly this land has ever known is the Liquor Traffic under the License System.

Second—**LICENSE IS UNCHRISTIAN.**

"Woe unto them * * * which justify the wicked for reward!"

We ban liquor-sellers from the church altar—why? *Their calling is unchristian.* Can that be a Christian policy which permits an unchristian thing? Can a Christian man support an unchristian policy?

"Get out of the liquor business or get out of the church!" said a Catholic Bishop to the liquor-sellers in his diocese, years ago; and not a saloon-keeper has Bishop Ireland allowed inside the church membership of his jurisdiction since that time, as I have been told.

Suppose Methodist Bishops, and Baptist clergy, and Presbyterian Synods, should say "Stop voting to license liquor-sellers or get out of the church!" what would be the effect?

I put that question once to an audience in the First Methodist Church, Rochester, and a Doctor of Divinity sitting on the front seat said—

"There would be the greatest shaking up the churches ever knew!"

If a saloon-keeper must forsake his licensed bar, to win the church blessing, why should not the License Voter be required to forsake his License Ballot if he is to retain his church membership?

If the Liquor Traffic "can not be legalized without sin," as the great Methodist Church asserts, then the act of legalization is a sin; then the man who has part in, by support of, that act is a sinner; then the church ought not to fellowship with him if he persists in the sin and is persistently a sinner.

Hard logic? Yes! But it is the law of church purity and Christian power among the people.

To make forever plain and ineffaceable the line between the church and the saloon, to build the barricade between them so high and strong that it will hold, we must make plain to the church and the church membership this very plain and simple proposition, viz.:

That the saloon is no worse than the license of it; that the license is no worse than the license policy; that the license policy is no worse than the license party; that to support the license party is to support the license policy, which maintains the license, which perpetuates the saloon, which opposes the church.

And the church ought to make plain to the church member that if he jump the barricade, into the license forces, he can not enter again into the sheepfold save as he repents of his sin and forsakes the devil and all his political works.

Logic says that a man can be as good a Christian and drink at the licensed bar, even stand behind it and sell, as to cast his ballot of permission that the bar shall be, behind which another man may sell and before which another man may buy. License is unchristian, because it violates the Golden Rule spirit of Christianity in many ways. Take but one:

When you vote to license the saloon, you vote to put it somewhere. It must be next door to some other properties. Its presence there decreases their market value. Here is one item of proof:

Hyde Park forms a ward of Chicago, and has Prohibition. It has a Protective Association, to see the law enforced. Mr. Thomas A. Hall, when President of that Association, declared that such work of his Association

had "raised the value of property in the Prohibition district, at the lowest estimate, $50,000,000 over what it would be worth were saloons permitted to remain open and flourish."

Yes, the saloon decreases market values. You know it must do that. In effect, therefore, if you vote License, you intelligently, and with cool deliberateness, aid to take from some man some part of his possessions. You might as well rob him of his purse. The robber breaks the Golden Rule when he robs. So do you, if you vote for saloons.

Third—**LICENSE IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL.**

Let us go very carefully here. We have come upon ground which few made familiar until quite recently. But it is plain, open ground, after all, as I found over thirty years ago, and have been insisting ever since.

Note the purposes of the National Constitution—

"To establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, *promote the general welfare,* and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

Justice is impossible of establishment, in large measure, while the Liquor Traffic is maintained. **Domestic tranquility** can not be insured while you maintain that traffic. The **general welfare** is not promoted by it, and never can be. And the **blessings of liberty** can not come from the curses of license.

Says the Constitution of New York:

"We the people of the State of New York, grateful to God for our freedom, *in order to enjoy its blessings,* do ordain," etc.

Imagine the Constitutional fathers to have said *"in order to enjoy its curses do ordain—"* or "grateful to God for our freedom we do now proceed to ordain the works of the devil!"

One high State Court has declared (the Kentucky Court of Appeals) "that honesty, morality, religion and education are the main pillars of the State, for the protection and promotion of which government was instituted among men," and that "Government, through its agents, can not throw off these trust duties, by selling, bartering, or giving them away."

A still higher judicial body, the Supreme Court of the United States, has declared:

"No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves can not do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation, and can not divest itself of the power to provide for them."

License is based on **the prior fact** of Prohibition. That fact must rest on **the principle** of Prohibition. License could not be constitutional unless Prohibition were so. Prohibition could not be constitutional save for the constitutional right to prohibit wrong things. You can never constitutionally prohibit what is right. You can never constitutionally license what is constitutionally wrong.

Against the principle of Prohibition, as applied to the Liquor Traffic, no court of last resort has ever yet found. Under a constitution to promote popular safety, to insure domestic peace, to enhance the general happiness and to conserve the general welfare, no law to license the Liquor Traffic can be legitimate. Test every license law by its proper title and its results, before any court of the country, from that of a town justice to Supreme Judge, and the verdict "Unconstitutional" would promptly follow. And every license law should begin with these words:

"An act entitled An Act to promote misery among men, to disturb the peace of communities, to depreciate property values, to increase taxation, to debauch public morals, to beget crime, to injure the general welfare, and to imperil our best interests."

And thus entitled, its real purpose thus betrayed, the License Act would be swiftly, surely condemned by every Court, as now it should be condemned at the ballot-box by every citizen.

Men will say that License means **restraint, regulation,** or that License means *Tax,* and that Tax means Revenue. But under License *restraint* does not *restrain,* regulation does not regulate; and under Tax the perpetuated evil goes on, while Isaiah says:

"Woe unto them * * * which justify the wicked for reward;" and

"No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals," says the Supreme Court.

Says one great economist:

"Taxes ought never to be raised from immoral sources, such as lotteries and gambling-houses."

Why? *Because they are* **evils, from which the moral, tax-paying citizen pays to be defended.**

Is the saloon any less immoral than the lottery or the gambling-house? Is not every gambling-house a saloon? —or neighbor to it?

When the citizen pays tax to be defended against immoralities, can the State in decent honesty take pay from those immoralities also? If the State does take pay from them, is not the honest tax-payer or the tax-paying immorality swindled in the transaction?

Is it not true that the more the immorality pays, the less moral right has the State to disturb it?—that the

larger the fee paid to the State, the greater ought its care to be over the immoral thing, or the greater the fraud of the State in accepting a bribe and not protecting the business which pays it?

Can the State "bargain away the public morals," and then morally refuse to deliver the goods?

And if you pay the State to defend the moral and material interests which are yours, against immoral agencies which assail them, what right has the State to accept a bribe which forbids and makes impossible their defense?

No! the higher the tax paid by immorality, the greater is the immoral claim on the State that receives it. The larger the bribe paid by immorality for the legal right to be, the greater will be its effort to insure a return of the bribe.

Call your license a tax, if you please, make it a High License Tax to the highest degree you can, but remember it means **a bribe from an immorality**—and a premium by the State upon law-breaking. The larger the bribe, the larger the premium to law-breakers. The larger the premium, the more accomplices will the law-breakers require—and command. In one of the smaller cities of the West, on one Sunday night, nearly 16,000 young men were counted in the saloons and dens of iniquity—a large proportion of them under legal age, and **particeps criminis** with saloon-keepers and brothel proprietors in the violation of law. And on the previous Sunday evening less than 1,900 young men attended all the churches of that city.

Exact of any man a large bonus for any privilege, and he will strive to get his bonus back—that's **philosophy.** After he has paid for his privilege, if the business covered

by it be of a doubtful character, he will even do doubtful things to insure the bonus—that's **human nature.** Paying $200, $500, or $1,000 for a chance to make money *selling liquor,* he will break every law that stands between him and profit—*that's* **fact.** You say he must be a bad man who will pay so much that he must do bad things or lose money. But is he any worse than the man who will vote to accept his money and thus make certain that he will do the bad things?

I once went to a small hamlet to make a speech, on short notice. Nobody knew me there; nobody met me. I proceeded to the one hotel, or country tavern, and sat some time in the one public apartment of that, the bar-room, alone with the landlord. In some way, I do not recall how, conversation led up or led down to the matter of license, and without any utterance of mine to call it forth the landlord went on to say:

"It looks to me as if the authorities of this town want me to teach the boys and young men to drink. Just think of it," said he: "Here they charge me $100 a year license; and there ain't three hundred people in this little burgh; the country is not thickly settled round about; the patronage for my hotel is moderate, as you must know. If only a few men drink, I can't make money enough to pay my license, and if I can't make some profit I can't live. Looks to me like they wanted me to teach drinking in this town. How does it look to you?"

No doubt he was willing to keep that kind of a school; but if others were willing he should, were they not equally to blame?

I once had a long conversation on the cars with ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, who did me the honor to recognize my Prohibition faith by direct reference thereto.

"The only law against the Liquor Traffic which will ever be effective," he went on smoothly to say, "is the law which we have in my ward of the city where I live."

"And what law is that, please?" I asked him.

"The law of Supply and Demand," he answered with an air of satisfaction.

I looked at him interrogatively, and he proceeded:

"There isn't a saloon in our ward. There is no demand for any. I have reared three sons to manhood, and either one would as soon think of stealing his friend's purse as of entering a saloon. Stop the demand for liquor, and the supply will cease."

I looked at the ex-President of these United States in amazement. Gathering breath at last, I ventured to reply.

"But suppose," I said, as modestly as one should after such a statement from such a source—"suppose, some day, the Liquor Dealers' Association of Ohio sends a representative into your ward, and he selects the finest business corner, fits it up in elegant style, with cut-glass and mahogany, and all the appurtenances of a first-class saloon, and then stocks it with liquor and opens up for trade. Where will be your law of Supply and Demand then, General Hayes?"

"Oh, but they wouldn't do that," he answered with all the self-confidence peculiar to a distinguished statesman when answering a plain reformer; **"it wouldn't pay."**

"But this is precisely what the Liquor Dealers' Associations are doing, in this State and elsewhere," I made reply. "They are placing their representatives at eligible points, where the demand for saloons will not now yield a profit; they are keeping them there at a loss till supply creates a profitable demand, if it takes years to do this.

These associations and individual brewers have thus been building up their business, in this State and elsewhere, in about all our important cities and towns, for years past; and upon this very basis of extension, through the creation of demand, the liquor business has been thriving widely and fearfully in spite of your splendid law in the city of Fremont."

"Can it be possible?" answered the statesman. "I would not have believed it." And he looked as if he barely believed it then.

"I know that to be the case in Buffalo and Rochester," said a stranger to both of us, sitting opposite, who had been an attentive listener; and as I saw him three weeks later, in a railway restaurant, with a bottle of liquor in front of him, and drinking from it with apparent relish, it would seem that he possibly did know.

"I wouldn't have dreamed it to be so," said the ex-President, slowly and reflectively, as if one pet theory of his had been rudely shaken. And he appeared sincere.

A large license fee or tax means extraordinary efforts to create a demand for liquor; large capital in the liquor business; elegant saloons at most eligible places; all the allurements of sin and Satan *to make the business pay.* It is a hot-house system of vice. Pass one of the hot-houses, read the sign above its mahogany doors which a friend of mine saw over one saloon in New York—"Here to do business"—then look within the doors, and listen, and you may almost hear the boastful words:

Here to do business!—we brazenly tell it!
Liquor to sell—and our trade is to sell it!
Enter, young man!—we invite, we compel it by splendors untold!
Gleaming the glasses within that invite you;
Beaming the beauties that dazzle, delight you;
Pleasures are here to allure and requite you—come in, and behold.

Here to do business!—our bar, as you see it,
Glistens and sparkles—why fear it or flee it?
Men in high places endorse it, decree it—as proper and right;
Welcome, young man! as you boldly come nearer,
Smile at yourself, in each elegant mirror;
Think not of Home, or of any place dearer than this is tonight.

Pictures are here, to beguile, to debase you;
Harlots are near, to defile, to disgrace you;
All the good cheer is a wile to deface you,—but be not afraid;
Many a man we have tempted before you;
Steady your nerve with a glass we will pour you;
Drink, as they drank—be a man—till the more you our profits have made.

Life is too short for young fellows to care for;
Love is not worthy a thought or a prayer for;
Heaven is a hope too illusive to share, for the future is hell!
Here is the gateway, we know it and say it,—
Licensed by law, though we do not obey it,—
Open for Silver and Gold, and we pay it, damnation to sell!

Manhood—forget all its morals, its duty;
Womanhood—care not for virtue and beauty;
Sin for a season is luscious, though fruity of sorrow and shame.
Look, and behold how our business has paid us!
Riches magnificent here it has made us,—
What do we care if the fools who obeyed us to poverty came?

Here to do business, with license to do it!—
Licensed by men who in sorrow may rue it,
Once we have won by our blandishments to it some promising son;
Here, by the ballots of men who defend us;
Here, to make sots of the sons they will send us;
Here for success—may it ever attend us, as long it has done!

Down with the Church, and the Cross, and the Preachers!
Down with the School, and the Scholars, and Teachers!
Live the Saloon, with its vice, and its creatures of ruin and sin!
Listen, young man, to its music and madness!
Laugh, while you can, in the glare of its gladness!
Scorn the sleek saints who belie it as badness and fear to come in!

Here to do business! Good-night! come again, sir!
Splendor, and music, and mirth for young men, sir!
Down the dim street is the dirty low den, sir, that waits with its wo;
When we have robbed you, with legal permission,
Stolen your all without care or contrition,
Down through its doors, to the deeps of perdition, at last you shall go!

NEXT CONSIDER BRIEFLY LOCAL OPTION, the popular term for **partial Perpetuation.**

1. **What does Local Option do?**

It effaces the positive line of a broad principle, and seeks to establish an imaginary one, as invisible as the equator, between local policies.

It appropriates to fractional parts of a State the power of decision as to a vital matter affecting the whole.

It breaks the educational force and influence of law.

It weakens the moral significance of choice between Right and Wrong.

It blunts the popular conscience, by permitting independent moral standards which antagonize each other.

It allows a vicious majority, in unwholesome centers of population, to enthrone vice and assert lawful power.

2. **What are the people compelled by Local Option to do?**

To concede that somewhere License may be right, or that somewhere men have right to permit a wrong.

To concede that if anywhere License is right it must be right everywhere.

To admit the right everywhere of a vicious majority to establish immorality by law.

Therefore we deny the legitimacy of Local Option. We join with many of the ablest legal minds in their doubt of its constitutionality.

We declare that there must be for the State a Moral Standard, upon which Law must rest, and against which the will even of a majority can not array itself. We assert the sovereign unity of the State, and we deny to any fraction of it any right to set up an immoral standard for itself, either of morals or of politics. We hold with Judge Pitman, of Massachusetts, when he says:

"If the drink traffic is indeed the destroyer of national wealth (who doubts it?), the clog that drags down labor (who denies it?), the poisoner of public health (who does not believe it?), the enemy of the home, the feeder of pauperism, the stimulant of crime (who does not admit all this?), the foe of Christian Civilization and the degenerator of the race (confessed such by the best students of sociology), then the State clearly owes to each community of its citizens its best wisdom and its most persistent energy in the repression of such traffic, and it may not rightfully or even prudently abandon the virtuous, or for that matter the vicious, citizen anywhere to the rule of a debased locality."

We insist that the body politic is like unto the body physical. Blood poison in the one is as dangerous as in the other. Cancerous localities, maintained and fostered, mean death to both. Gangrene in the foot is peril to the brain. The virus of liquor-poisoned social and political life, pampered and bred in New York city, will infest the

State's entire body politic. It is the law of political and commercial as well as of physical circulation. The arteries and veins of the State are as active and sure as those of the human system. They will carry poison as inevitably from one part to another. You might as well license a carbuncle on the back of your neck, under some Local Option policy for the body, and not expect it to disturb your head, as to permit the saloon cancer to live and grow in any city of any State, and not expect it to influence and affect legislation at the capital thereof and the State's moral and political whole.

THE LOGICAL METHOD

We accept Prohibition, therefore, as the only right and righteous, wise and practical, method of settlement for the Liquor Question. We *must* accept it as such, if we are honest men, true Christians, and sincere patriots.

Unless we care more for the stomach than social stability, let appetite rule over conscience, hold prejudice or party above patriotism, set personal ambition or profit above Human Brotherhood, and sacrifice Christian Progress for the Devil's gain, we must accept the Prohibition principle and policy, uniform for State and Nation, as the only safe and righteous basis of settlement, such as Christianity can approve and Statesmanship establish, for the good of the People and the Glory of God.

And we will not be hopeless as to the end. When such a settlement seems far away, or forever impossible; when all that we have done is as an idle dream, and all that we prayed for mocks us like a mirage; when faith grows weary, and the hands grow weak, and our hearts within us faint and fail—then we will remember that auction-block of Slavery in the South, and across the

picture of it which Memory holds our gladdened eyes will read:—

No Wrong
So strong
In all this patient world,
But o'er it Right,
With royal victor's might,
The Truth's own Flag forever has unfurled!

Years ago, within a decade or little more of our War for the Union, I sat, in a small town of Michigan, in the humble home of an old colored woman, whose face bore the marks of a round century and over, but whose eyes burned still as with a sybil's inner light. And as I sat and talked with her, of that long life of bondage which had been hers, of that long waiting for Freedom which her race had known, I recalled a historic incident (at Salem, Ohio), when with her simple faith she matched the eloquence of despair. It was the voice of Frederick Douglass to which she listened then. He had not large hope in God. He used to tell, with a shade of bitterness often, how he prayed for liberty and was not answered, till he prayed *with his legs*. He was more than once heard to say that the grandchildren of his grandchild would never see the slave set free by law.

And so, on that night which I recalled, the great orator of his people was declaring his hopelessness, with only the courage of a great soul to relieve the darkness of his bitter doubt. Then suddenly, in the rear of his audience, that gaunt negro woman, known as Sojourner Truth, rose up like the black shadow of a ghost, and stretching her bony arm out toward the speaker, and pointing her index finger at him like a prophetess, she said:

"Frederick! is God dead?"

It was a dramatic interruption, at a time when popular feeling quickly grew intense. And only those who may have heard Fred Douglass at his best can imagine how that magnificent voice of his rang out, upon the swift hush of silence which ensued, as he made answer—

"No! God is not dead; and therefore it is that Slavery must go out in blood!"

God forbid that our greatest national problem, of Profit and Loss in Man, shall ever find fulfillment of such a prophecy! God give to its true solution in Human Brotherhood His Divine benediction of blessedness and peace!

The sun goes down and the light fades out—
"God has forgotten the world!"
Over the heavens come dark and doubt—
"God has forgotten the world!"

The darkness deepens—in gloom we grope—
"God has forgotten the world!"
Hidden forever the stars of hope—
"God has forgotten the world!"

But see!—there's a gleam in the midnight sky!—
"God will remember the world!"
The stars do shine in the By and By!—
"God will remember the world!"

And see!—there's a glow on the Eastern hills!—
"God will remember the world!"
The glad day dawns when the good God wills!—
"God will remember the world!"

Ruin and death are abroad, today—
"God has gone out of the world!"
What does it profit to preach and pray?—
"God has gone out of the world!"

Truth is futile, and Right is weak,—
"God has gone out of the world!"
Vainly we listen to hear Him speak—
"*Has* He forgotten the world?"

No! He liveth, He heeds, He hears!
"God will remember the world!"
Faith can see Him, through pain and tears!—
"God will remember the world!"

He will help, in His own good time—
"God will remember the world!"
Right shall win, on a day sublime—
"God lives on in the world!"

INDEX

Abolitionists in 1844, 291
Age of temperance people, 31
Alaska, 237
Albany, 29
Alcohol, Heritage of, 239
  Hereditary influence of, 44
  Influence of, 44
  responsible for, 238
Amendment Campaign, 192, 306
American Temperance University, 15
Amsterdam, 236
Anarchist, Creed of, 138; What is an, 137; must go, 252
Anarchists, Breeding of, 265
  Harboring, 275
Anarchy, An object lesson of, 270
  Essence of, 270
  had slain, 255
  Monster of, 257
  Spirit of, 278
Annales d'Hygiene, 80
Ann Arbor, 191
Appeals, N. Y. State Court of, 58
Appetite, Creation of, 21
  Through, 107
"Arrow Leaflets," 119
Artizan, The American, 34
Association, Beer Brewers', 300
  of Ohio Liquordealers, 358
  Young Men's Christian, 24
Anti-Slavery agitation, 291
Atherton, J. M., 327
Atlanta, Ga., 50, 269
Authority, Governing, 230
  Grant of, 349
Baby, Save my, 224
Ballot-Box, 198, 203
Bank, Savings, 266
  At the, 226
Baltimore, 238
Baptist body, 211
  Home Mission Society, 212
Bar, Boy and, 39, 41
Barabbas, 149
  a murderer, 172
  a robber of the Church, 160
  Brain Robbery by, 159
  or Christ, 177
  Profession of, 167
Bar-gain, 155
Bar, Home and, 50
  of today, 43
Bars would be bankrupt, 22
Bat, Definition of, 55
Bates, C. A., 300
Beecher, Henry Ward, 52, 257
Beer Brewers' Association, 300
  drinkers, dangerous, 173
Berlin workingmen, 93
Billings, Josh, 261
Binghamton, 236
Binz, Professor, 94
Birney, James G., 185
Bishop, A Catholic, 351
Blaine, James G., 338
  for President, 299
Blood poison, 362
Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, 298
Bonn, University of, 94
Booth, Ballington, 334
Bottle, northern, southern, 292
Bourbon, Kentucky, 315

Boutelle Resolution, 298
Bouvier, 347
Boy and Bar, 39, 41
First right of, 43
Fourth right of, 61
Rights of, 43
Second right of, 49
The Cost of, 9
Third right of, 53
Breslau, 92
Brewer, A Republican, 123
Brewers' Convention, 300
Brookline, Mass., 118
Brooklyn, 52, 236, 259
Mayor of, 293
Brooks High License Law, 325
Brophy, Seven-year-old son of George, 84
Brown, T. S., 86
Bryan, W. J., 336
Buffalo freight-yards, 136
The Anarchist at, 252
Burgess, Rev. Wm., 85
Burke, Edmund, 214
Burns, John, 33
Business, Bad Liquor, 192
Here to do, 359
wisdom, 18
Buttermilk, 83

Cæsar, Render unto, 139, 184
Cæsar's, Things which are, 146
California, 237
Gold in, 345
Cambridge, 92
Camden, N. Y., 57
Campaign, Prohibition Amendment, 191
Campaigns in Texas and Tennessee, 321
Canada, 238
Canandaigua, N. Y., 134
Canton, 271
Carnegie, Andrew, 95
Carpenters, Strike of, 120
Carpet-bagger, The white, 292
Casey and Cassidy, 317
Cash Value of a Man, 16
Catholic Bishop, A, 351
Census Bureau, 120
Chambers, George, 196
Character, National, 142
Charlie, said the Deacon, 27
Chicago, Murders in, 137
Session at, 212
University of, 47
Children, Family histories of, 78
Cholera's ravages, 240
Christensen v. California, 332
Christian citizenship, 268
civilization, 362
loyalty, 129
nation, A., 165
Cincinnati, 22, 23
Citizen, The sober, 204
Citizenship, Chief qualification of, 244
City facts, 24
fathers, 25
Home rule in, 52
of Churches, 52
Civic government, 97
Civilization, Clog on, 233
Civil liberty, 332
War, Killed in, 240
Clark, Myron H., 297
Sir Andrew, 104
Clerk up Yonder, 194
Cleveland, Ex-President Grover, 256, 257, 328, 335
Club Queen City, 22
Cohoes, 236
Columbus, 21, 23
Commandments, The Ten, 76
Commercial Advertiser, 336
Gazette, 298
Commissioner of Excise, Report of the, 235
Commission, 137
Concord, Saloons in, 304
Constitutional Amendment, 297
Amendment Campaigns, 321
Constitution, Atlanta, 50
of New York, 353
Slave, free, 222
Cook, Albert, 22
Corinth, Miss., 268
Corning, 236

Cox, Geo. B., 324
Crime, Buffalo's awful, 264
Crime-cause, 133
Criminals, Accepted, 277
Crusade in Kansas, Hatchet, 303
Cure, The Gold, 259
Cyclopedia of Temperance, 36

Daily News, Chicago, 327
Davis, Jefferson, 35 321
Dakotas, One of, 269
D'Aubigne, 160
Declaration of Independence, 350
De Laveleye, 220
Democracy and liquor, 337
Democrat, A, 245
Democrats and drink, 313, 315
Democrats, Northern State, 322
Depew, Chauncey M., 63
Detroit, Mich., 192
Devery, Mr., 252
Dictionary politics, 227, 229, 230
Dinner pail, A full, 11
Dispensary, Democratic, 261
Dividend-paying powers, 34
Dividends, Fails to pay, 31
Divinity, Doctor of, 281
Dog, A pig-iron, 225
Dogs, 59
  Pointer, 44
Domination, Through political, 109
Douglas, Stephen A., 222, 223
Douglass, Frederick, 364
Drink, 33
  bill, 346
  Demoralization of, 293
  Vesuvius of, 68
Drinker, A moderate, 44
Dry territory, 315
Dunkirk, 236
Duty, 231, 232
  and oaths, Republican, 303
  Sovereign, 198
  Sovereign day of, 282

Earnings, Laborer's, 34
Ecclesiasticism, 213
Economy Course Lectures, 57
Egyptians, The old, 166
Election Day, 197
  Sunday before, 279
Elmira, 236
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 170
Ethics, 231
Europe, Besodden, 234
Evening Post, New York, 94, 338
Excise Commissioners of Newark, 275

Factors, Political, 205, 207
  Three, 181
Facts, Moral, 205
Family's Yearly Cost, 34
Fawcett, M. P., Henry, 110
Faxon, Henry H., 118
Fernald, J. C., 16
Field, Justice Stephen J., 332
Finch, John B., 313, 323, 325, 341
Fisk, Gen. Clinton B., 136
Forces, Moral and political, 181, 189
  Organized moral, 182, 184, 195
  Organized political, 184
  Society's organized, 189
France, Wine-drinking in, 239
Fraud, A license, 219
Freedom's altars, 282
Freiheit, Die, 137, 274
Fremont, Ohio, 359
  Free men and, 291
Fusion campaign, 308

Gambrell, Roderick, 175
Garfield, President, 209
Garnier, Dr. Paul, 80
Garrison, Wm. L., 185
General Conference, Methodist, 211
Geneva, 236
George, Henry, 110
Geraldine, 45

German, An educated, on beer, 174
Germany, 92
  Beer in, 94
Gettysburg, 245
Gladstone, 214, 233
Gloversville, 236
God has forgotten, 365
God's way, 76
  word, 74
  work, 75
Gold and silver, 345
Golden sands, 147
Gold produced, 345
Gomorrah, 213
Goodell, Wm. B., 185
Goods, 156
Good government clubs, 237
Good citizenship, Throne of, 279
Good government, First concern of, 298
Good men, Subjectivity of, 256
Government, 270
  A fact in, 210, 211, 215, 218
  Applied science of, 241
  breaks down, 260
  Contempt for, 260
  Focal point in, 198
  God and, 184
  Loyalty to, 131
  Man in his relation to, 207
  Municipal, 293
  Parties that control, 256
  Politics the science of, 230
  The ends of, 221
  The weakness of, 263
  Tribute to, 131
Governors, Two Democratic, 324
Grandfather, Whose, 19
Grant, General, 26, 268
Great Britain, 34
Greater New York, 273, 293
  Fusion Campaign in, 310
Greeley, Horace, 66, 344

Habit, Through, 107
Haddock, Sioux City, 174
Hall, Thomas A., 352
Hamilton, Sir William, 231
Hard Drinkers, 31
  times, 336
Hardy, H. W., 323, 327
Harmony between forces, 188
Harper Law of Illinois, 326
Hartzell, Bishop, 87
Hayes, Ex-President, 357
Haymarket murders, 137
Herr Most, 253, 254, 274
High License in Nebraska, 323
  First fruits, 325, 326
  in Republican States, 324
  Law, Brooks, 325
  legislation, 326
  Restriction by, 323
  tax, 307
Hill, David B., 336
Hillis, Rev. Dr., 257
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 19
Home, The, 182, 189, 202
Home life, 188
Home, Right to go in safety outside the sober, 53
  rule in the city, 52
Homes, City of, 52
  Protected, 117
Hornellsville, 236
Hotel, Raines Law, 56
Hudson, 236
Humane Society, Hudson River, 59
Human Life, Concern for, 240
  Conserving, 82
  Popular valuation of, 79
Human Potentiality, 12
  values, 77
Hyde Park, 352

Idiots, Lunatics and, 238
Illinois, 217
Image-keepers, 143
Indiana, 217
Indian wards, 88
Inebriety, Quarterly Journal of, 48
Ingalls, General, 26
Inheritance, Law of, 44

Inspector, Police, 266
Interest, The national, 214
Internal Revenue, Commissioner of, 300, 301
Iowa, 217
Ireland, Archbishop, 238
Issue, The overshadowing, 344
What is an, 244

Jackson, Miss., 174
Jerome, Wm. Travers, 288
Judge, 290
Jerome, Judge W. T., 336
Jerusalem, Election day in, 162
Johnnie and Jennie, 349
Johnson, Rev. James, 87
Jones, Sam, 288
Journalism, Yellow, 256
Judge, Dry Ward, 193

Kansas, 222
and Iowa, 297
Prohibition in, 158
Prosperity of, 121, 122
Republican, 262
Kingston, 236
Kreuz Zeitung, 81

Labor, Law does not defend, 113
Law should protect, 114
Liquor dethrones, 110
Liquor and Law, 101, 103
Liquor taxes, 105
Liquor tyrannizes over, 107
Normal capacity for, 32
Omnia Vincit, 111
Relation of liquor to, 103
Sober, 111
"Land, Labor and Liquor," 85
Lathrap, Mrs. Mary T., 283
Law, 187
and the liquor seller, 288
Anti-Canteen, 263
breakers, As to breeding, 135
breaking, Policy that begets, 138
Dispensary, 262

Law, does not defend labor, 113
does not prohibit liquor, 112
Enduring, 269
Every License, 219
Four mile, 190
High License, 307
in the human world, 32
License, 190
Mulct, 307
Mulct, in Iowa, 262
Obedience unto, 133
of the human world, 289
our schoolmaster, 268
Prohibitory, 297
Repressive, 257
should prohibit liquor, 115
should protect labor, 114
Sumptuary, 328, 329
The Raines, 308
The violation of, 322
Unenforced, 260
which breed anarchy, 268
Lawlessness, 136
Conspiracy of, 255
Lawrence, Kansas, 122, 124
Law's purity, 279
Leadership, Republican, 294
"Legions of labor," 128
Legislation, Board of, 23
Legislatures, Democratic, 297
Democratic and Republican, 186
Liberty, 242
American, 270
Blessings of, 353
Civil, 332
Individual, 328
Limitations of, 331
Natural, 332
Party, 185
License Idea, 42
Men who vote, 22
not a principle, 218
system, 24, 191
un-American, 350
unchristian, 351
unconstitutional, 353
voter, 23

Life, In debt to, 35
Expectation of, 31
is a ledger, 30
Loss side of, 34
Natural term of, 31
Lille, 239
Lincoln, Abraham, 222, 223, 302
At, 245
Nebraska, 325
Liquor business, Demoralization by, 191
Evolution of, 43
Law should prohibit, 115
power v. Moral supremacy, 244
Liquor-seller, A bribe to, 20
Liquor traffic a law breaker, The, 134
Partner to, 67, 271
unchristian, 212
Little Falls, 236
Liverpool, 48
Local Option, 219, 222, 361
Favored by, 318
in Democratic States, 320
in Republican States, 320
in Vermont and New Hampshire, 303
Local Prohibition by, 318
Logic of, 223
Policy of, 269
Southern Judge on, 113
Local Prohibition, Results of, 319
Lockport, 236
Lotteries, 355
Lottery, Louisiana, 208
Louisiana, 237
Low, Seth, 293
Loyalty, 131
Christian, 129
Lunatics, 238

Mac Nicholl, Dr. T. Alexander, 77, 78
McCook, J. J., 343
McKelway, St. Clair, 260
McKinley, President, 252, 274
William, 67, 116, 270, 271
McLean, Gov. Geo. P., 96
Maine, 296
Law, 297
Law, Democrats and, 316
Republican, 262
Republicans of, 297
Majorities, Legislative and popular, 302
Majority, Party's dominating, 215
Malone, N. Y., 58
Man, 74
Man, Best work of, 88
Cash capital in, 17
Creation of, 75
Demoralization of, 189
Economic and moral values in, 85
his earnings, 30
Intrinsic value in, 291
Investments in, 35
Profit and loss in, 20, 34, 134
Society's investment in, 35
The betterment of, 286
The individual, 181, 191, 197, 198, 199
The more he will pay, 30
Manhood and gold, 71, 73, 97
and social order, 140
Cash investment in, 12
Manila, 86
Man's development, 92
way, 88
word, 77
work, 82
Mason, John W., 300
Massachusetts, 158, 298
Annual earnings, 34
Board of State Charities, 157
Total Abstinence Society, 119
Medical Record, 49
Method, The logical, 363
Methods of settlement, 341, 346
Michigan, 191, 217
Republican party in, 296
Middletown, 236

Mill, John Stuart, 221
Milwaukee riots, 137
Milwaukee Sentinel, 84
Minority, The bad, 296
Mints and mills, 116
Mississippi, 269
  Legislature of, 81
Monaco, 208
Monopoly, 50, 350
Montalembert, Count de, 238
Monte Carlo, 208
Montesquieu, 220
Mood, The indicative, 28
Moral Forces, Harmony with, 187; reform, 209; standards, 208, 362; supremacy, 244
Morals, Improvement of 241, 242; The public, 219, 356
Morris, Rev. C. S., 87
Moses, Decrees given to, 209
Mothers, Drunken, 48
Mount Washington, 200
Mt. Vernon, 236
Mulct Law, 307
Mulhall, Statistician, 240
Munich employer, 93
Municipal government, 293

Nation, Mrs. Carrie, 303
  Hatchetation of Mrs., 262
National banks, 346
  debt, 293
  Protective Association, 327
  Teachers' Association, 291
Nebraska, High License in, 158
Necessity, A partner of, 277
Newburg, 236
New England Society, 96
New Hampshire, 304
  Attorney General of, 304
New Jersey, 217
New Orleans, La., 171
New York, Election in, 297; Liquor votes in, 216, 217; Northern, 126; State of, 215
New York Tribune, 43, 50, 61, 63, 64, 233, 344
Non-enforcement, Law's, 262
North Carolina, 222

Odell, Gov. B. B., 91
Ogdensburg, 54, 236
Ohio, 217, 270
Omaha, 325, 326
Organization, Temperance, 195
Oswego, 236
Oxford, 92

Pan American grounds, 252
Parker, Dr. Willard, 31, 44, 238, 239
Parties, Change in, 316
  Victorious, 283
Partner of necessity, A, 277
Partnership, A record of, 299; Results of, 305; Open, 293
Partridges, 45
Party, Abolition, 185; Anti-Tammany, 273; Liberty, 185; Populist, 186; Prohibition, 186, 187; records, 296; suicide, 217; Democratic, 186, 258; Republican, 214, 258, 298; What is a political, 213; Why a Prohibition, 272
Patriotism, 224
  Christian, 132
Patriot, The Christian, 246, 247
Paulsen, Friedrick, Prof., 95
Paul's time, 268
Pearson, Sheriff, 262, 303
Pennsylvania, 207, 294
People, The American, 258
Perpetuation, 112; General, 347; Partial, 347, 361
Perpetuationists, 224
Personal Liberty, 221, 258, 295, 327
  Prohibition versus, 332
  The Democratic party against it, 334
Petersburg, 26
Philadelphia, City of, 293
  High License in, 327
Philippines, 86, 237
Phillips, Wendell, 185
Pilate, 152, 153
Pitman, Judge, 362

Pittsburg, 51
Platt, Thomas C., 295
Platform Committee, Republican, 299
Plurality, Democratic or Republican, 216
Plymouth Church, 52
Police Commissioner, 264
Policy, Judge of a, 187
Political factors, 205, 207
forces, 181, 189, 195, 196
forces, Primary, 184, 185
renegades, 287
Politics, 232; and defense of State, 234; and the State, 232; an applied science, 241; Chief duty of, 244; The purview of, 207
Polygamy, 208, 298; a crime, 182
Pompeii, 68
Porter, Dr. Horace, 52, 259
Porto Rico, 237
Poughkeepsie, 236
President, Assassination of, 255
Principle? What is a, 218
Productive power, 13
Progress, Bugle note of, 283
Prohibition Amendment, 191
Constitutional, 307, 320
Prohibition, Economics of, 16; Force for, 186; Industry profits by, 120; Local, 319; No principle but, 218; Principle of, 354; State-wide, 315; States, 312; The failure of, 264; Total, 349
Prohibitionists, 186, 224
Publicans and Republicans, 285
Republicans toward, 305
What are? 287
Public health, 354; house, 34
Pure blood, Right to be of, 44

Quay and Platt, 295
Quay-kerdom, 294
Queen City Club, 22
Question, Temperance, 286
Quincy, Mass., 118, 119

Races, Aboriginal, 89
Ragamuffins, 16
Raines Law hotel, 252, 259
Law, partizan, 54
Raster resolution, 296
Reagan, U. S. Senator, 321
Rebellion, A whisky, 171; first, 170; last, 171
Reciprocity, 116
Referendum, Sunday, 309
Reform Bureau, 87
club movement, 26
Political, 209, 215
Regulation, 347
Republic, The American, 231
Republican, A, 245; and a Democrat, 123; States under License, 305; The black, 292
Republicanism, Northern, 292, 293
Republicans, Attitude of, 206; in 1856, 291; What have been, 290
Restriction, High License, 323
Resubmission, 269
Revenue, A State policy of, 306; at its worst, 308; of the State, 220; record, 311; Republican policy of, 309; system, 192, 293; system, Internal, 300, 302
Rhode Island, 297, 298
Richest town, 117
Richmond, Va., 26, 192
Right, No inherent, 219, 333
Righteousness, Political, 231
Rights of the boy, 43
Protection of, 241
Robbery of the church, 163
Rochester, 46, 236
Brewers at, 301
Roman rulers, 287
Rome, 236
Roosevelt, President, 116
Theodore, 66, 89, 264
Rouen, 239
Rum, Romanism and Rebellion, 338

Sacred Theology, Dr. of, 280
Salem, Ohio, 364
Saloon, The American, 34
Saloons, Creed of the, 275
Perpetuation of, 286
to every 1,000 people, 236
Saloonist, The citizen, 132
Sanborn, Judge, 88
Savings Bank, 266
Schenectady, 236
School, Law promotes, 188
Science of government, 241, 243
Scott Law of Ohio, 326
Scourges, Historic, 233
Sedition, The spirit of, 169
Seditionist, Barabbas a, 168
Settlement, Methods of, 343
Seymour, Horatio, 297, 335
Shepard, Edward M., 310
Sheriff in Portland, 120
Sheriffs, Republican, 303
Sherman, Senator John, 347
Shoes and booze, 125, 126
Silver and gold, 97
Silver Lake Quartette, 196
Simon, M. Jules, 239
Slavery, 222; Spread of, 223
Smith, Watson B., 174
Sober citizenship, 61
Social outcasts, 287
Society, Maintenance of, 191
Sodom, 213
South Carolina, 262
South McAllister, Federal Court at, 88
Sovereign power, 60
Sovereignty, Civic, 281
Sprague, Judge, 208
Squatter Sovereignty, 222
Standard Dictionary, 209, 213, 245
State, A drunken, 209; Institutions, 91; rights, 319; The sober, 204
States, Multiplying, 238
of the North, 316
of the South, 315
Statesmanship, 241
Statistics, What say, 345
St. John, John P., 299
St. Louis, Arrests in, 326
Story, Chief Justice, 231
Strike, What is, 136
Strong drink, A, 156, 270
Stuckenberg, Dr. J. H. W., 95
Suffrage, Fraud in, 209
Sullivan, Dr. W. C., 48
Sumner, Charles, 243
Sumptuary, 219, 329, 330
Sunday closing Toronto, 267
Traffic on, 264
Supply and demand, 358
Supreme Court of the U. S.,
Swine, Herd of, 42
Syracuse, 236

Tammany, 274, 295; Controlling, 337; Tiger, 338
Tariff, Protective, 117
Reciprocity and, 116
Tax and License, 144; special, 221; High License, 356; Policy, 220; regulate by, 347
Taxation, 141, 228
General principles of, 221
Taxes, 237, 355
and local option, 323
Taylor, Bayard, 329
Teacher, The school, 310
Temple, A stately, 146
Building a, 202
Ten Commandments, 208
The American Reformer, 173
assassin, deed of, 256
Atlantic Monthly, 348
ballot, A robber of, 160
boy's cost and conditions, 18
Bung-hole, 278
church, 183, 189, 195, 203, 344
citizen, Ignorance and vice in, 210; sovereign, 143
Civil War, 292
constitution, Nullification of, 307; Sanction of, 271
Court of Appeals, Kentucky, 354

The cross, 145, 202
cure, Curse, crime, and, 251
curse; Cure for, 272; Effects of, 258
decalog, an iridescent dream, 243
Defender, 252
Democratic party, 258
Forum, 343
home, A robber of, 157
lawless, Laws for, 263
liquor traffic Prohibition, 272
liquor question, 343
London Times, 233
louse, 288
nation, A robber of, 164
National Constitution, 353
New Voice, 253, 254, 256, 270
party, Attitude of, 333
party collar, 282
people, 332
Portland Oregonian, 305
Press, 344
Prohibition principle, 154
publican of Bible times, 289
publican of today, 289
Republican party, 258
Roman Catholic Church, 344
saloon, Allies of, 236
saloon, Black flag of, 256
saloon feeds on the boy, 32
school, 182, 189, 203
school, A robber of, 158
Scientific American, 173
slave auction, 11
South, College professor in, 291
South, Democrat in, 292
State, Existence and rights of, 234
State must live, 139
State Politics, 232; and the defense of, 234; the growth of, 237
State, Strength and resources of, 237
W. C. T. U., 196, 197
Thirst, Abnormal, 107
Tilden, Samuel J., 328
Times, The London, 233
Tolls in taxes, 277
Toronto, 265
Tribute, in cash, 142
Loyal citizen's, 142
Trinity College, 343
Troy, 236
Truth, Sojourner, 364

Universities, German, 92
University, Michigan's, 191
Princeton, 256

Value in man, 291
Vermont, Industries of, 120
Vice, The sources of, 270
Von Hartmann, Edward, 94
"Vorwarts," 93
Vote, Anti-Prohibition, 217
Voter's booth, 197, 199, 201

Wages, Increase in, 126
Saving of, 126
Walruff Brewery, 122, 124
Wanted, A boy, 69
Ward, Artemas, 35
Watervliet, 236
Wealth, Science of, 25
Webster, Daniel, 243, 244
Whisky, Better to tax, 141
White man's way, 90
Whittier, John G., 185
Wilkinson, 166
Willard, Frances E., 299
Windom, William, 343
Wine, The spirit of, 161
Winslow, Dr. Forbes, 49
Wirthwein's Hall, 21
Wisconsin, 217
Woodruff, Timothy L., 54
Woolley, John G., 47
Workingmen, Interests of, 238
Wright, Carroll D., 105, 277

Yellow fever, 240
Y. M. C. A. Secretary, 24
Yonkers, 236
Yorkshire, England, 229

DREW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

178.1H793p
Profit and loss in man
3 1144 00037229 1

178.1
H793p

165043

Hopkins, A. A.
Profit and loss in man.

165043

178.1
H793p

Hopkins, A. A.
Profit and loss in man.

WITHDRAWN

DREW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
MADISON, NEW JERSEY 07940

C0-BUX-087